Saturday Evening Post · February 13, 1965 · 25c

POST

43

LONE AMERICAN IN A SOVIET PRISON

WHY GET MARRIED?

The flamboyant fashions of Rudi Gernreich

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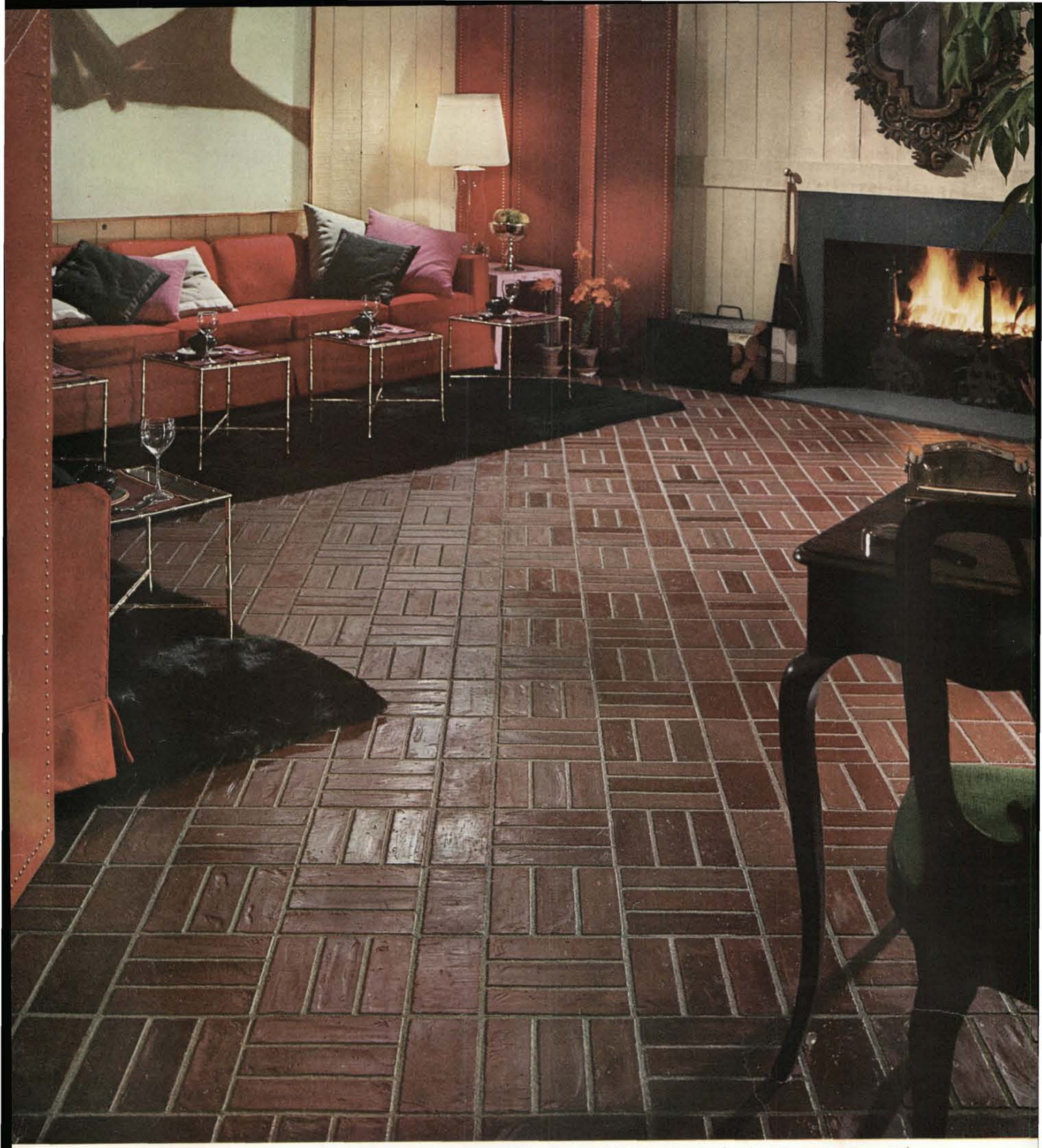

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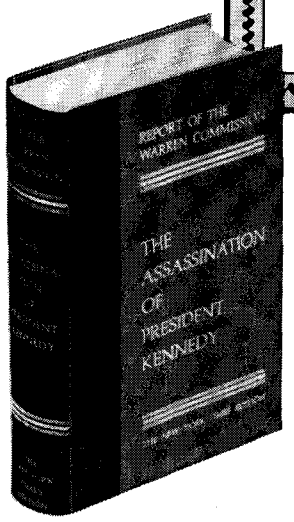

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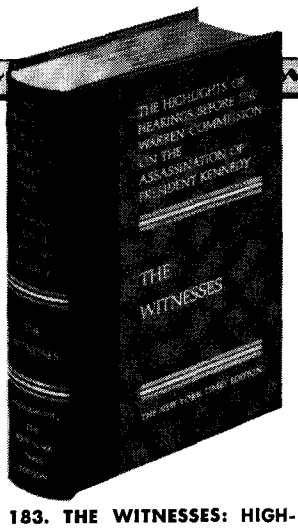

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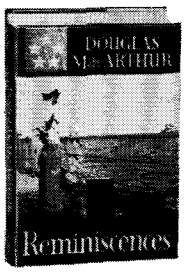

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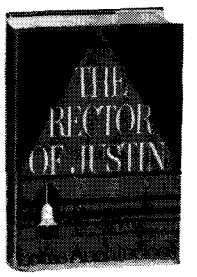

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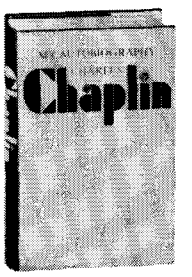

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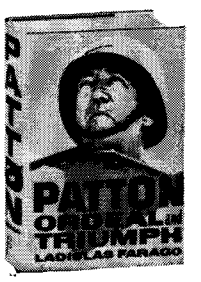

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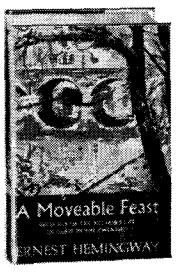

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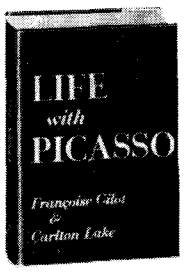

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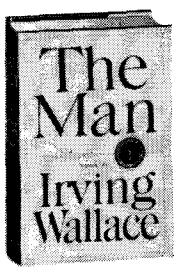

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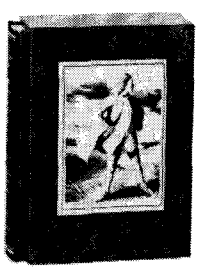

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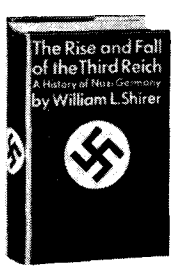

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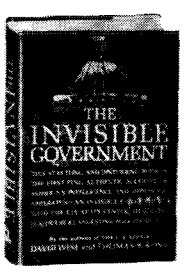

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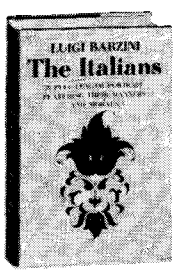

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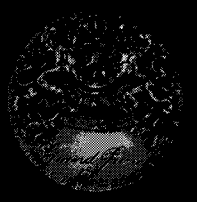

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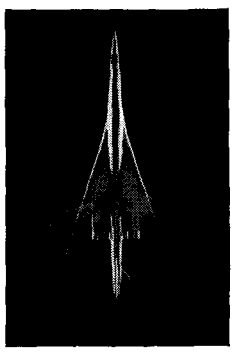

To build or not to. . .?

The biggest controversy in American aviation today is whether to spend the money to build the SST—the 2,000-mph supersonic transport. If we don't, the U.S. will lose supremacy in airplane construction to the builders of the British-French Concorde. JAMES ATWATER, who compiled this comprehensive report, has written several *Post* aviation articles, including THE GREAT A-11 DECEPTION (May 2, 1964). JOHN SKOW examines a related problem: the sonic boom. . . . Former Nevada resident ROBERT WERNICK, who describes the world's biggest gambler, is author of *The Freebooters* and *The Hill of Fortune*. . . . GEORGE FEIFER, who tells about the only American still in a Russian prison, has made four extended trips to the Soviet Union. He is author of *Justice in Moscow*. . . . Before meeting Sammy Davis, TREVOR ARMBRISTER felt lukewarm about the star of *Golden Boy*; but after exhaustively researching his subject, he came to admire the actor, both as an entertainer and as a human being./Cover by MARK KAUFFMAN.

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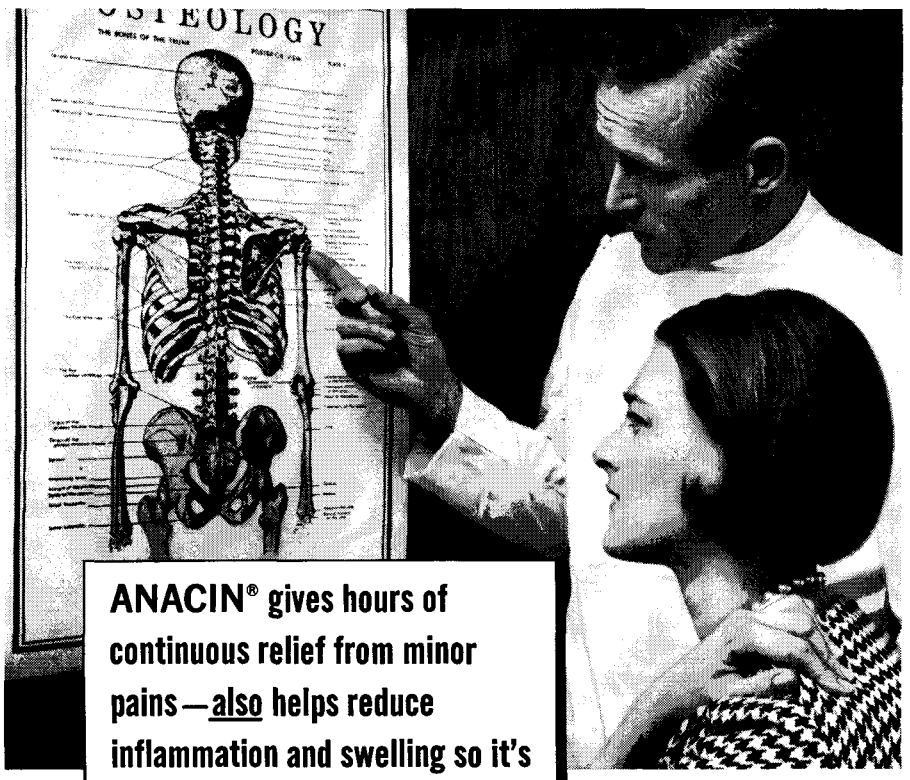

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Letters

Henry Robinson Luce

I've just finished reading your January 16th issue and would like to extend my warmest congratulations on its form and content. It seems to me you have recaptured the warmth, readability and human interest of the traditional old *Saturday Evening Post* in a 1965 setting.

The feature article, HENRY LUCE: THE FIRST TYCOON by John Kobler, was a superb piece of writing and, in my opinion, a great editorial achievement.

JOHN A. CAIRNS
Chairman,
Chirurg & Cairns, Inc. Advertising
New York, N.Y.

• John Kobler's penetrating and incisive article on Henry Luce and his empire was utterly fascinating—surely one of the most compelling and *delicious* works I've read anywhere. I've only one regret, one disappointment: that Boris Artzybasheff's painting of Luce was not used as the cover for the issue.

JEAN-ANTONY DU LAC
Burlingame, Calif.

• The treatise on Henry R. Luce and *Time* magazine brings back sad (not fond) memories. For one who kicked the *Time* habit some years back, I feel that the fascination *Time* holds for many adults is akin to that of the beady eye of a cobra for an innocent child.

LOWELL D. BLANTON
Santa Clara, Calif.

• My husband and I have purchased or subscribed to *Time* for 30 years and we continue to admire and respect Mr. Luce for his part in the magazine. If his objections to Communism and his "teacher-preacher" attitude are objectionable to some, there are still millions of us who like this fare. I bet you wish you had a "masscult" as devoted to your publications!

MILDRED CARPENTER
Mableton, Ga.

• I feel somewhat offended at the uncomplimentary portrayal and summary dismissal of my father, Culbreth Sudler, in the account of *Time*'s beginnings in 1922: "They [Luce and Hadden] nevertheless squeezed in a Yale classmate named Culbreth Sudler, because he supposedly understood something about advertising. . . . He borrowed $548.88 to contribute to the partnership. Sudler loved eating crackers. . . . Culbreth Sudler, meanwhile, had pulled out. They refunded all but $72.81 . . . a shortage partly accounted for by the crackers he had consumed."

I would like to point out that my father has been successfully engaged in the practice of advertising of specialty lines, such as toys, for over 25 years and operates an agency, Sudler Advertising, in Beverly Hills, which has won a number of awards. Among his clients are Potlatch Forests and Revell Toys.

CULBRETH SUDLER JR.
Santa Monica, Calif.

The quality of mercy . . .

"What should be said when a judge does not ask God's mercy on the soul of a condemned man? when courtroom spectators celebrate the verdict which dooms a man to die?" [WHO DIDN'T KILL BARBARA KRALIK? by Bard Lindeman, January 16]. Perhaps we should say that at last a few people have sense enough not to simper over an admitted burglar, rapist and knife-murderer. Perhaps we should say it's about time.

MARY SHRIVER
Riverside, N.J.

Math pays

About 10 years ago, all wire services carried a big human-interest story about two young men who won something like $50,000 gambling at Reno or Las Vegas by using a secret mathematical system they had devised. One of these young men is none other than your Dr. Albert Hibbs of CAN A CHIPMUNK TEACH THE NEW MATH ON TV? fame [by Richard Atcheson, January 16].

NICHOLAS VAN SITTART
Ironton, Ohio

Albert Hibbs and friend Roy Walford won $7,500 at Reno casinos in 1947 with their roulette system; a return engagement in 1948 brought net winnings up to $12,000. They bought a yacht and cruised in the Caribbean for a year and a half.—Ed.

Retirement housing

The article RETIREMENT HOUSING: THISTLES IN PARADISE by Bill Davidson [January 16] has probably discouraged many older people from trying this new way of living. I am very sorry. I can only speak for Rossmore Leisure World, Seal Beach, California—it is not a paradise, but I believe that it is filling a very real need in our society. It is providing a wonderfully satisfying way of life for most who are committed to it (not with their life savings, but with a modest amount down, and a reasonable monthly payment).

We have friendly contemporaries—no one need be lonely—and a certain amount of security—no speed demons, thugs or juvenile delinquents. Like any self-governing community, we have a few difficulties, and we elect a board of directors to fight our problems for us.

People I meet here say they are having "more fun than they've had in a hundred years."

MARION C. BRUNER
Seal Beach, Calif.

• In the first place, being retired is no good at all—there is no fun to it. In the second place, to move all retired people into one community is terrifying indeed.

WEAVERTON FADELY
Birmingham, Ala.

Military treatment

It seems to me that I've waited a lifetime for Marion T. Wood's WE TREAT OUR MILITARY SHABBILY [January 16]. I was born and raised in a military family: I married a young officer six years ago, who is now a major serving in an "undesirable" town in Vietnam.

My three sons and I are experiencing our first taste of civilian life. Yes, I've received dubious, if not condescending, looks from people when they find out my husband is "RA," but what is more disconcerting is the amazing lack of

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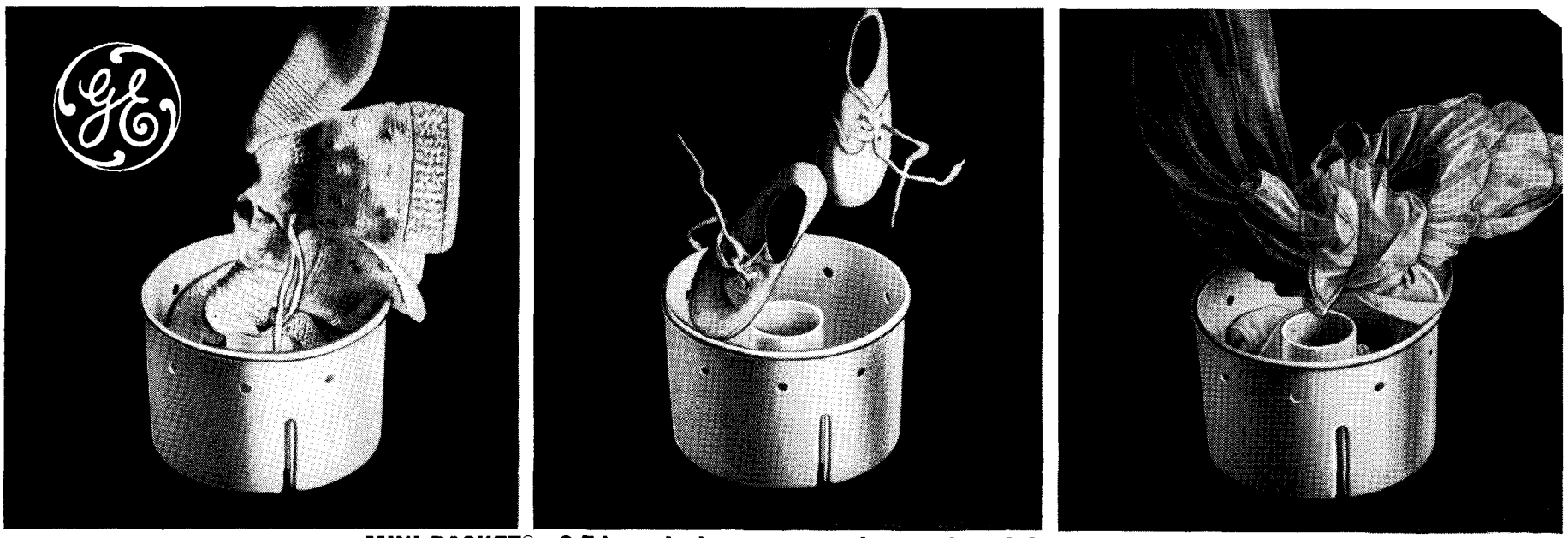

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Model 653 Y

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Letters

knowledge about the military. My civilian friends know about the PX and "free medical care," but as to the number of men in Vietnam, their personal and patriotic motives—these thoughts and questions simply don't exist.

Perhaps this apathy is understandable; after all, the Army is a job, just like the occupations my civilian acquaintances go off to each morning. But, you know, if something should ever happen to my husband, it would be a horrible thing to me to feel that his loss would be unrecognized, unfelt.

BETSEY B. WINTERS
Germantown, Md.

• A small poem was once scrawled on a sentry box over 300 years ago. It goes something like this:

God and the soldier all men adore
In time of trouble, and no more;
For when war is over and all
things are righted,
God is neglected—the old soldier
slighted.

Somehow, the grim irony of it sustains me in my career.

ABBOTT R. MORGAN, CAPT., USA
Providence, R.I.

• Having had some experience within the military service, we would say that Marion T. Wood is suffering from a severe case of "let's get something for nothing" syndrome. Well, sour grapes to him! Just who has let down whom?

CAPT. & MRS. JOHN GAEUMAN
Brooks AFB, Tex.

• If we, the American people, sincerely believed that we were preserving freedom and democracy around the world, perhaps our military establishment would be held in greater esteem. Perhaps the disrespect we show for the enforcers of our national policy is an indirect slap at our national ethic.

ROGER DUGAN
Kendall, Fla.

To silence ghosts

Your editorial HAUNTED GERMANY [January 16] calls for an extension of the 20-year statute of limitations in Germany so that those who participated in Nazi war crimes might not escape prosecution, since "American law does not permit a murderer to escape punishment simply because of the statute of limitations." If the West German government concludes that the statute of limitations should not be changed, it is not the place of those living in another society to superimpose their standards.

Your editorial continues: " . . . the ghosts that still haunt Germany cannot be silenced by a simple decree that the past is past." To respect West Germany as a responsible nation would do more to silence those ghosts than to prosecute those who took part in the horrors of 20 years ago, even if such prosecution were done in the spirit of justice instead of the spirit of vengeance.

PETER FORTUNE
Oceanside, Calif.

Coming soon...in The Post

THE BLACK MUSLIMS ARE A FRAUD
A former official of the sect explodes its claims of power

The world's worst railroad

THE MAN WHO CREATED MOBILES

Why Communists Are Communists

CARROLL BAKER
Her secret tour of the underworld in preparation for a sexy new role

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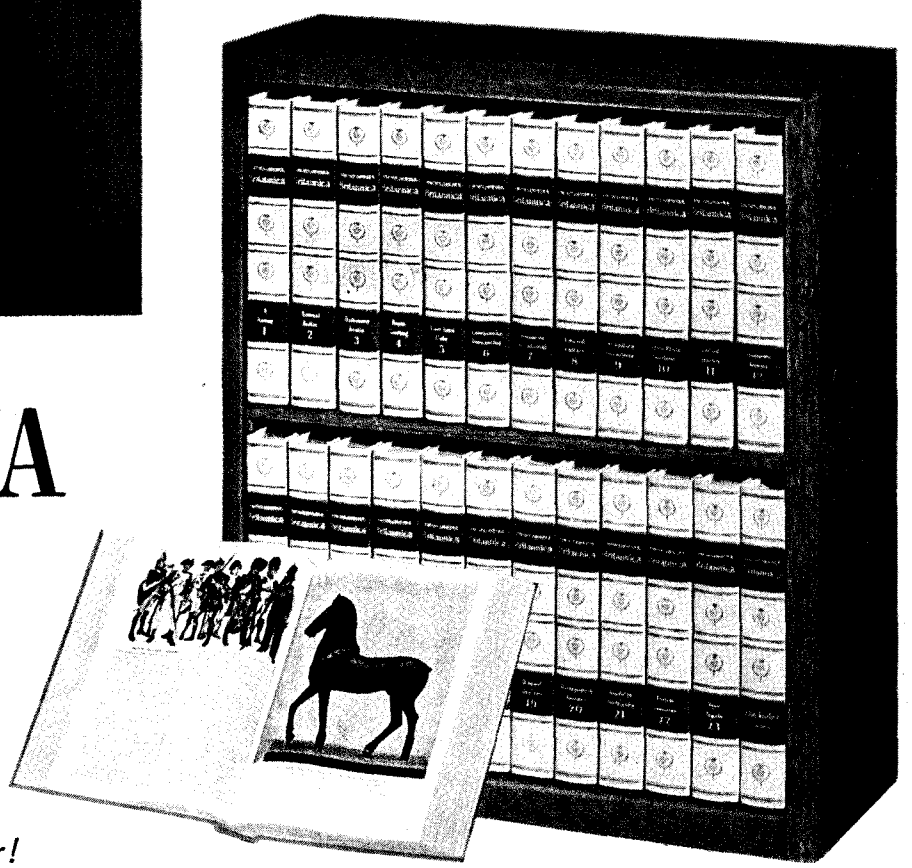

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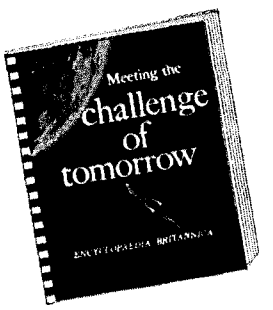

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Speaking Out

WHY GET MARRIED?

By Dr. Leslie Koempel

The author, shown conferring with students of a class on poverty in the U.S., is professor of sociology and chairman of economics, sociology and anthropology at Vassar.

Without quite realizing what we are doing, we are trying to outlaw single people. If we succeed, the future will be duller for everyone. We have made marriage compulsory, dooming a major freedom of the young, blighting much talent, making life a lockstep procession in which everyone must enter into domesticity on cue, and forcing those who cannot meet the current standards of married life to pursue impossible goals. As the marriage rate rises, so does the divorce rate. Our rates for both are already the highest in the western world.

By preaching compulsory marriage, moreover, we deprive ourselves of the contributions, and, yes, the eccentric amusements that spinsters and bachelors, who can spend their time worrying about things other than "family life," are best qualified to provide.

Our ideal is heroic and pathetically American. We make the benevolent assumption that what is good for some must be extended to all. Just as we were the first society to aim at educating every child to the top of his ability, so we have become the first to insist that everyone marry—every artist, writer, scientist, scholar, athlete, mystic, every graduate student, every soldier on duty overseas. Fifty years ago about a fifth of our women never married, the proportion remaining single in Sweden today. Now our marriage rates are more like Asia's than northern Europe's. All of us now marry except 7.8 percent of women and 8.5 percent of men, and the number of single people keeps dwindling. If this continues, we will soon match India, where two percent or less stay single. We think the Indians have too many children, but our teen-age brides match theirs in fertility. Few who are not demographers realize that our population has been growing faster on a high proportion of three-to-four-child families than it did in the days of 10-child families balanced by large numbers of old maids.

While primitive societies make everyone marry, they do not expect all married people to be happy or even companionable. They do not regiment feelings, and, to paraphrase the late James Thurber, they let people's minds alone. We are not so compassionate. If a happy marriage is important—and our advisers say everything in life depends on it—then we'll not only see to it that everyone gets married but we'll make it their duty to be happily married. In other words, mid-century America demands not only marriage, but the Standard American Marriage.

The Standard American Marriage, by requirement, is strenuous, happy, creative, the focus of life—an end in itself. A marriage that serves as a means to anything beyond itself is regarded as immoral. We inject innumerable demands and complications: Everyone who is married must strive to improve his sexual performance on pain of neurosis. A marriage that does not "grow" is intolerable. Everyone must "create" marriages that are personal achievements, like the great love affairs of history. Whatever their problems, men are expected to work at marriage. The amount of unhappiness in marriage is, of course, the result of trying to achieve such impossible standards. We even encourage curiosity about the way other people conduct their marriages. We are constantly conducting polls to determine which marriages are "happy." The attention devoted by the press to the married life of astronauts would have startled Christopher Columbus, who founded a distinguished family without ever realizing that there was any connection between voyaging and domestic life.

I sometimes wonder where we would be now if the Standard American Marriage had been enforced in the past, and also how many talents we are losing today by demanding that all submit to the same rules. Men and women who have gone it alone or with mates to whom they paid little heed have made an enormous share of history. The medieval monks, for instance, kept the heritage of classical times from disappearing during the Dark Ages. Single men staked out the American West and spear-headed every wave of immigration. As recently as a generation ago, spinsters dedicated themselves without demur to schoolteaching, social work, nursing, literature and reform. Bachelors could then choose among many attractive roles: explorer, adventurer, playboy, revolutionary, scholar, sportsman or Bohemian. Florence Nightingale could have founded nursing as a married woman, but it is hard to imagine a Victorian husband, or a modern one, standing for her dangerous and politically unpopular excursion to the war in the Crimea. Clara Barton, founder of the American Red Cross, was an old maid.

The faculty of Princeton once named the 10 biggest contributors to the advancement of human knowledge. Of the 10, Plato, Newton and Leonardo da Vinci never married; Socrates couldn't make a go of it; Aristotle and Darwin married long after embarking on their work; and domesticity does not seem to have made many demands on Galileo, Shakespeare, Pasteur, or Einstein. Similarly, Michelangelo and Keats never married. Milton, Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe and Shelley were "failures" at marriage. How many self-respecting modern American girls would excuse Nobel scientist Irving Langmuir who fell into shop talk on his way to pick up his wife and walked by her, tipping his hat to her vaguely familiar face?

In the last century we needed single people on the farms and in the city, and we were willing to leave sex a private affair for them to work out in their own way. Spinsters and bachelors were welcomed as workers on farms and in offices, schools, hospitals, and in rough, dangerous jobs. Nor were they left out of some participation in the family life of friends and relatives. Some of us were fortunate to have had, as children, the full attention that only an old-maid aunt can provide. In many ways the old system was more comfortable than the uniformity which is inevitable when all the young people bear children and live in suburban-age ghettos, where children can go for months without seeing a gray-haired man or a teen-age girl, let alone a maiden aunt or a bachelor uncle.

I have seen the pressure build up in my own lifetime. When I decided to get a Ph.D. in sociology over 30 years ago, I joined a fairly small but well-defined company of women who deliberately chose a career instead of marriage. The two groups pitied and envied and sometimes honored each other, but those who decided in favor of a particular man had the comfort of choosing marriage over career, and those who went in for careers liked to point out that since men normally marry down, the men left over were likely to be from the bottom of the scale, while

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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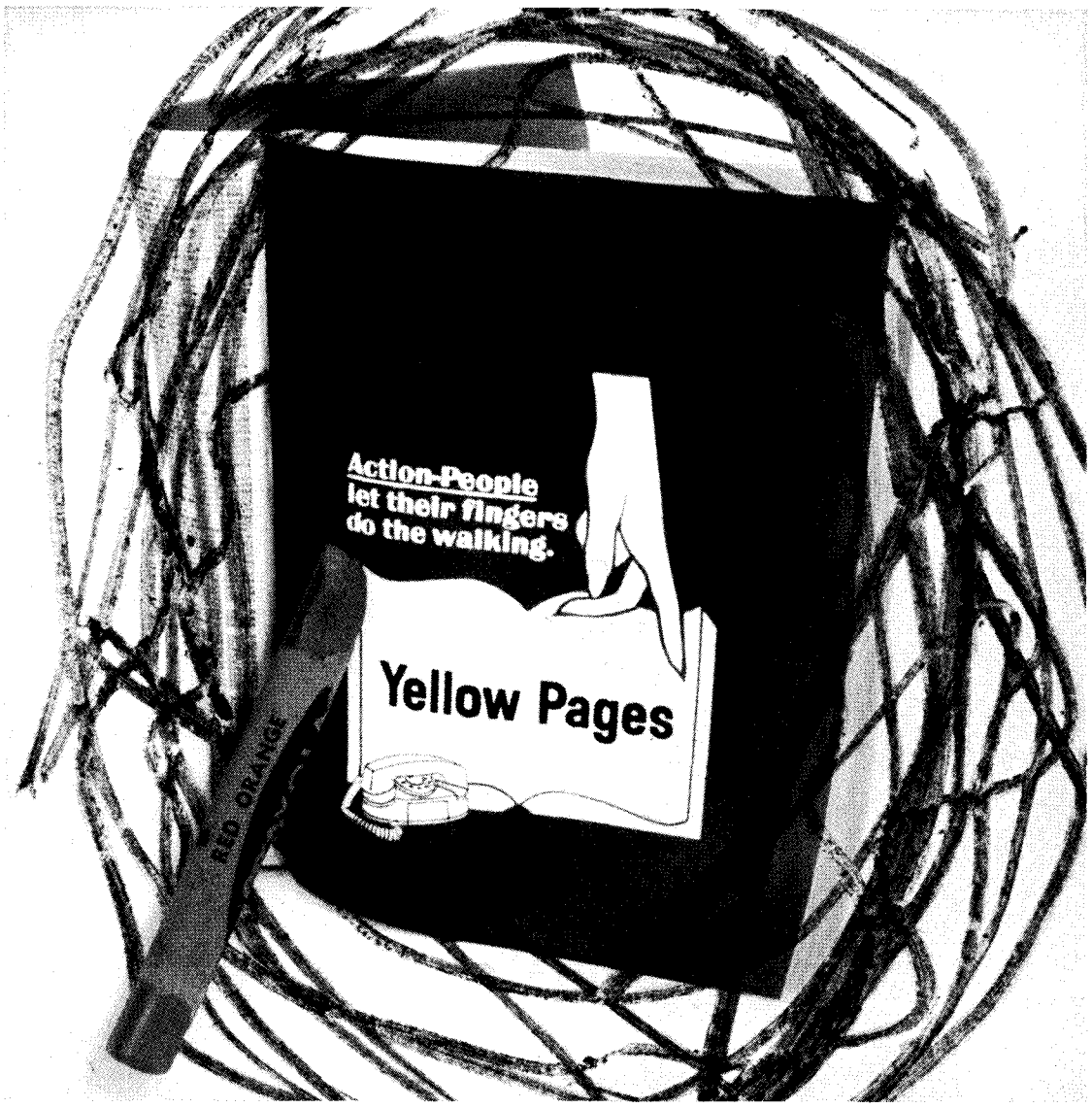

Do not color this book

(The pages are already colored yellow.)

Instead, just read the pages for Hobby Materials, Sporting Goods, Art Supplies.

Just let your fingers do the walking.

Action-People do.

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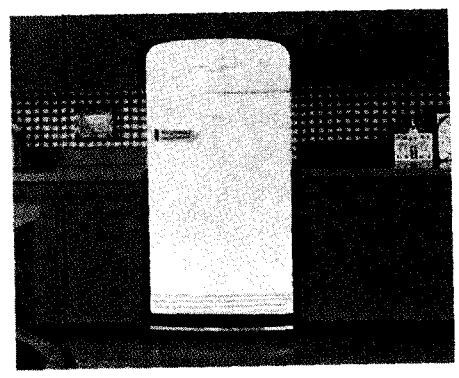

New Admiral Duplex 19 fits your old refrigerator space!

Never before! A 19.1 cu. ft. freezer-refrigerator . . . side by side in one beautiful cabinet . . . just 35¾″ wide, 5′4″ tall! Now, the big family with a small kitchen can shop once a week!

The Admiral Duplex 19's new stand-up design and all-foam Thinwall insulation save valuable space inside and out . . . nearly double your present refrigerator's storage capacity.

The Duplex 19's left side is a spacious 246 lb. freezer. Everything's easy to reach. No stooping. No stretching.

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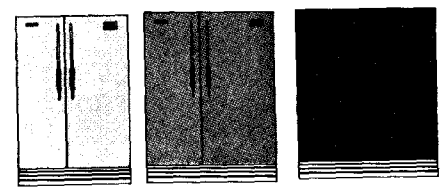
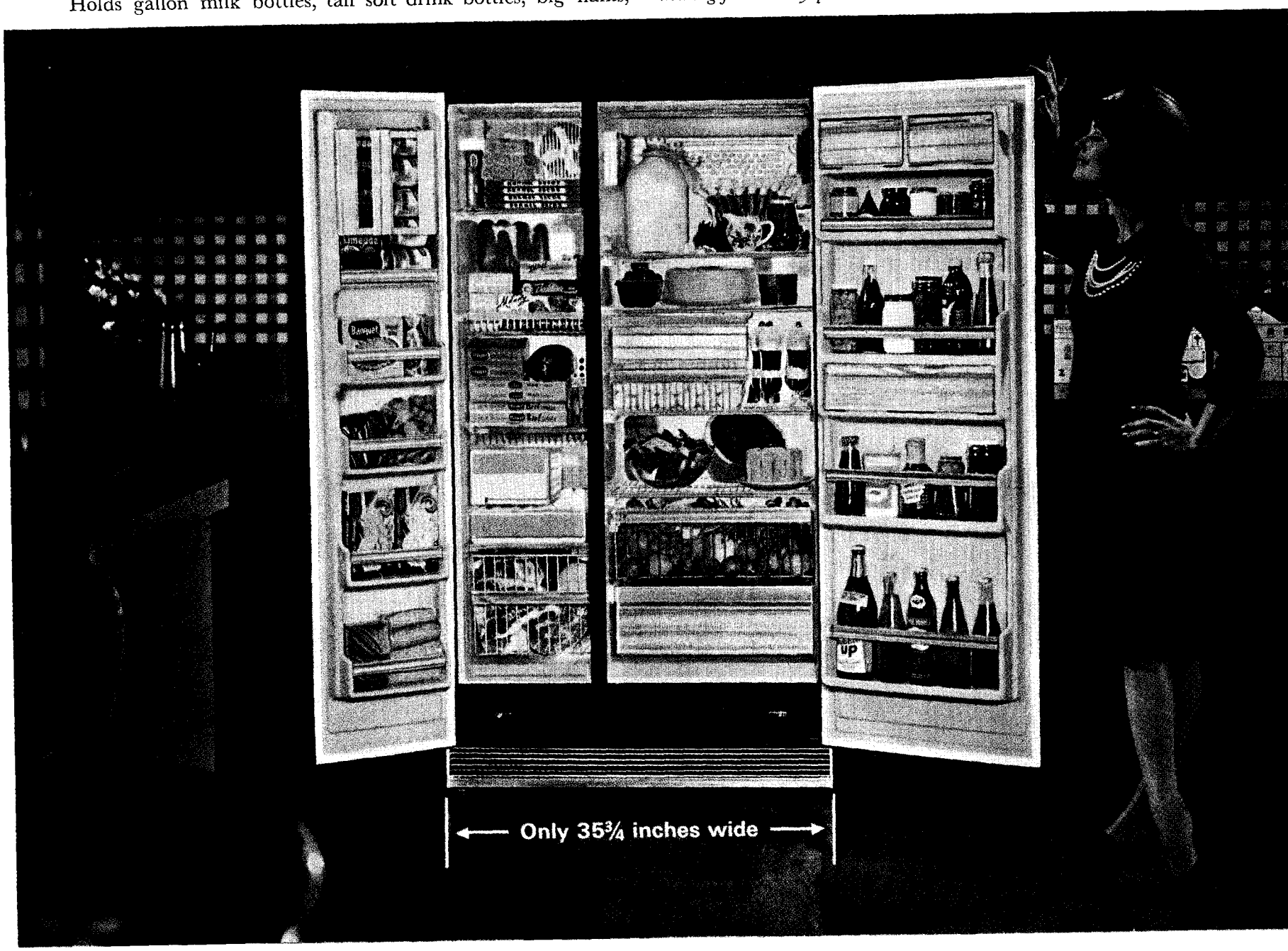
The Admiral Duplex is available with all-new, quality automatic ice maker and automatic defrosting in *both* freezer and refrigerator. In copper bronze, citron yellow, turquoise and white. Brushed chrome doors optional extra. Three sizes: 35¾″ wide (19.1 cu. ft.); 41″ wide (22 cu. ft.); 48″ wide (26.5 cu. ft.). *There's nothing finer at any price.*





Admiral Duplex 19

Newest thin-wall freezer refrigerator

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Shown, Admiral Duplex 19, Model 1959, 35¾ inches wide, 5′4″ tall. In rich copper bronze. Specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario

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Advertisement

New kind of Health Insurance Plan

PAYS YOU FOR STAYING WELL

Cash to help with hospital and medical bills when you're sick or hurt.

Generous cash benefits when you're sick or hurt . . . yet money back if you stay healthy

Steadily rising medical costs have put millions of Americans in a dangerous spot. Their present health insurance is no longer enough. (Recent figures released by the American Hospital Association show that the average cost of one day's stay in a hospital has more than doubled in the last 10 years—from $18.35 to $36.83.)

Today, when sickness or accident strikes, most folks will find that instead of their health insurance paying the big share of the bills, they have to come up with the lion's share out of their own pocket. Until now there have been only two ways to solve this serious problem: You could gamble on never being sick, or take out more health insurance that you might never use.

Now, all this is changed. The insurance company that already protects millions of individuals and families from coast to coast has come up with a new answer. A new kind of policy that pays off sick or well . . . that says *you must collect*.

Like ordinary health insurance, this plan pays generous cash benefits for covered sickness or accidents off the job. These benefits are paid directly to you in cash . . . over and above what you get from any other insurance. But, unlike ordinary policies, with this plan you don't have to be sick or hurt to get paid! If you stay well . . . if you don't need the protection, you get money back. Instead of simply paying premiums which return nothing if you have no claims, you get a cash refund at maturity. In effect, you have built an extra savings account.

Even if you use up part of the benefits provided for hospital room, doctor bills and surgeon's fees, you still get cash back as a contingent premium refund when your policy matures. All the unused benefits come back to you in a lump-sum cash payment. In other words, the policy *must* pay off. You must collect.

This revolutionary policy, NC-701, is offered by Bankers Life and Casualty Company as part of the famous White Cross Plan of low-cost, high-quality protection. More than six million Americans now look to the White Cross emblem for security and peace of mind.

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Life's more fun when you feel secure against medical bills. It's twice the fun knowing you'll get money back for staying healthy. Sick or well you must collect.

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the women left over were at the top.

As I listen to my students today, I realize that they feel no such freedom to choose. They feel they have to be quick about snapping up a husband before all the husband timber for their age group is taken. The sensitive feel they are auctioning themselves off as ruthlessly as girls were formerly disposed of in arranged marriages. Those who put husband hunting below a "serious" concern for learning are somewhat fearful, as are their parents.

My students are troubled when I explain to them that there is a choice, to marry or not to marry, and that for some, much energy that may be spent on marriage could be expressed more productively in science, art, exploration, politics and social service. They have been conditioned. They do not want the choice. They want to feel that it is better in every way for everyone to work all the time creating and sustaining the Standard American Marriage.

How did we get ourselves into such bondage? In my view, a trend started during and just after World War II. We had new affluence and we began using it to underwrite universal domesticity. When girls were getting married to boys going off to war and working to support them in college afterward, the girls began hearing a new litany: "You don't have to choose. You can—indeed, you must—have a vital, dynamic marriage and four children. Marriage needn't interfere with your other ambitions. Indeed, it can help you be creative in the arts or sciences and a good citizen and a good consumer and a good friend. You can't be any of these things without being all the others." The idea was to be "well rounded." Ten years ago Vassar students called this "coping" and made it the test of a good liberal education. By now, college-admissions officers have had so much trouble deciding which well-rounded girls are the best rounded that women's colleges are going back to taking them on the basis of intellectual excellence alone.

Today the pressure to marry begins with compulsive pairing in junior high school, where going steady is considered a sign of social success. It becomes more elaborate in college: Neither bars nor camping trips nor baseball games are stag anymore, and few Vassar girls stay at college over weekends to cultivate each other and themselves.

Some of the pressure comes from advertising. The girls in the ads are all radiantly married. Madison Avenue seems to be selling family life as a patriotic duty. Even store mannequins must wear wedding rings. If the family had disappeared when it was no longer needed as an economic unit of production, it seems that married love would have had to be invented all over again to move goods off the store shelves.

It would seem that life begins with marriage, that this dark side of the old love story where they "lived happily ever after" is the last frontier for adventure or personal identity left us, and that we must all grab for it. As the song goes, "Love and marriage, love and marriage, go together like a horse and carriage." It would be heartening to hear a male raspberry, but the house is respectfully silent.

Under current rules no American husband can have close friends or leisure activities he does not share with his wife, without experiencing some amount of guilt. This "ideal" standard of mutuality, communication, uninterrupted companionship and sustained sexual tension is simply impossible to reach in real life. Like Puritans working to prove their state of grace, all are doomed to work at perfecting their marriages. In varying degrees, almost all must fail. Few have the special talent required to maintain the intense and intimate relationship demanded by the Standard American Marriage.

Those whose marriages are unhappy imagine that they could do better with another mate. Nobody tells them that nobody is "happy ever after." On the contrary, "ability to contract a stable marriage" is a standard test for mental health, and most therapists put a high priority on marriage as an object of psychic energy. Although psychoanalysts know better, vulgarizations of Freud reinforce the common notion that anyone who is not married must have run afoul of sex.

In the past most people recognized that the spectrum of human experience can and should be broad and vivid, from the mystic ecstasy of Zen monks to Sir Galahad's yearning for the Holy Grail; love as platonic as Dante's for Beatrice, or as companionable as the collaboration of Beatrice and Sidney Webb, the British Socialists; sexuality as clinical as Casanova's or as institutionalized as Brigham Young's or as casual as J. Paul Getty's, the billionaire who has wed five times and confessed he has time for nothing but work.

People still alive can recall an America where men could marry to secure a comfortable domestic routine in order to pursue business or politics more strenuously without being accused of neglecting their wives. But today, compulsory, universal and standardized marriage is encouraging our young people, including talented young people who really should not marry, to value themselves exclusively in terms of their marital rating and "adjustment." Thus is energy misspent that we need for science, art, politics, to make society work better. Our young people care about domestic life rather than distant social goals, or even individual accomplishments which serve society but not marriage at all.

We must stop and reckon the destructive, inhibiting, antisocial course onto which we have blundered. Unless some of our gifted young people are allowed, indeed encouraged, to create their own life patterns, we may not salvage from domesticity the energy to revamp the cities, conquer poverty, cope with rising populations, build a world in which diverse people can live together or, for that matter, make any of the changes society will increasingly need if it is to survive the onslaught of technology. Compulsory, all-demanding, Standard American Marriage not only preempts energy but suppresses diversity. To borrow the language of the economists, young people who put their marriages ahead of their careers are diverting precious human capital from the public to the private sector, and they are doing it at a time when private solutions of public problems are fundamentally immoral.

Leslie Krueger

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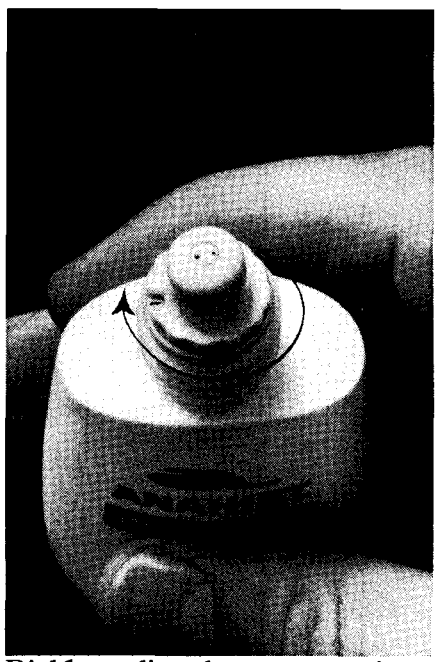
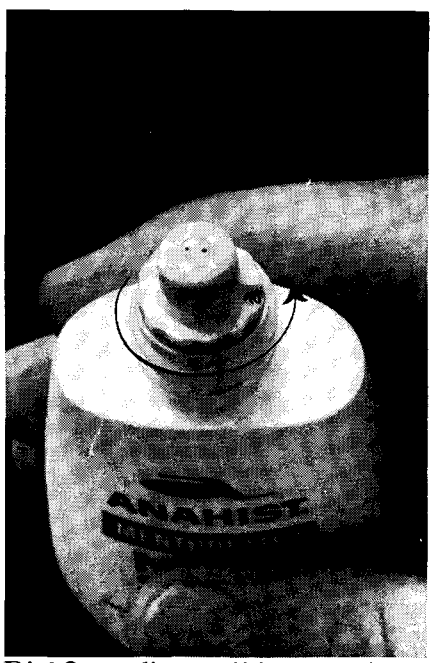


Dial 1 to relieve heavy congestion



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What's wrong with our Army?

WASHINGTON:

Disaster has its uses. The disaster which threatens in Vietnam might usefully result in a hard, new look at the way the United States Army is run. For it seems reasonable to suspect that the way our Army is run has had something to do with the threatened disaster.

This suspicion may derive in part from prejudice. A man's past experience shapes his prejudice, and for more than 20 years I have had a strong prejudice, not against the U.S. Army but against the Army's bureaucrats-in-uniform.

In 1943 I was a lieutenant in a British regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and I was rather vaguely in command of an infantry platoon on the Italian front. Perhaps in part because being a British subaltern struck me as a risky way to earn about $40 a month, I decided it was time to get into my own Army. My battalion commander said he "quite understood," and he wrote out a "chit" in longhand:

"Lt. S. Alsop, K.R.R.C., will proceed to American Army for purpose of joining it. Assistance will be appreciated. Lt. Col. Christopher Consett, D.S.O., M.C."

With my chit in my pocket, I hitched a jeep ride back to 5th Army Headquarters in Caserta. I found a vast palace pullulating with neatly uniformed officers rushing about with papers in their hands. In two years in the British Army, I had never seen anything remotely like it. Finally I located a major willing to listen to me. I told him I would like to transfer into the American Army.

"Let me see your orders, Lieutenant," he said. I produced my chit. He stared at it for a long moment in stunned disbelief.

"Hot damn, Lieutenant," he said. "You sure are out of channels."

Later, when I eventually succeeded in getting into American uniform, I found out how far out of channels I had been. The bureaucracy in the American Army stunned me as much as my chit stunned the major.

In the British Army I had become accustomed to supposing that the job of most soldiers was to shoot and get shot at. Most soldiers in the American Army seemed to be engaged in the business of mimeographing orders in sextuplicate, or doing housekeeping and staff chores in the Army's immensely long noncombat "tail." In the British Army, an officer, even a mere platoon commander, was expected to make decisions on his own. In the American Army, even a senior officer was "out of channels" if he did anything at all without great sheafs of printed orders from higher headquarters. The American Army, it seemed to me, scored great victories in spite of, not because of, the way the Army was run.

Recently I ran into an old friend, Col. H. Ashton Crosby, who won three Silver Stars for gallantry in the last war, stayed on in the Army, and retired a few months ago as a full colonel. I asked him what he thought was wrong with the Army today. I asked him, for example, about the much-disputed matter of the "division slice." The U.S. Army has more than 60,000 men in Army uniform for each of its 16 divisions of around 13,000 men apiece. This 60,000-man "division slice" is more than double that of the Red Army or any other serious Army in the world today.

Colonel Crosby said he would write me a memorandum on the subject, and promptly did so. The memorandum, which ought to be required reading in the Pentagon, can only be summarized here. Colonel Crosby's first point is this:

"One very important reason why the U.S. division slice is so extravagant can be summed up in one sentence (which won't make me popular with my old friends in the Army): *There are too many officers in our Army.* The officer-enlisted man ratio is . . . the highest of any serious modern army in the world."

The oversupply of officers means that there are just not enough command and combat jobs to go round. The figures cited by Colonel Crosby are hard to believe: "There are 5,000 full colonels and jobs for less than 200 of them in the organized units, at divisional level and below, which actually shoot at the enemy. There are more than 35,000 field-grade officers—major and up—and jobs in combat units for less than a tenth of them."

Since there are so few real combat and command jobs, there is immense bureaucratic pressure to create headquarters and staff jobs, which provide "slots" for high-ranking officers. This leads to the tendency of "staffs and headquarters to multiply and remultiply, blooming ever more luxuriantly the farther you get from the combat area."

This luxuriant blooming of the Army bureaucracy has been a much-noted feature of the American effort in Vietnam. The junior officers with the Vietnamese combat units have done valiant work, but they are a small minority. There are a round dozen American generals in Vietnam, each with his subordinate colonels, majors, and so on down. Correspondents on the spot have reported that at least half the 22,000 uniformed Americans in Vietnam are in Saigon, doing staff and housekeeping chores. One result is that, as reporter Joseph Kraft noted after a visit to Vietnam, the American Army there is like "an elephant (trying) to act like a mouse." Another result is that the "American presence" in Saigon is all too visible, lending color to Communist propaganda about American "neocolonialism."

The same elephantine staff system prevails in Europe. Colonel Crosby writes: "The commander of a combat division in Europe has no less than five staffs breathing down his neck—a corps headquarters, 7th U.S. Army, U.S. Army Europe, European Command, and hovering in the background, SHAPE. Never have so few been commanded by so many."

The net result of this proliferation of headquarters, in Colonel Crosby's words, is this: "Too many Army officers today are, in effect, bureaucrats in uniform. They are performing duties which have a very remote relationship to the essential function of any army—winning wars on the ground—or no relationship at all."

Colonel Crosby believes that the U.S. Army should "stop competing with the Air Force in the business of running airplanes," that it should "get right out of continental defense," and that the whole Army system should be reorganized root-and-branch, so that the Army can "get on with the job of providing combat units on the ground." Only then, he writes, will the Army be able to "fulfill its all-important role in the defense of the vital interests of the United States," in such less-than-total wars as that in Vietnam. If the threatened disaster in Vietnam results in the kind of new look at the old Army system which Colonel Crosby proposes, it will at least serve one highly useful purpose.

Stewart Alsop

Alsop in British uniform.

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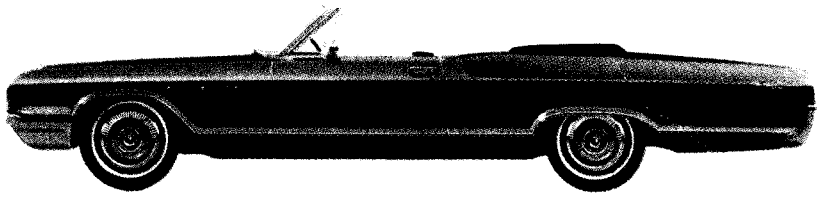

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POST

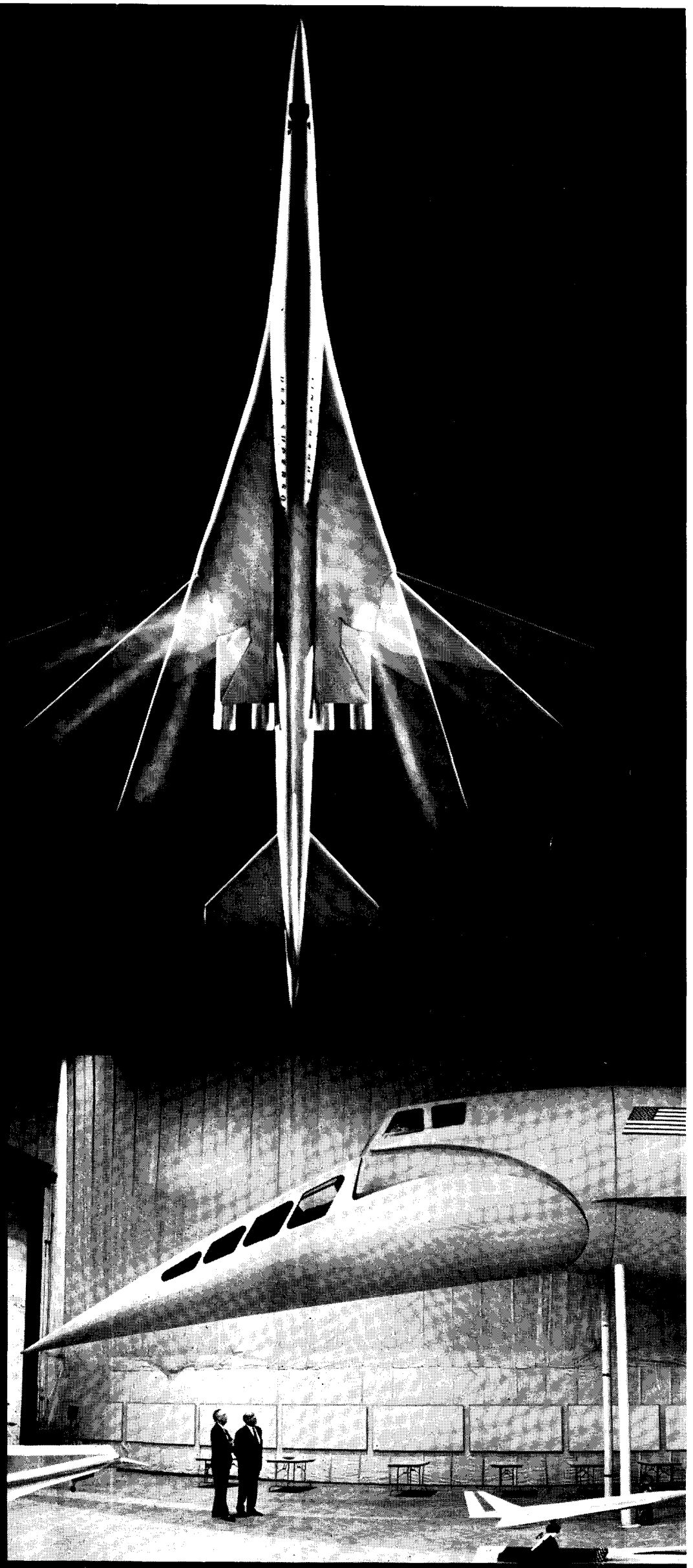
The plane that gets you there before you left

Trailing a wake of controversy, the supersonic transport will revolutionize air travel—if the Government agrees to advance the millions needed to get it flying.

EARLY this spring President Lyndon Johnson is expected to make a decision on an extraordinarily complex question involving nothing less than the future of America's aircraft and airline industries, the nation's balance of trade, its international scientific prestige, and the spending of billions of dollars in federal and private funds. The question the President will decide is how, if at all, the United States should continue its program to build a commercial supersonic transport, the revolutionary plane known as the SST.

If the program goes forward, the SST would go into service sometime during the mid-1970's. Flying at speeds up to 2,000 mph—compared to about 600 for today's jet liners—it would create its own dimension of time. Should a business executive in Paris, for example, decide to look in on his company's office in Honolulu, he could take off at nine A.M., breakfast en route and land in New York at seven A.M. An hour later he could take off for Los Angeles. Arriving there at seven, he could have some coffee, stretch his legs and then depart at eight o'clock for Hawaii, reaching his destination at eight that same morning (local time), an hour earlier than he left Paris—although his watch, still set to Paris time, would read six P.M.

By James Atwater



Top: Triple exposure shows Boeing SST's movable wing. Lower picture shows "droop snoot" of Lockheed's model.

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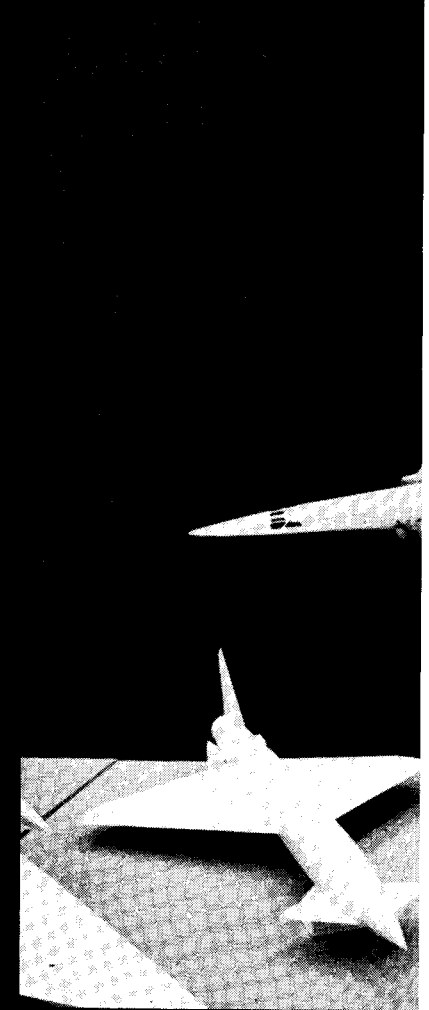
Present-day jet flashes above Gordon Bain, SST director for FAA.

Eyes on future, FAA's Najeeb Halaby inspects early SST model.



Behind display of test models, projec

'Who wants to fly that fast?' critics of the SST inquire.

SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT

"Who wants to fly that fast?" Kentucky's Sen. Thruston Morton asked when he heard about the SST's speed. The answer is: plenty of people. The airlines have always bought the fastest planes available for the simple reason that the most speed sells the most seats. Lockheed bitterly recalls that an airline once turned down its Constellation in favor of the Douglas DC-7 in part because the airline's studies showed that the DC-7 would make the New York-Miami run at an average of three minutes faster than the Connie. A survey taken for three airlines has shown that 90 percent of the passengers on today's jets would fly on the SST, and 50 percent of these would be willing to pay extra for the privilege.

There is one great problem with a transport that flies so fast it gets there before it leaves: It is enormously expensive, so expensive that the SST's critics claim the gain is not worth the price. No one has any real idea what a production-model SST would cost, but the best guess puts the figure at around $30 million—more than four times the price of the latest Boeing 707. The thought of buying a fleet of SST's makes airline executives shudder. "Some days," says Charles C. Tillinghast Jr., president of TWA, "I'd like to pretend they are nothing but a bad dream."

The Government estimates, moreover, that just to develop the aircraft would cost one billion dollars—and some officials in the Administration think the figure would go far higher. Since the aircraft and engine manufacturers don't have that kind of money, the Federal Government would have to put up most of the cash.

Wisconsin's Democratic Sen. William Proxmire has charged that the Government's involvement with the SST would represent "a wasteful and foolhardy loss of taxpayer funds, roughly comparable to throwing money to the four winds." But the aircraft's proponents argue that there are overriding reasons for developing an SST. There is, of course, the saving of time, the main reason for the plane's existence in the first place. Lockheed, one of the companies interested in building the aircraft, has calculated that a California businessman who made five transcontinental round trips a year would save over 35 hours by flying in an SST instead of a present-day jet. If he made five round trips to Europe, the saving would add up to 70 hours, or about two work weeks.

But the nation would benefit even more than the passenger, the plane's advocates say. The work involved in building a fleet of SST's, subcontracted out to dozens of companies, would provide jobs for nearly 50,000 men for years to come. What is more, they argue, the SST would lift the level of technology of the entire aeronautical industry, an industry that might otherwise decline as the nation comes to rely more and more upon missiles instead of new aircraft for its defenses.

Even apart from these considerations, however, backers of the SST claim that the United States really has no choice in the matter. It must develop the aircraft, because the British and French are already at work on a joint plan to build a supersonic transport of their own, the Concorde. Despite recent design problems and signs of British hesitations, the Concorde is several jumps ahead of an American SST. It is already in the wooden mock-up stage, and a prototype is expected to take the air around 1968, with commercial flights to start about four years later.

U.S. failure to produce a plane superior to the Concorde would seriously threaten America's present domination of the world's airways. About 75 percent of all the jets now flown by all the airlines of the world are made in the United States. In the last six years alone, foreign airlines have bought about $1.3 billion worth of American transports, contributing to this country's favorable balance of trade. But in the absence of an American SST, the Concorde would shift that balance: during the 1970's American airlines would probably spend well over one billion dollars abroad for Concordes. If the United States builds a successful SST, on the other hand, a total of between $2.7 billion and $5 billion is expected to flow into the country, as the world continues to buy American.

Although federal research on the SST began in 1956, the program limped along until November, 1962, when Britain and France signed their agreement to build the Concorde. This act

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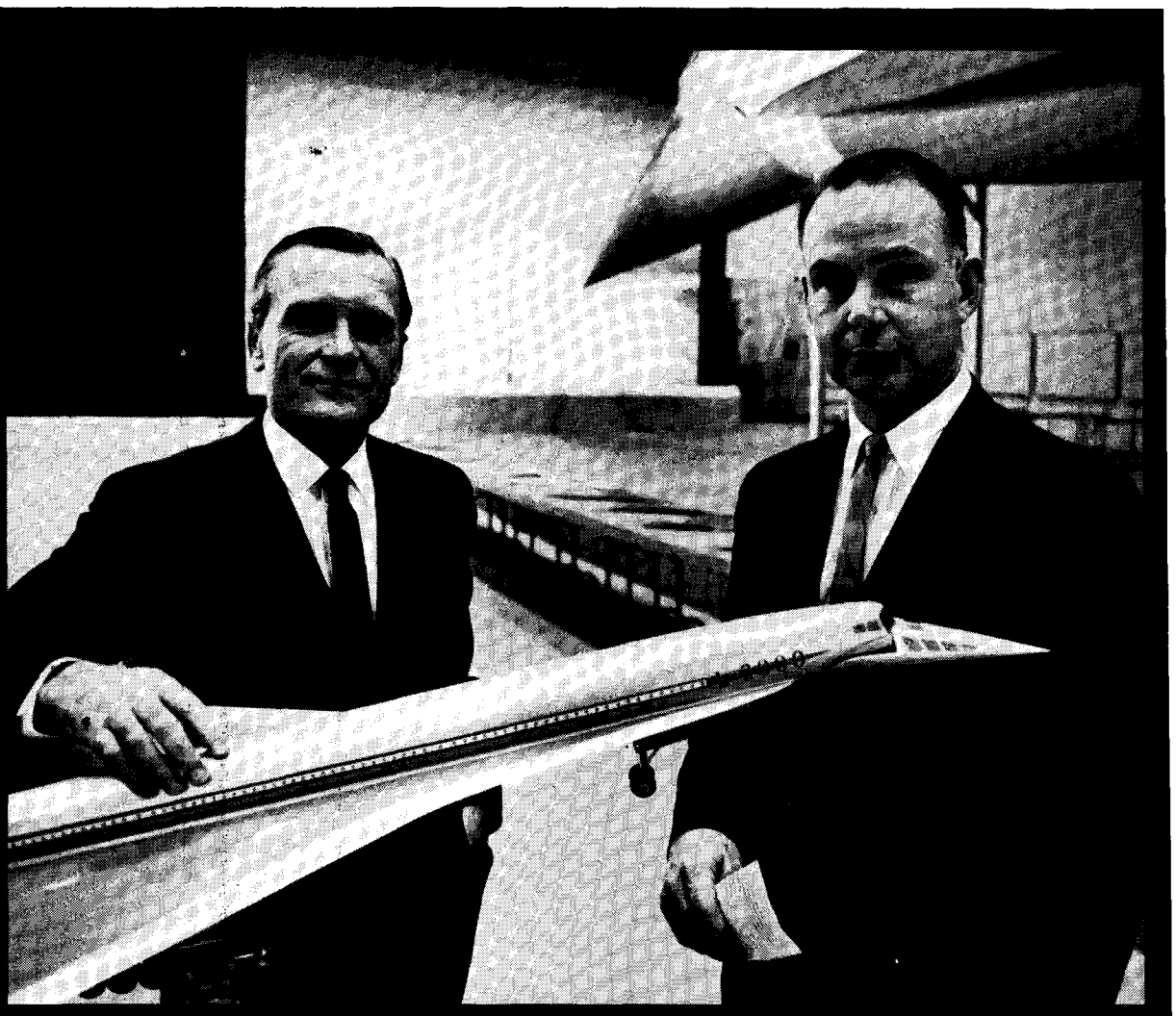
gineer Lloyd Goodmanson holds Boeing's latest model of SST.



Lockheed vice president Jerome McBrearty and project engineer Richard Heppe show a model of their SST.

jolted the Administration out of its lethargy and aroused the competitive instincts of John Kennedy. "The President felt we were being challenged at our own game on our own field," says Najeeb Halaby, administrator of the Federal Aviation Agency.

In February, 1963, Kennedy asked Vice President Johnson to initiate a series of studies on the SST. Johnson, who soon became a firm advocate of the SST, formed a special committee of such top men in the Government as Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, NASA Administrator James Webb, and Halaby. On May 30, 1963, the council recommended to the President that the United States develop the aircraft.

The task of directing the federal program was given to Halaby, and Halaby set up a special SST task force under the direction of Gordon Bain, a veteran of nine years in federal aviation agencies and a onetime airline executive. In the summer of 1963, Bain set out to see whether any manufacturers were interested in making the SST. As an incentive, the Government offered to pay 75 percent of the estimated development costs.

Although they have not agreed to this split, three airframe companies—North American, Boeing and Lockheed—submitted proposals in January, 1964, but Bain's group decided that all three aircraft would have been far too expensive to operate. "We didn't see a transport in those first designs," Bain says, "but then we didn't expect to. We saw plans that were capable of refinement." President Johnson eliminated North American's plan as the least promising and told Lockheed and Boeing to try again. He also told Pratt & Whitney and General Electric to go ahead with their engine proposals, rejecting the submission made by Curtiss-Wright.

On November 1, 1964, the four companies resubmitted their proposals to the FAA, where they were studied for a month by Bain and a group of experts including men borrowed from NASA, the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Air Force and the Navy. Bain's recommendation, still secret, was made to Halaby, and Halaby's, also still secret, to a special reviewing committee set up by President Johnson last spring and chaired by Secretary McNamara. When the McNamara committee makes its recommendations, President Johnson will have a number of choices open to him. He can kill the SST program entirely. He can designate one or both airframe designs to be carried forward into prototypes. Or he can order another period of design improvement.

The basic problem that Lockheed and Boeing have tried to solve with the proposals now before the Administration is, of course, to create an airplane that would outperform the Concorde. And in a sense the Concorde's designers have helped them in this. To capture the SST market, the French and British engineers decided to aim for an airplane costing only $10 million, and one that could be made available to the airlines relatively quickly. To accomplish this, the engineers made two major compromises. First, instead of developing a new design, they decided to convert a bomber engine, the Bristol Siddeley Olympus, even though the Olympus gulps so much fuel that the Concorde will probably never be able to carry its maximum passenger load of 118 persons much farther than from Paris to New York—about 3,700 miles.

The second compromise was to build with aluminum, which is inexpensive and easy to work. But the trouble with aluminum is that it begins to lose its strength at about 300° F., which happens to be the temperature caused by the friction of air at about Mach 2.2, or 1,450 mph. Although the European engineers insist that their aluminum alloys will stand up to Mach 2.2 indefinitely, some American experts doubt that the Concorde will actually be able to fly safely much beyond Mach 1.8, or 1,200 mph.

Both Boeing and Lockheed considered and turned down the idea of building a Mach 2.2 SST. For one thing, they estimated that the aircraft would cost over $20 million to build in this country. (The betting here is that the Europeans will never be able to hold the Concorde to $15 million, let alone $10 million.) Both companies figured it was wiser to charge a few million more and offer an aircraft that would be not only bigger and faster but also capable of future growth in speed and range—as the Concorde is not. To build a faster SST than the Concorde, Boeing and Lockheed were forced to use heat-resistant titanium, even though it is more expensive than aluminum.

But achieving supersonic speed was not the main design problem for the American SST's. The governing factor was the sonic boom (see The Sound of Progress, by John Skow, starting on page 25). "We're worried about the sonic boom not because of what we know, but because of what we don't know," says Maynard L. Pennell, a Boeing vice president. "We don't know what the tolerance of the public is for the boom, or what it should be."

The FAA itself does not know the answer to either question, but it has ruled that the American SST cannot create a sonic boom greater than what the engineers call "two pounds overpressure"—a shock wave exerting a force of two pounds more per square foot than the normal pressure of the atmosphere. This causes a sound rather like a thunderclap.

Ideally, the engineers would like the SST to climb through the sonic barrier at about 25,000 feet, where the air is thick enough to give the wings plenty of support and the engines plenty of oxygen. But at that altitude the thunderclap created by an airplane the size of the 225-ton SST would echo like the crack of doom. Since the boom decreases with increased altitude, it now seems likely that the SST will not be able to go supersonic much below a height of 45,000 feet.

The cost of cracking the barrier at 45,000 feet is the main reason the SST is so expensive, both to build and to

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At 1,800 mph, could pilots see trouble in time to avoid it?

SUPERSONIC TRANSPORT

operate. First of all, to go supersonic at that altitude, the plane requires special, huge engines that can suck in enough of the rarefied atmosphere to fire effectively. Moreover, to get the SST up to 45,000 feet at inefficient, subsonic speeds will require a tremendous amount of fuel—perhaps 25 of the 100 tons it will carry on a long flight. Because it has to carry so much fuel, the SST's payload is estimated at only about 10 percent of its total weight, compared to the 15 percent payload of today's jets.

A second major design problem of the SST is that the FAA has decreed that the plane must fly as well subsonically as present-day jets, so that it can fit into existing traffic patterns on takeoffs and landings, and use regular runways.

Perhaps the most fascinating thing about the competition between Boeing and Lockheed is that they have taken diametrically opposite approaches to the problem of building such a versatile aircraft. To get the best of both supersonic and subsonic worlds, Boeing plans to change the position of part of each wing in flight. General Dynamics' new F-111 fighter, which uses the same principle, first performed this trick in flight last month. During takeoffs and landings, approximately the outer half of the SST's wing will be swept forward so that the wing can grab as much air as possible. At high speeds the wing will be folded back to reduce drag until it is close to the tail when the aircraft hits its cruise speed of about Mach 2.7 or 1,800 mph, at about 65,000 feet.

In contrast, Lockheed chose to use an extremely simple wing, known as a double delta, similar to the one on the company's reconnaissance plane, the A-11. Because such a wing has to be tilted up to provide sufficient lift at low speeds, the aircraft will have to land with its nose pointed up at about 10 degrees—high enough to block the pilot's view of the runway. To solve this problem, Lockheed's SST, which will fly at 2,000 mph at 80,000 feet, hinges the front section of its nose. For landing approaches, this section—called the "droop snoot"—will be lowered to give the pilot a clear view.

Both companies claim their SST's would carry 250 passengers—60 more than the maximum capacity of the largest present jet—from New York to Paris. And despite the differences in speed and altitude, airlines consider the two remarkably similar in overall performance. "If you start down a list comparing the two," says the chief engineer of one major airline, "you find that one has the advantage in this, and the other has the advantage in something else. It's almost impossible to make a clear-cut choice between them."

Although the plane would seem unfamiliar to passengers from the outside, the cabin of both SST's would make present-day jet travelers feel right at home. The windows will be somewhat smaller but the seating arrangement will follow the customary three-and-two pattern. Once aboard, in fact, passengers will notice little that's new until they feel the tremendous surge of the great engines, which will give the SST a shorter takeoff run than today's jets, and the steep angle of climb necessary to carry the engine noise—almost certain to be louder than that of present jet engines—away from the area surrounding the airport.

The aircraft will climb at more than 5,000 feet a minute, so fast that it may be necessary for a computer on board to calculate the precise curve the SST should follow while leveling out, so that the passengers do not find themselves slowly ascending from their seats. There will be no shudder, no sound, no sign at all when the plane goes through the sonic barrier. "The principal difference the passenger will notice," says Boeing vice president Maynard Pennell, "will be that he gets there a lot sooner."

Increased speed, however, has always posed the threat of increased danger. When jet transports were introduced, they had a number of accidents. Since then, the manufacturers and airlines have managed to improve the airplanes until they now have impressive safety records. But Jerry Lederer, director of the Flight Safety Foundation, argues that there can be no such learning period for the huge SST—the crash of so heavy a plane is likely to leave no survivors. "The SST has to be as safe when it starts to fly as the jets are now," he says.

This is impossible, according to Bo K. O. Lundberg, director general of Sweden's Aeronautical Research Institute, one of the world's leading authorities on air safety, and a bitter critic of the SST. Lundberg insists that the plane will be endangered by its large number of untested design features, by the effects of aerodynamic heating, and by its very speed. Traveling at 30 miles a minute, the pilot would not be able to see danger ahead—a hailstorm, say, or another aircraft—in time to avoid it.

Halaby differs sharply with Lundberg. "The aircraft is not inherently more dangerous than its predecessors," he says. "The problems are the same, but the barriers that have to be surmounted are higher. I'm determined not to permit an airplane that is unsafe to be developed."

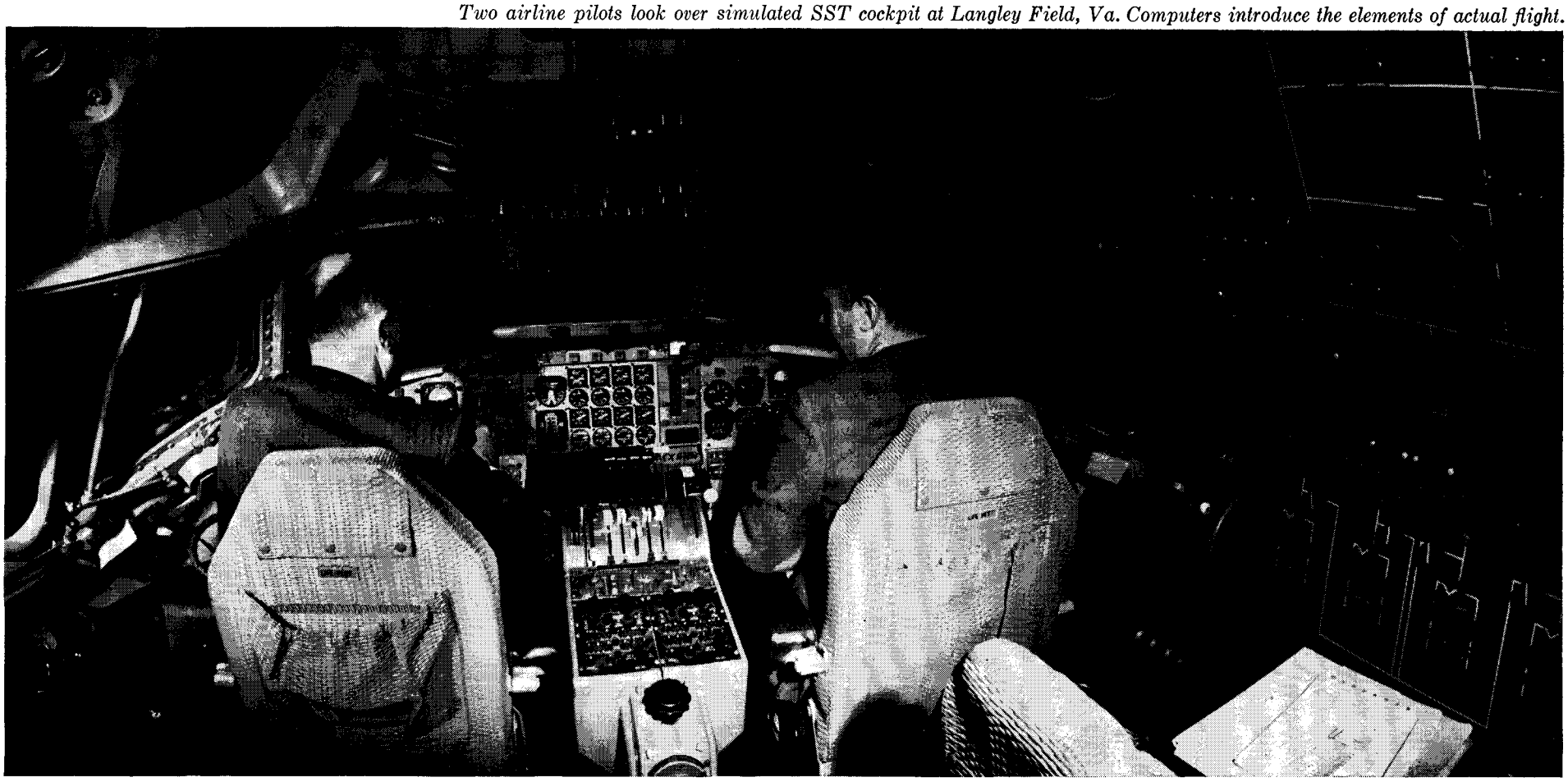
Trying to anticipate all possible dangers, the SST project engineers, Boeing's Lloyd Goodmanson and Lockheed's Richard Heppe, have spent weeks thinking up catastrophes that could befall an SST. One such crisis would be a complete loss of cabin pressure at altitudes of 65,000 feet or more—where the atmosphere is so thin that the passengers' blood would literally boil within a matter of seconds.

To prevent such an explosive decompression, Lockheed's long string of windows will be made of three sheets of glass, each strong enough to carry the load by itself. If by some chance all three panes were broken, the window is so small—about six inches across—that the air could not squeeze out much faster than the pressurization system would replace it. With one window out at 80,000 feet, pressure in the cabin would drop to no lower than the equivalent of 20,000 feet.

But what would happen, Heppe has wondered, if a berserk gunman got into the pilot's compartment and took a shot at the windshield? Since some of its panels are big enough to cause rapid decompression if they were broken, Lockheed will build its windshield strong enough to withstand a bullet's impact. "We plan to test it in flight by actually firing a gun at it," says Heppe.

Heppe and Goodmanson also spent months testing refinements of their wing shapes after President Johnson rejected their designs last year. For four months, for example, the engineers who run Lockheed's wind tunnels worked 12 hours on and 12 off, seven

Two airline pilots look over simulated SST cockpit at Langley Field, Va. Computers introduce the elements of actual flight.



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days a week. Even in the supersonic age, aerodynamics is far from an exact science. The smartest men with the best computers do not necessarily come up with the best aircraft. Design is a matter of taking theory as far as it goes, and then testing it in the tunnel.

Between their first submissions and the ones presently before the McNamara committee, both Boeing and Lockheed have made tremendous progress, according to those who have seen the latest designs. Both companies now say that their SST's can match today's jets in economy on long-range flights, although this claim is regarded with considerable skepticism by the major airlines, which have evaluated the two designs as part of the FAA's study. According to calculations worked out by Robert Rummel, TWA vice president for planning and research, the SST's seat-mile costs would be, at their very best, between five and eight percent higher than those of today's jets.

Some airline executives feel that the SST as presently designed would be too expensive to fly at long ranges. To carry enough fuel for flights of 4,000 miles, it would have to reduce its passenger load from 250 to about 220. And the short range problem is even worse. "A New York to Chicago flight would be completely foolish in an SST," says C. R. Smith, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of American Airlines. "It wouldn't be anywhere near the present cost. Hell, you'd spend all your time going up to 60,000 feet and coming back down."

When they consider the SST, the airlines have to measure its operating costs against those of various subsonic jets of the future. One possibility, for instance, would be a civilian version of the giant jet transport the Defense Department is planning to develop to carry 600 soldiers as far as 7,000 miles. Such a plane would permit sharply reduced fares. But it would cost nearly as much to buy as the SST, and it would be too heavy for many of the runways of the world. Moreover, the airlines suspect that people might hesitate to fly on a double-decker aerial equivalent of the Staten Island ferry.

The U.S. airlines have good reason to insist that the SST be a moneymaker. Under the FAA's program, they would have to pay royalties to the Government on every SST they bought and used until the United States was repaid the sum it had advanced to develop the aircraft in the first place. The airline industry has agreed to the principle—if the SST is economical to operate. If the plane proves not to be economical, the airlines might buy a few dozen to form a small prestige fleet, but they would never buy the hundreds needed to justify the whole complicated, costly program.

Despite all the problems involved, however, airline presidents like Smith and TWA's Tillinghast are generally in favor of developing an SST, for one main reason: They are afraid of becoming dependent upon the Concorde for their survival. With no SST on the market, the American airlines would be forced to buy the Concorde to stay in business. The airlines flying overseas would be the first to face the Concorde, but eventually a domestic airline would buy one, if only for reasons of prestige, and then they all would have to follow suit. "You don't always buy airplanes when you want to," says American Airlines' Smith. "You buy them when you need them to keep your competitive position, or to better it."

A total of eight U.S. airlines have already paid deposits on 44 SST's (the FAA is collecting the money for the time being), and 14 foreign airlines have ordered another 49. Covering their bets, American airlines have also ordered 21 Concordes. Even if the Concorde turns out to be a commercial success, the market estimates for an American SST now go as high as 400 aircraft, or a sale of about twelve billion dollars.

Nevertheless, the manufacturers insist that they cannot put up their 25 percent of the costs, as required under the Government proposal, and they argue that the risks involved in such a vast program are so great that the formula could bankrupt them. "The 75-25 split is just no good," says Jerome McBrearty, a Lockheed vice president. "If that's what it takes, then there just isn't going to be an SST program." It now seems likely that the formula will end up closer to 90-10.

What may turn out to be the most frustrating problem of all for the SST is just beginning to emerge from the confusion about the aircraft. Many experts argue that the answers to all the basic questions about the sonic boom and about the economics and safety of the SST will never be settled until someone actually builds a prototype and flies it around for a while. But Congress would have to put up the money for a prototype program—upwards of $500 million—since only the Government can afford such a sum. And Congress may well insist that the problems be solved *before* it agrees to hand out that kind of money.

Ironically, the force that set the American SST program in motion may now help to slow it down. The Concorde was hopefully named to reflect a spirit of harmonious cooperation between the British and the French, but as things have turned out, Discorde might have been more appropriate. Dismayed by the plane's soaring costs, Britain's new Labor Government has indicated that it would like to see the whole program slowed down. Charles de Gaulle's France, however, has insisted upon pushing ahead as planned—or as nearly so as possible, despite problems that may delay the aircraft until beyond 1972.

A slowdown in development of the Concorde would increase the difficulty of getting money out of Congress this year to start building a prototype. And even beyond this, there are indications that the McNamara committee would like the program to spend another year studying the sonic boom and benefiting from the experiences of the A-11 and the new RS-70 bomber flying at Mach 3.

What worries the men in the aircraft industry is that, without the stimulus of the Concorde, the United States program will be allowed to die. "It seems to us that the SST program should go forward no matter what the French and British do," says Lockheed's McBrearty. "The whole airline industry has one commodity to sell—speed, the saving of time. Speed sells, and the SST will sell seats. If we have only subsonic equipment, we're forever vulnerable. Germany, France, Britain could enter the field again, and we'd have to react again. This is a chance for the United States to regain the initiative." □

F-104 (upper left corner) went supersonic at 200 feet. For results, turn page.

THE SOUND OF PROGRESS

It's the sonic boom—still a much-argued mystery

By JOHN SKOW

Some fine and silent night in the next 12 months an Air Force pilot will nose his F-104 toward an American city, ease the throttle to full, and do his best to wake everyone up. His best will be impressive—a sonic boom which, depending on such factors as weather and the plane's altitude and airspeed, will be felt on the ground as a faint vibration or a sharp rattling of windows, and heard as something between the sound of dull, distant thunder and that of a nearby cannon crack. Within the next decade much of the world's population will work and sleep—or try to—to a more or less regular drum roll of sonic booms. This drum roll, the boom makers say in cheerful apology, is the sound of progress.

When the F-104 pilot has boomed over the city (whose name has not yet been announced), he will turn around and boom back again. Later that night, every two or three hours on a precise schedule, other pilots will shatter the air over the same course. The next night and every night for several months the same thing will happen, despite the protests of citizens who are certain that the booms have damaged their houses, their ears, their hearts or their minds—or who, undamaged but furious, complain that the booms are a damnable and unnecessary invasion of privacy.

The Federal Aviation Agency, which will conduct this elaborate exercise in other-shoe dropping, says in effect that it is doing so to test how much progress people will put up with. But despite the denials of sincere FAA officials, there is reason to believe that the nighttime booms—and last year's six-month series of daylight booms which resounded eight times a day over Oklahoma City—will turn out to have been not a test of the possible but a conditioning for the inevitable.

A great deal is at stake. The supersonic transport (SST) which the U.S. hopes to build would be able to fly from New York to Los Angeles in something under two hours. And every time it did, its boom would be heard, according to the FAA, by roughly 60 million people in a coast-to-coast path 50 to 75 miles wide. (Many people have the notion that planes create sonic booms only at the moment they "break" something called the "sound barrier," or accelerate past the speed of sound. Actually, a plane produces a boom for the entire time it is traveling faster than the speed of sound. The boom is caused by a shock wave of air molecules that cannot get out of the plane's way fast enough to avoid piling up, and it sweeps across the country behind the plane.)

Since there is only the smallest likelihood that planes will ever be able to travel at supersonic speeds without creating appreciable booms, we must learn to get along either with the boom or without the SST. Gordon Bain, the FAA's Deputy Administrator for SST development, says the supersonic

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airliner will not be built if sonic booms are found to be intolerable. Of course, this is true; what remains in doubt is whose definition of tolerability is to be applied.

At one extreme are the airplane lovers, including, quite properly, the FAA officials, for whom the SST's booming would announce a national triumph. At the other are neurotics who literally cannot live with the boom. (It is fairly well established that booms of the order expected from the SST cause no direct physiological damage. But indirect damage is possible; last year one Oklahoma City heart specialist sent a patient with hypertension out of the city for the duration of the tests. The reason was that the patient, an irritable man, became furious whenever he heard a boom, and fury can kill people with hypertension.)

An Oklahoma man got so angry that his doctor made him leave town until boom test ended.

The rest of the population will endure the boom if it has to. As Gordon Bain points out, people get used to living next to freeways. They also get used to air pollution, which is far deadlier than sonic booms, and to transistorized teen-agers, who are far noisier. Getting used to things is what modern man hangs his pride on. The question is not whether most of the population can keep its annoyance stoppered, but whether it should have to.

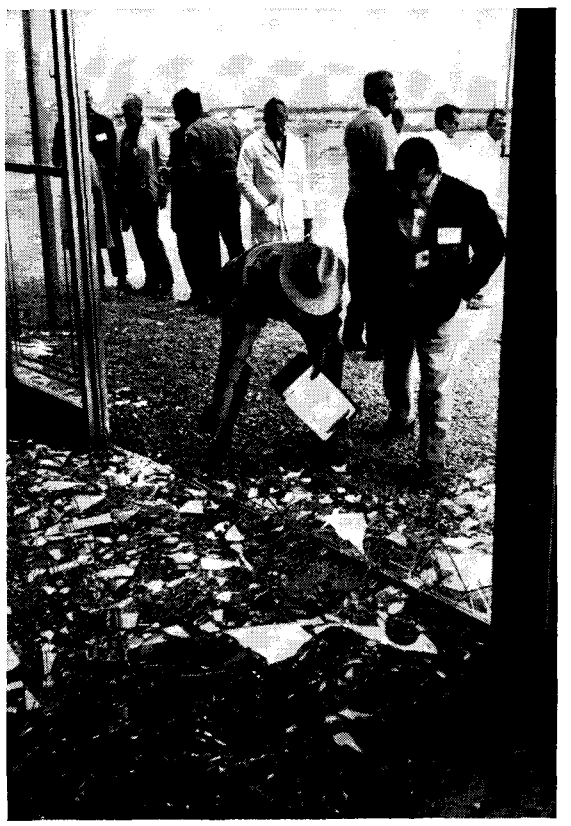
It will be up to President Johnson to decide, finally, whether sonic booms and what one FAA official in Oklahoma City last year referred to as "the so-called human factor" make the SST an undesirable aircraft. But most of the evidence the President sees will be supplied by the FAA, which, as the agency responsible for the plane's development, cannot be expected to be an objective judge of how much public annoyance the SST is worth. (Perhaps in recognition of the FAA's difficulty in being both judge and defense attorney, the President last year asked the National Academy of Sciences to consider the boom problem. An N.A.S. committee, which has made no public statements, is now doing so.)

Could the SST project be stopped now? "Oh, yes," Gordon Bain said recently. "If the reason were important enough, you could stop it even after you had built prototypes. No one in Government is saying, 'We must have this plane.'"

But could the project be stopped merely because of public irritation at sonic booms? "No, I don't think so," said Bain. Later he modified the opinion: "If a significant segment of the population were truly irritated, we'd have to pay attention." A really enormous public uproar might, for instance, lead to a restriction limiting the SST to overwater flights.

Although Bain insists that the Oklahoma City daylight tests last year were not an attempt to "sell booms to the public," the impression persists that selling booms is exactly what the FAA had in mind. The agency picked, for one thing, perhaps the most air-minded town in the country as a site for its tests (one wage earner in six works in aviation, many of them in the huge FAA headquarters itself). No request for permission to run the tests was made to the city government ("Voters would have made the councilmen's lives miserable," Bain explained). But FAA officials were careful to get the support of the city's powerful Chamber of Commerce, whose leaders, finding reason to believe that Oklahoma City might become a mid-continent SST stop, turned the C. of C. into an extremely aggressive pro-boom bloc.

Six weeks after the tests began, with four and a half months of experimenting to go, local FAA officials were telling reporters flatly that booms of the magnitude expected from the SST would not shatter glass, crack plaster or affect health. They also spoke good-humoredly about the complaints. Mark Weaver, the project's public-relations officer, had been burned in effigy. Najeeb Halaby, chief of the FAA, had been threatened. A woman repeatedly called FAA headquarters and asked politely for Lt. Col. David Lillard, the Air Force officer who ran the boom program. When Lillard answered, she screamed. Another woman called up several times to complain that the booms popped her brassiere strap. ("The engineers had a strain gauge all fixed up for her, but she wouldn't give her name," Weaver said.)



Remains of plate-glass window after low-level boom.

Although the FAA men were careful to say that there were a lot of "good, solid, reasonable people" among those they referred to as "ban-the-boomers," it was clear that they considered anyone who disliked booms either neurotic or uninformed. "'I don't like it' is not a legitimate complaint," said Weaver.

The tests lasted through July, and at the year's end the FAA had received 13,834 complaints, legitimate and otherwise. Of these, 4,202 were claims of damage to property. Only 208 damage claims were judged valid by the Remmert Adjustment Co., a private firm hired by the FAA. The Government paid $11,367.02 to settle these claims.

These figures are very low, and very important. If any appreciable number of claims of paint cracking and plaster loosening had been judged valid, a precedent could have been set, and airline legal staffs would have been mired in damage actions after the SST had begun to fly commercially.

A case can be made that the claims figures are unrealistically low—although not because of bad faith or incompetence on the part of the FAA or the Remmert Co. Claims adjustment is often largely guesswork. An adjuster can prove that an old, dust-filled crack was not caused by sonic booms, but he can only guess whether a new crack was made by booms or, perhaps, by a settling foundation. If he has been assured by FAA experts that booms do not cause cracks, he is likely to blame the foundation.

Many complaints were never filed because of "why-fight-City-Hall?" cynicism, fear of community pressure, or because "we're going to have the place painted anyway." In two houses of the several I visited, honest-seeming people who were not ban-the-boomers (one couple had filed a complaint; the other did not intend to) told me that they had heard booms and had seen plaster crack as they watched. On March 5, Max Netherton, an American-history teacher at Capitol Hill High School, heard the regular 9:20 boom and turned from his blackboard "with no lapse in time" to see a large fluorescent-light fixture tear loose from the classroom ceiling. It struck a boy named Troy Short, giving him a slight scalp cut and a brief headache. School authorities decided that the light had been badly installed, and the electrical contractor agreed; his insurance company paid Troy Short's medical bills, and no complaint was filed. But might the boom have been responsible for jarring loose the weakened fixture? "We take no responsibility," an FAA official said. "The timing was coincidence."

Evidence from the FAA's four heavily instrumented test houses was more impressive. A private engineering firm did the testing, which included deliberate weakening of plaster, glass and house frames. The report after six months: no damage. Yet even this study is not conclusive. Booms are known to be unpredictable to a degree verging on the freakish. Weather conditions can increase the intensity of the shock wave, and a boom felt only slightly in the area below a plane's flight path may be felt sharply 10 miles away. Sonic-boom shock waves may turn out to be so chancy that to prove anything after studying four houses will be as impossible as proving, after four door-to-door interviews, that Oklahoma City has no Hindus. (During other boom tests, on the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico, an F-104 went supersonic 200 feet above the test village on December 2, breaking quantities of glass.)

Gordon Bain said at the year's end that experiments by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration offer some hope—"although this is very premature"—that aircraft design will be able to soften sonic booms. But no one is very optimistic; probably there will be booms as long as there is supersonic flight.

Therefore the nighttime booms that will descend like dropped ashcans on some American city this year could be extremely important. The FAA intends to begin the tests with an intensive program of "education" to explain that booms are harmless and not really very noisy. There is, however, a possibility that this time it is the FAA that will be educated—by an angry, red-eyed public—to the fact that "the so-called human factor" is not something to be engineered or "educated" away. □

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EVEN WITH AN OVERHEAD OF $114,850 A DAY, BILL HARRAH PILES UP PROFITS.

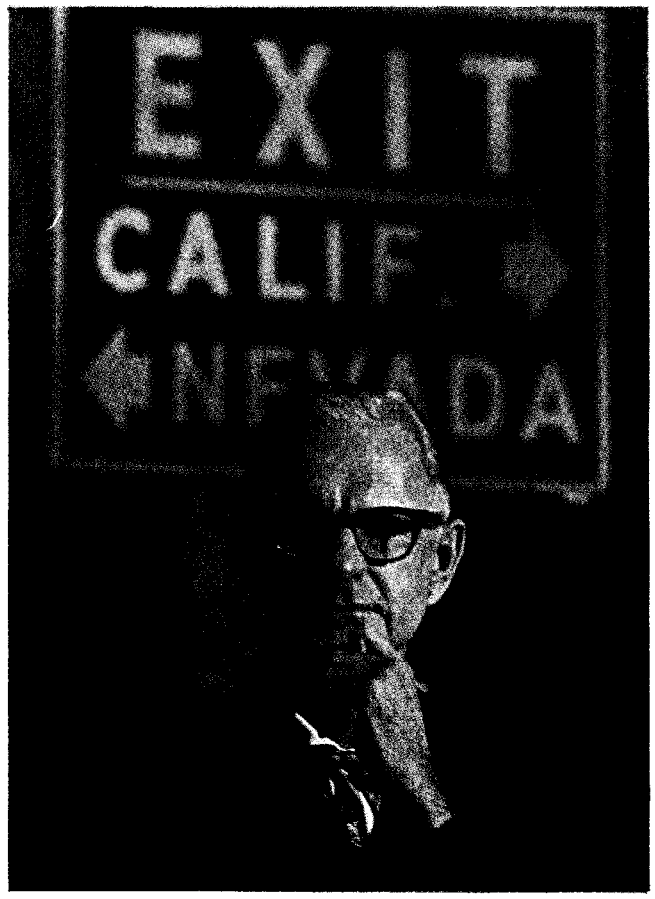
THE WORLD'S BIGGEST GAMBLER

By Robert Wernick

Photographs by John Bryson

IT was on a blustery morning in January, 1955, that William F. Harrah made the decision that was to transform him, in a few months, from a middling-successful casino operator in Reno, Nevada, into the biggest gambler in the world, the Napoleon of Chance.

He was out at Lake Tahoe that morning, 50 miles from Reno, looking for a piece of property on which he could build a museum. The museum was to house the 13 freight carloads of guns, kerosene lamps, wooden Indians and similar memorabilia of the Old West that his wife, Scherry, had just purchased in southern California. Lake Tahoe is large and deep and beautiful and mountain-girt. It is pronounced "tah-hoe" and is said, on little evidence, to be an Indian word meaning big water or big whiskey or damn-all-white-men or (according to



Harrah near his Tahoe casino. Top arrow points to where customers come from, the other to where their money goes.

Praying for the jackpot signal to light, devotees pour tribute into Harrah's 2,113 slot machines. To lure the throngs his operation depends on, Harrah sets the slot payoffs high.

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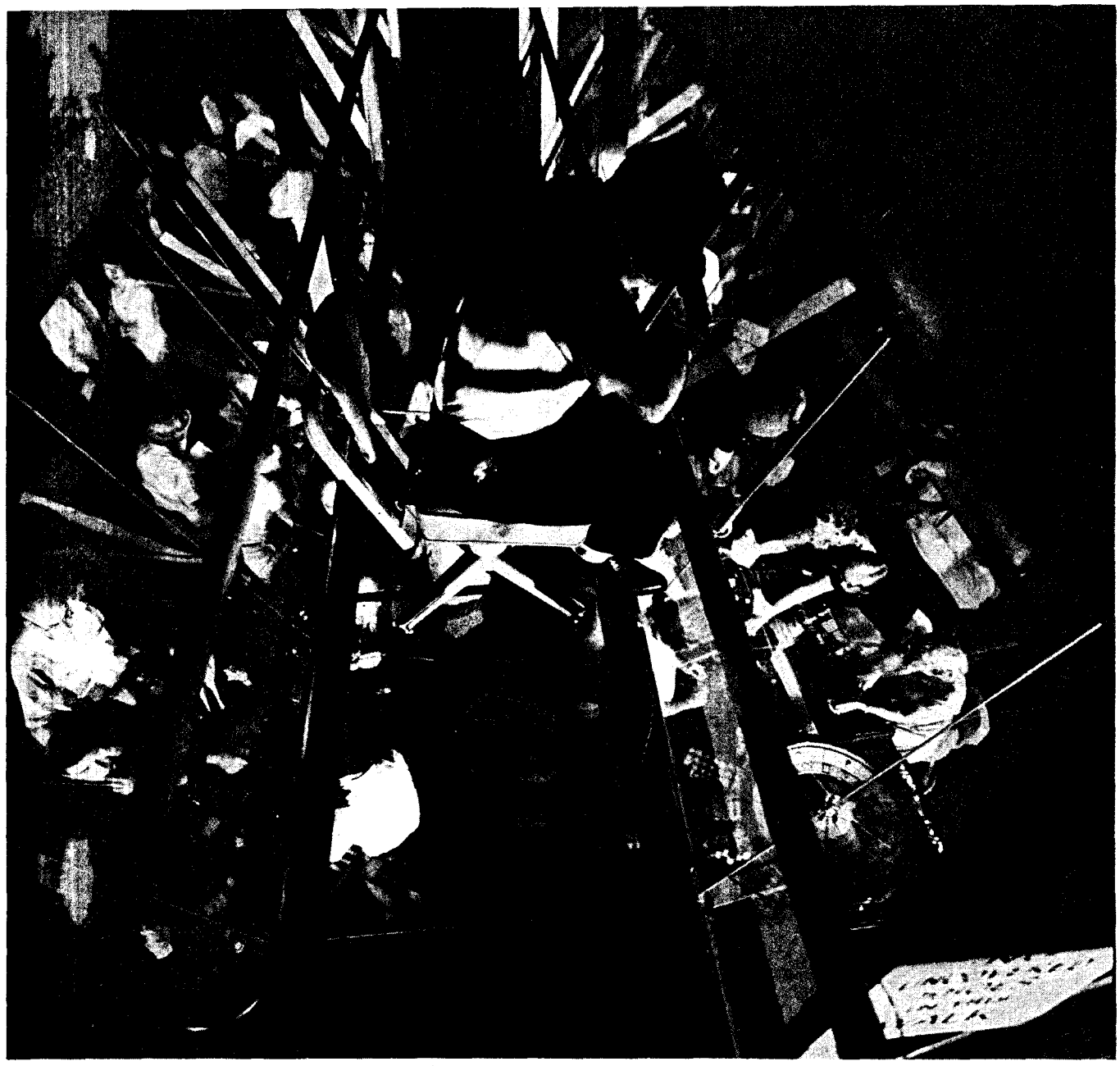
The little girls ask:

'DADDY, ISN'T IT A PERFECT WEEKEND FOR YOU TO GO GAMBLING?'



From catwalk enclosed in two-way mirrors, a casino official watches dealers and customers for signs of "crossroading" (cheating).

BIGGEST GAMBLER

Mark Twain) grasshopper soup. It is deep and cold and full of fish, and its scenery will stand up to all but the most spectacular Alps. More important for Bill Harrah's purposes, a state boundary bisects it, and an interstate highway runs along its south shore. The traveler going east on U.S. 50 finds himself at one swoop, with no change of altitude or climate or scenery, out of the lawbound puritanical state of California and in the wide-open state of Nevada where the bars are running 24 hours a day, and so are the crap tables and the roulette wheels. The effect is dramatic. The hordes of the humdrum—the businessmen from Sacramento and the shipyard workers from Vallejo, the housewives from the Peninsula and the farmers from the Valley—they come lurching over the invisible boundary and they all get a sparkle in their eye, an itch in their fingers; holes burn in their pockets. The sight of a slot machine, the sound of a stickman, draws them at once into a dreamland where the rainbow ends at their elbow and the law of averages is at rest.

In those distant days of 1955 the invasion of Tahoe by the Californians was considered a phenomenon of the summer season, between the Fourth of July and Labor Day. The gambling places that greeted the invaders were small and dingy. There were some where, Harrah says, you needed a lock on your pockets, and even in the others there was an atmosphere of tension, a beady stare from pit bosses that would make even an experienced gambler think twice about going in. After all, the owners had barely two months to make all their expenses for the year.

But the thought came to Harrah: Why did the season have to last only two months? The lake gets cold, but human fevers stay high throughout the year, and Highway 50 is open except in the worst blizzards. It was logical to assume that a big, bright, clean, scrupulously honest place like Harrah's Club in Reno, if it were planted smack on the state boundary, would lure customers all year round.

So when, on that January day, Harrah learned that George's Gateway, a battered old Quonset hut abutting the state line, was on sale for $500,000, he began peeling off the bills for the down payment. Harrah's logic paid off immediately. The crowds started coming, "right from the gong," says the owner happily, and to keep them coming Harrah went in for such new and revolutionary devices as free or cut-rate bus trips from the big cities of California, with buses that would take off on schedule even if there was only one passenger aboard.

Soon the place was bursting at the seams and had to be enlarged. It was still too small. Turning people away was unthinkable, so Harrah, for three million dollars this time, acquired two small clubs across the highway. They weren't big enough either, and he drew up plans for merging them and adding to them to form the world's biggest single structure devoted to gambling—bigger than anything in Las Vegas, not to speak of the poor old Monte Carlos and other outdated establishments of Europe. It would have a theater-restaurant, known as the South Shore Room, bigger than any then known (850 seats), with Vegas-type stars performing every night of the year.

His competitors were skeptical. Why Lake Tahoe, why not the North Pole? they asked. The late Eddie Questa, president of the First National Bank of Nevada, who had bankrolled many gamblers in his day, tried to dissuade Harrah from the project, but an hour's conversation converted him and he pledged his bank's credit to the maximum. When construction delays and mounting costs pushed the price up—Harrah was spending half a million a month, and nothing coming in—Questa went outside the bank to get more.

Everyone was getting nervous as opening night neared. It was generally believed that if the South Shore Room was a flop the First National would be hurt badly, and with it the whole economy of Nevada. Even Eddie Questa, a fearless little fighter, was nervous, and it was only natural because a gambler can always start up again with a new wheel, but it is harder for bank presidents. Only Harrah wasn't nervous, because he had analyzed the situation and he felt sure of the outcome.

He did make one mistake. He opened early in January to catch the crowds expected for the 1960 winter Olympics at Squaw Valley. The Olympics were a dud for Harrah's purposes, because people who went to them went straight to bed at night. (To this day Harrah has it in for skiers: They are too young to have much money and they get too tired on the slopes to stay up late gambling.) All through February and March the bills kept piling up, and the receipts were inadequate to cover them. But Eddie Questa kept the faith, Bill Harrah never lost heart, and by April everyone was coming to agree that Harrah was right after all. From that day to this the flow has been golden. Just how golden is a business secret. Harrah will only say that it costs him $114,850 a day to stay open, and anything over that is profit.

Come any evening, and you won't be surprised at the size of the figure. Summer or winter, the tableau hardly changes: the clicking and clacking, the bells, the screeches of the jackpot winners, the howls of the crapshooters, the hunched expectant backs, the restless prowlers debating whether to stake their last $10 at this table or at that table. The dealers are prim and quick and confident, in their neat uniforms of white and black with green-baize aprons. Here a security man is noiselessly removing an offensive drunk, there another one is helping a fainting old lady to a cot. Overhead in the catwalks that form an attic to this room, experienced eyes are looking down through the two-way mirrors that overhang all the tables, watching for crimpers and sanders, pinchers and pressers, past posters and machine muckers. (All these are varieties of crossroaders, or cheats.) A line is forming for the dinner show, and the high rollers who are in for several thousand dollars are giving the pit bosses the high sign to reserve them a table. In the lounge behind the big bar a writhing doll swathed in sequins is belting out her own versions of familiar American ballads:

Someone stole my underwear
But I don't care
If I go bare
Bye-bye, blackbird.

And enveloping all is that air of urgency, of total emotional involvement.

This is the last of the participation sports. Those hands clutching the slot-machine levers are full of energy, every nerve at those tables is stretched tight. The talk—"Ten the winner!" "Coming out!" "Jackpot, baby, I HIT THE JACKPOT!" "Oscar dear, not that money, that was for the rotisserie you promised me!" "Get your dirty paws off of me, you old bag, you're bugging my dice!" "Big eight!" "JACKPOT!"—is filled with a passionate intensity found only rarely these days in the traditional places like political conventions and baseball parks.

Into this swirl of color and passion

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comes the tall, puritanical, dark-clad form of Bill Harrah, the boss. He is a man who believes in leaving details to his subordinates, but he also believes in keeping his eyes and ears open all the time. In his pocket is a little notebook in which he continually jots down ideas for the future and observations on little laxities that need remedying in the present. Underlings rush up to him and away from him with a steady flow of reports and directives: Our agents in Vegas report a sensational new act at the Sahara; they have an overflow in the lounge. . . . So and so, the head of the such and such department, is throwing a few curves. Get his severance paycheck ready and start scraping his name off his door. . . . Jimmy Durante will be arriving a day early. Make sure he has a Rolls-Royce to drive around in. . . . There's a high roller in action at the Reno club, in for $10,000. Send a case of anything he wants to his room. . . . That comedian in the lounge is still slipping in dirty jokes. Tell him, one more and he's through. . . . Bobby Kennedy says money from the narcotics racket is finding its way into gambling. I wish that guy would make up his mind; last week he was saying gambling money was finding its way into narcotics. . . .

Bill Harrah is not at first sight the type you would expect to be high priest of an establishment like this. He looks more like a deacon—tall and thin, gray hair, a narrow face, horn-rimmed glasses, a thin smile, a keen look, a quiet voice. He is not that most common crop of the Nevada wastes, a character. He would never, like Harold Smith of Harolds Club, ride a horse into his casino or decorate his conversation with quotations from Shakespeare and Thomas à Kempis. He does not, like Lincoln Fitzgerald of the Nevada Club, go poking around his tables all day long to make sure no odd $20 bills have been mislaid. He can be animated and incisive in private, but his public manner is diffident. There are people in Reno who will tell you that they have never seen Bill Harrah crack a smile, and there are some who will tell you they have never heard him utter a word. He does not drink, he does not smoke. As a matter of fact he seldom gambles. When he goes down to Vegas to look over the operations there, he'll play a courtesy game at the 21 tables, a couple of thousand dollars or so, but so far as serious gambling goes he has neither the special knowledge nor the special temperament required.

That is probably one of the reasons for his success. The average gambling man is also a gambler, moved by strange and uncontrollable hunches, ready at unpredictable moments to go across the street and try his own luck with his own profits against his neighbor's tables. In Reno they talk with awe and admiration of the late Eddie Sahati, a suave Levantine who owned a casino at the lake which he kept staffed with what looked like bit actors from George Raft gangster films. One day he stepped up to a crap table at Harrah's Club and an hour later stepped away with $40,000—the worst single hour in the club's history. It was the start of the longest consecutive run of luck ever seen in Reno. Sahati went next door to the Nevada Club and won $80,000 in two weeks. He went every day to Harolds and at one time was $500,000 ahead. He lost it all within a few months.

Not long ago the manager of one of the Vegas joints opened the safe one night, took out the whole bundle of cash, and went on a gambling spree up and down the Strip. He came back in the cold dawn without a sou, and though he is still alive and still managing, he passed some nervous moments before his partners decided to give him a chance to pay it all back.

A partner is one thing Harrah does not have to worry about, and that is another source of his strength. He owns his club and its subsidiary corporations, one hundred percent. This makes for efficiency all along the line. It is reported that at some of the Vegas casinos everyone who owns a few points (one point is one percent of the business) tries to be present every eight hours when the little boxes with money are removed from the gaming tables to the counting room. Since only the healthiest and greediest can make it three times a day, 365 days a year, the partners all hire underlings who go on the payroll at fancy salaries but whose sole function is to watch the counting. Now, who watches the watchers? It gets very complicated, and it is not Bill Harrah's way of running a business.

That is what gambling is to him—a business—and he has no feelings of self-reproach about the harm that may come from it. Considered as a business, gambling is undoubtedly a good business. Profits are guaranteed by the laws of mathematics. You can fix the slot machines to pay any percentage you please, and the tables pay a fixed return ranging up to 5.6 percent.

It is true that Professor Thorp of New Mexico State University has worked out a practical system for beating the casino at blackjack. But the number of players capable of playing the Thorp system with concentrated fidelity is pitifully small. In practice, the odds are stretched enormously in the house's favor by certain quirks of human nature. Even when players have learned a good strategy, they rarely follow it consistently. Even you and I, the good gamblers, give way to wild hunches, run our luck, let hope override judgment, especially after five or six of the free drinks the house keeps offering us. And if *we* do that, think of the rabble of amateurs, the people who bet the field, split tens, drag when they're winning and double up when they're losing. These are the average customers, and they push their dollars into the house's maw with a fatal regularity, like the Phoenicians pushing their sons into the jaws of Moloch.

Why, then, aren't all gambling men millionaires?

Looking at Bill Harrah's career may show some of the obstacles. It began in 1931, when he was a student at U.C.L.A. and his father was surveying the wreckage of his world. John Harrah was a self-taught lawyer from Iowa. He settled in Venice, and while raising a family there, acquired lots and buildings. But then the depression came thundering down on John Harrah's real estate. Staring at all his unrented buildings, he decided that he might make a little cash by turning over the ground floor of one of them to a little game then becoming popular, a primeval form of Bingo called the Circle Game.

To run the game, young Bill, then 20, left his classes. He argued his father into throwing out the junky furniture and getting in good solid stuff and tasteful decorations. He built up a staff of dependable young men—five of them

Oblivious of scrutiny from above, players follow the action. Catwalks, now universal in Nevada casinos, were a Harrah innovation.

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Silver from the slot machines floods into the counting room. Not all is profit; jackpot winners are paid off in folding money.

Other men's losses enable Harrah (right) to maintain world's largest collection of antique autos. Here he stands with a 1929 Duesenberg.

'ANY TIME OF THE DAY, I KNOW HOW MUCH WE'VE TAKEN IN.'

around the D.A.'s office. Late in 1937 young Bill Harrah took off for Reno.

It didn't cost much to get established back then. For $2,000 Bill opened a Bingo parlor on Center Street. That turned out to be a poor location, and he had to close in a couple of months. But he had cut deeply enough into the business of one of the older parlors to make the owner think of selling out. In the summer of '38, Harrah was in the right location, and the ride down the boulevard of success was fairly begun.

Little by little, he expanded. A few craps and 21 tables and a wheel were put in, and he began to learn the ropes of serious gambling—Bingo is more a social event. When the war came along, money began to roll down the streets of Reno. By the war's end, Harrah was ready to establish a full-fledged Nevada casino, and Harrah's Club opened its doors on Virginia Street, the main drag of Reno, in 1946.

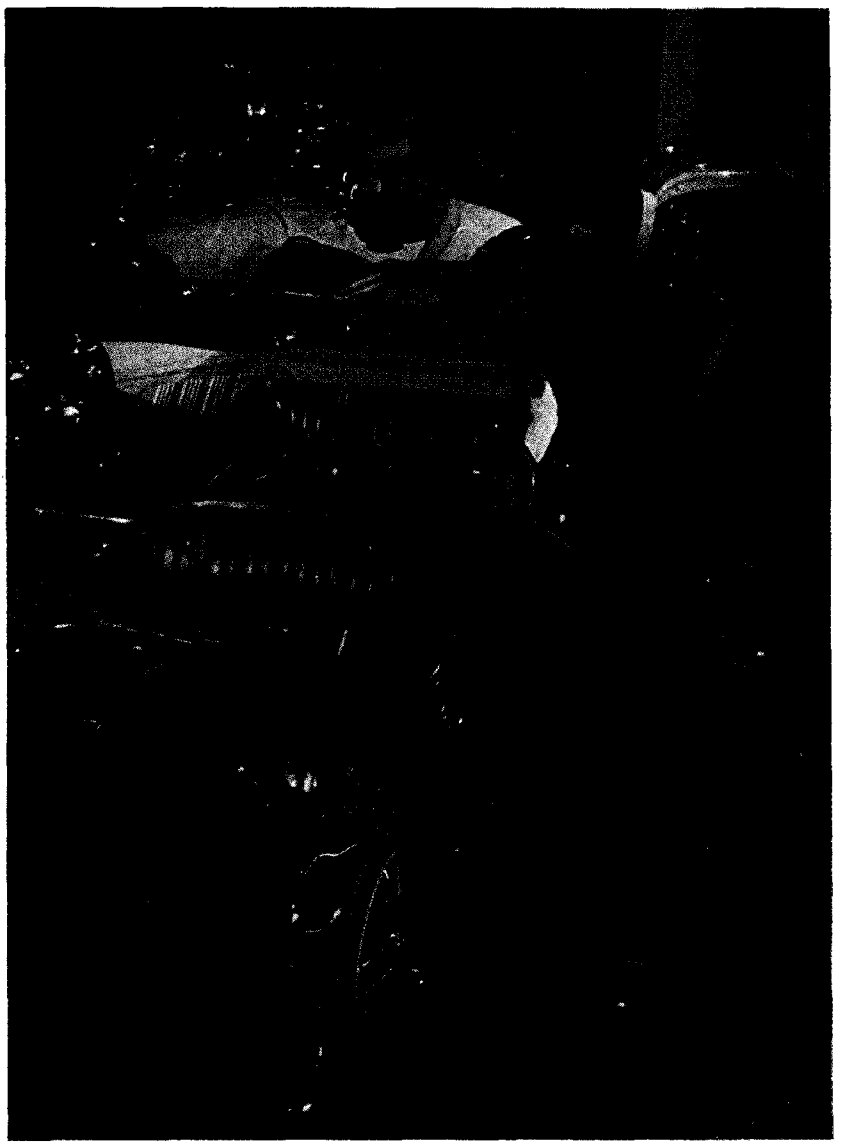
A small club with small capital can have its difficult moments, because the law of averages does not necessarily work every day and, at first, Harrah's profits didn't always leap from peak to peak. John Harrah, flying up from Los Angeles to offer fatherly direction, used to peer anxiously out of the plane window as it circled over town to see if the lights were still shining out onto the sidewalk. They never dimmed.

There are a lot of things you learn by experience in the gambling business: the people to trust, the checks to cash, the right way to stop fights, the ever-changing rules of the crossroaders. Above all, the people to hire. Some

are still with him, and one of them, Bob Ring, is his general manager and second-in-command. Bill kept the place clean and the action going, and at the end of a year he had netted $10,000, a lot of money in those times.

Happy days. But in came a serpent in the guise of the Law. The Law reflects an odd bent of the American system of values. In this country, if a man raises racehorses it may be assumed he is bucking for an ambassadorship, and the man who called you long distance to urge you to buy Transitron at 35 is apt to turn up as chairman of your 25th reunion committee. But the man who runs a game of chance, in which the customer knows the exact mathematical odds against him, is a pariah, a low character, a criminal. The question was soon being asked in the district attorney's office: Is Harrah's Circle Game a game of chance or, as Harrah claims, a test of skill? Harrah was a lawyer and he loved a fight. He lost. The game was closed. He changed the rules slightly and opened again under another name. New stirrings in the D.A.'s office, new rolls of oratory for the defense, new verdicts, new closings, new rules. So Bridgeo succeeded the Circle Game, and Tango succeeded Bridgeo, and the Dart Game succeeded Tango.

Then it occurred to the Harrahs that there was a place where these inconveniences need not occur. The sovereign state of Nevada, desperate for any form of tourist cash, had in 1931 legalized gambling. No need there to keep the law books ever at your elbow; no need to hire an informant to snoop



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employees will steal you blind before you know what is going on. Others are honest but set in their ways, the old ways, and they resist the innovations that bring the customers in. Harolds Club, up the street, had started a revolution in gambling by creating a boisterously friendly atmosphere, hiring respectable young ladies as dealers, making the payoff on the slot machines extremely high, and getting rid of shills—anything to remove the connotations of crookedness that gambling holds for most people outside Nevada.

Harrah added innovations of his own. He put lights and bells on the slot machines, so that a person hitting a jackpot was greeted with noise and jubilation. He put the big-money tables, the ones with a five-dollar minimum bet, right next to the cashier's window so that the players could turn around and get their checks cashed with a minimum of distraction. Keep the game moving—that has always been his motto. The European casinos give him the willies, with their funereal pace and the formalities for getting in: "Why, it takes a guy twenty minutes to get to the tables; he might have been in for a couple of hundred by that time."

He took a lot of vacations in the early days. Coming back from one of them, he noticed a new dealer, a homespun blond beauty from the Tennessee hills. Her name was originally Kandis Lucille Teague, but Earl Carroll, in whose Vanities she had appeared for a few months, had changed it to Scherry Rhyne. She never really relished the show-business kind of life and, having always had a passion for cards back in Alcoa, Tenn., she came out to Reno to be a 21 dealer. And there one day was a tall young man leaning against the bar and staring at her. In August, 1948, they were married.

One taste they shared in a big way was booze. In those days, Bill was no more talkative than he is now, but his talk had a different tang to it. The words most frequently on his lips were, "Pardon me, but do you mind if I buy you a drink?" and few were the people who minded. The glasses were lined up four deep at the bar, and anyone who went to bed before dawn was called a party pooper. "Our favorite drink was Scotch," Scherry says.

"Or bourbon, or gin, or crème de cacao, or whatever they had," adds Bill. "Oh it was great," he says, "just to stand around, talking and kidding and telling stories, getting to meet people."

Drinking could bring troubles too. Bill wrecked several cars. Once he broke his neck. Employees lose respect for a drunken boss, and the casino couldn't help suffering from the 10 to 12 hours a day the boss was spending at the bottle.

In 1952 Bill decided that he had gone through his lifetime ration. He went to his doctor, who put him in a hospital, shot him full of vitamin B, Antabuse, the works. Since then he has never touched a drop. Scherry dutifully followed him within a couple of weeks. Bob Ring had gone on the wagon a little earlier. In hard-drinking Reno, forming this little teetotal nucleus meant cutting off practically all social life. No more bars, no more parties, no more hooting in the dawn.

The new regime meant 10 or so extra hours in the day. Bill chose to fill them by thinking. What he thought about was money. He started by calling in a firm of management consultants. His competitors, hearty gamblers of the old slapdash school, snickered, but Harrah went ahead and reorganized. The unkempt world of the casino was suddenly trimmed into a facsimile of a modern, integrated industrial plant. All the sprawling sides of the business—the gambling, the food and drink, entertainment, credit, real estate, financing, advertising, public relations, customer relations—were departmentalized. Papers went through channels. Executives held weekly meetings. The books became a model for auditors.

More efficiency made for more profits, more expansion, more customers. The snickers ceased; the competitors began to imitate Harrah. What he was doing was to introduce the General Motors or Sears Roebuck concept to gambling—streamlined organization, low unit profit, huge volume. Volume in this business means crowds, and Harrah's gets the crowds by showering them with services and attentions. The house is always clean, the dealers trim, the décor colorful and quietly expensive.

If you come from San Francisco or Sacramento, the bulk of your bus fare is refunded if you come at a quiet hour like late Sunday night. If you stay at a motel on the lake, a free taxi will drive you to and from Harrah's. The parking lot is the size of Delaware, and you may have to wait quite a while for the attendant to get your car, but the sidewalk where you wait has hot-air vents so you won't catch cold. If you are a single woman and you have parked your car yourself, out by Chesapeake Bay, a security officer will escort you in case someone is lurking in the dark. The same security man will be making a check to see that no heartless parents have left their children to freeze in their car while they are inside whooping around the tables.

Children are always a problem around casinos, since they are not allowed inside by law and since the sight of wistful little creatures huddling around the doors and windows waiting for mummy to hit the jackpot offends sensitive passersby. Harrah has solved the problem by building a recreation center where his customers can park their children for a modest fee. The kids play with blocks, or see movies, or play pool, or do the Watusi. It is now the most popular rendezvous on the lake for anyone between two and 20, and little girls anxious for dates will ask, "Daddy, isn't it a perfect weekend for you to go gambling?"

One way to keep the customers happy is to have happy-looking employees, and Harrah works that angle hard. His wage scale is high and there are fringe benefits—profit sharing, paid vacations, birthdays counting as holidays, free tickets to the shows in the South Shore Room, a review committee to which discharged employees can appeal. Top executives get the free use of any type of car they fancy.

In return, everyone is supervised with rare thoroughness and rated for efficiency at regular intervals. Those two-way mirrors extend even into the kitchens, so that if there is a complaint, say, about the salads, somebody can scoot back and peek at the salad makers and find out what's wrong in a jiffy. The paternalistic hand may be a little heavy for some tastes. But in a business where the merchandise is ready cash flowing back and forth in the open, you have to be careful. And gambling has always attracted drifters and irresponsibles. Harrah is delighted that his peak period coincides with school vacation. His summer staff is full of bright, bronzed college kids and college instructors, which raises the tone of the place, at no extra cost.

The thing that really brings in the customers is the entertainment, and Harrah has gone about the business of becoming an impresario with the same quiet and spectacular efficiency which has served him so well in other areas. At the beginning, it was hard to get the top names, the Jack Bennys and the Red Skeltons. Who the hell is Harrah? they asked. But the word got around. Harrah not only pays the going price, which may be up to $40,000 a week, but envelops his stars in a cocoon of hospitality such as they are unlikely to find anyplace else in the world. If they like company, he puts them up in one of the two motels he maintains as private guest lodges. If they prefer peace and privacy, they have a choice of houses by the lake, complete with servants, views, beaches, rustling pines. There are boats for scenic rides and water skiing. They can have an antique car to drive around in, with or without

In Villa Harrah, million-dollar home on Lake Tahoe, the gambler throws a cocktail party. An ex-drunk, he never drinks.

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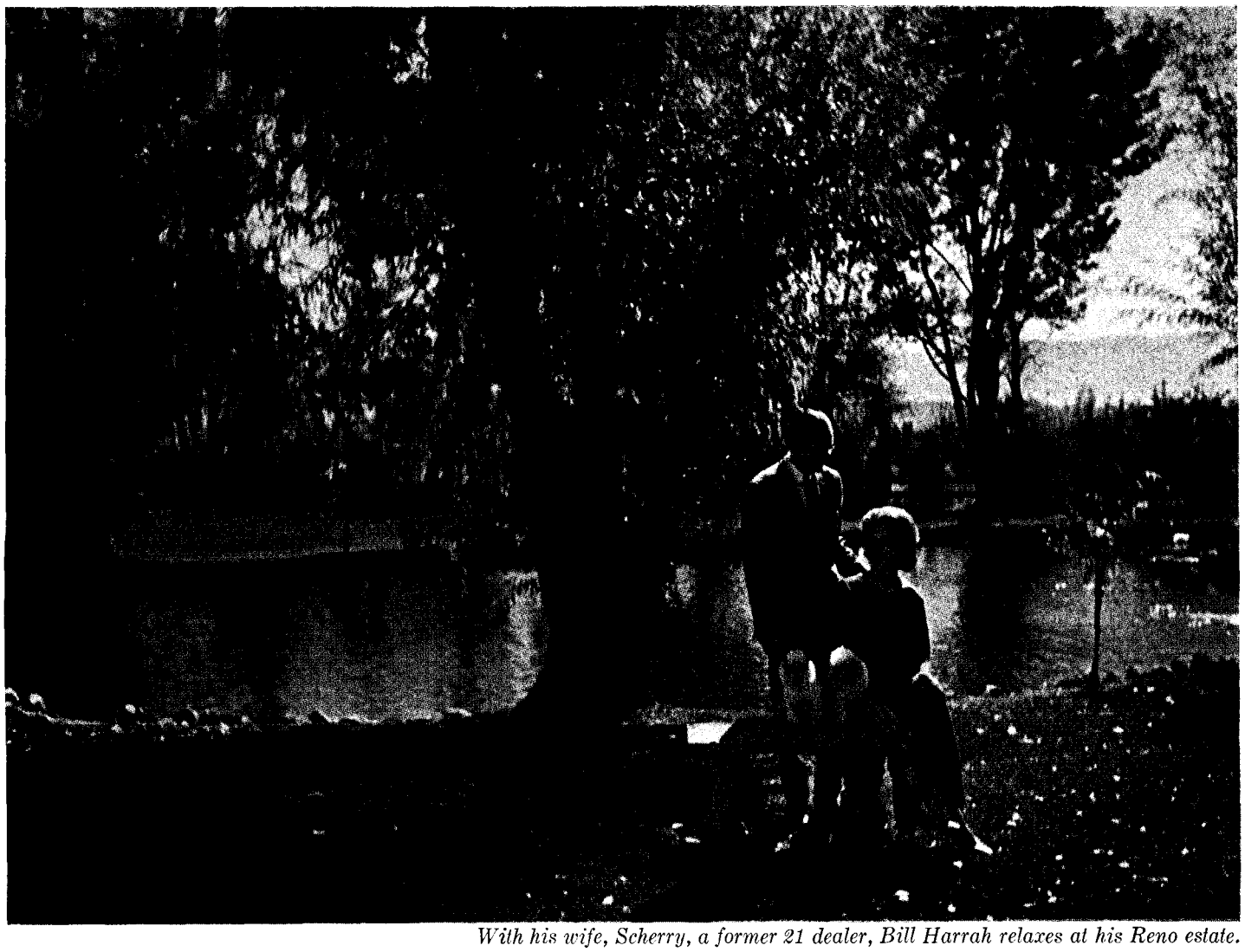

With his wife, Scherry, a former 21 dealer, Bill Harrah relaxes at his Reno estate.

HARRAH'S THOUGHTS ARE NEVER VERY FAR FROM BUSINESS.

BIGGEST GAMBLER

chauffeur. There will be flowers, candlelit dinners. And Bill Harrah on the edge of things, shyly asking if they are getting everything they need.

"Gosh, Mr. Harrah," said Eddie Fisher, in for the Liberace show, "this is fabulous. All I've been hearing in L.A. is Harrah's, Harrah's, but I thought it was just talk. This is fabulous. They don't have a stage like this on Broadway. They don't have dressing rooms like this anywhere. And you did this all by yourself?"

"Oh no," said Bill hastily. "I have a very good architect."

He does not believe in leaving architects idle. He recently completed a lakeside home which impresses even his Hollywood visitors. When they exclaim over the ox-sized fireplaces and the baronial dining rooms where he entertains his entertainers, he says modestly, "It isn't so hard to get something good if you are willing to spend a million dollars for it."

They say Harrah is all business. ("People in Reno will tell you that any time of the day I know just how much we took in the last twenty-four hours. Well, it's true.") But there is a leisure side to his life too. He likes leisure—as long as it is connected somehow to the internal-combustion engine. He loves automobiles. The first car he drove was his father's Hudson. He was eight years old, too small to turn the crank, but if his father left the car parked on an incline when he went off to work in the city, little Bill could get it going and keep driving all day, provided he didn't let the engine die.

Soon he was pestering his father for a motorcycle. You can have one, said John, if you find one at the right price. He ran around and found one, at $50. Too expensive, said the old man. He ran around some more and found another one: $25. Anything that cheap, said the old man, can't be any good. By the time he figured out the deep game his father was playing, he was old enough to have a car of his own. Then he began roaring around the suburbs of Los Angeles in Model T's and Model A's, hopped up with overhead valves, impressing the girls and picking up traffic citations wholesale.

The juvenile hellion-on-wheels still peeps out of Bill Harrah's sober eyes. In his drinking days he once did what he says many a true driver has always longed to do. Hung up for eternity behind a lady driver straddling the middle of a two-lane street, he gently closed in on her in low gear and then pushed her firmly through Reno. "For Crissakes, Bill, you oughtn't to have done that," said the cop, but without great emotion.

To this day, he enjoys playing tricks on overconfident drivers. Say he is cruising along in his Pontiac station wagon at 90 or 95. (There is no speed limit on Nevada highways.) Along comes a Jaguar convertible which a young man is showing off to his girl, and with an insolent toot the Jag goes by. What the young man does not know is that he is not dealing with any old Pontiac but one that has been specially fitted with a 421-cubic-inch engine, a favorite with hot rodders. Suddenly he hears a swish, and there is the Pontiac in front of his Jag. He grimaces at the girl, and steps on the gas. He steps some more, the dust flies, the landscape reels; but the same old squat Pontiac is still there, a mile or so ahead of him.

The Pontiac is only one of Harrah's five personal cars. He also has a Chevy II outfitted with a fuel-injected Corvette engine and racing brakes; a Lincoln Continental with a Chrysler 300 D engine and Hydra-Matic shift; and two stock Ferraris. But Harrah is basically an old-car nut. As soon as he began making big money, he began looking for an antique. That was in 1948 and he picked up a Maxwell AB Runabout, a two-cylinder 1911 job. People with one antique car generally get another, if they can afford it, and Harrah soon had a collection. He decided to have the best collection in the world, and there is little doubt that that is what he has today. There are over 900 cars in it now—he expects to go over 1,000—every one being rare, or the first of its kind, or especially handsome.

Harrah also has six motorboats and a steamboat—the same shape and dimensions as the African Queen in the movie, except that it needs three men to run it instead of the one Humphrey Bogart. He also has an airplane, a new Beechcraft. Sometimes he and Scherry fly off to their retreat in Stanley, Idaho, a luxurious log cabin in the shade of the Sawtooth Mountains, and there they lie around and fish and snooze, far from daily papers and telephones. Well, there is a telephone a few hundred yards away, and Bill visits it periodically to check on the day's receipts back in Nevada.

Harrah's thoughts are never very far from business, from his plans for bigger and better. He has started putting up a new building in Reno which will eventually be 18 stories high, a figure not chosen at random; the First National Bank built the town's first skyscraper, and it is 17 stories high. The world might as well be reminded that Bill Harrah, with his seven vice presidents and 2,500 employees (3,000 in the summer season) is the biggest employer of labor in the state of Nevada (except for the Atomic Energy Commission when it tests bombs).

Where are all the customers going to come from to fill the new gambling spaces Harrah is planning for? As far as Harrah is concerned, they have only started coming. Northern California is growing all the time and, despite all the advertising and all the word of mouth, there are still plenty of people who have not yet made their first visit to Tahoe and the South Shore Room. Little by little they'll find their way.

The operators down in Las Vegas once affected to belittle the Harrah operation because of its mass appeal. You can't get rich on slobs, they said. They preferred a more limited but high-class crowd of big spenders—TV producers, Texas oil men, Hollywood psychiatrists, people in that bracket. The trouble with a high-class crowd is that, comes a misfortune like a stock-market decline, they stop gambling; but Harrah's income keeps rising with the Gross National Product.

Impelled by Harrah's success, Las Vegas interests are now erecting or planning structures of their own in the pasture and pineland up the way. They will be paying a lot more for their land than Harrah ever did, and he is not worried about their competition. With his strategic position athwart the state line, Bill Harrah will always get first crack at the customers. □

Official spins die to see if it's loaded.

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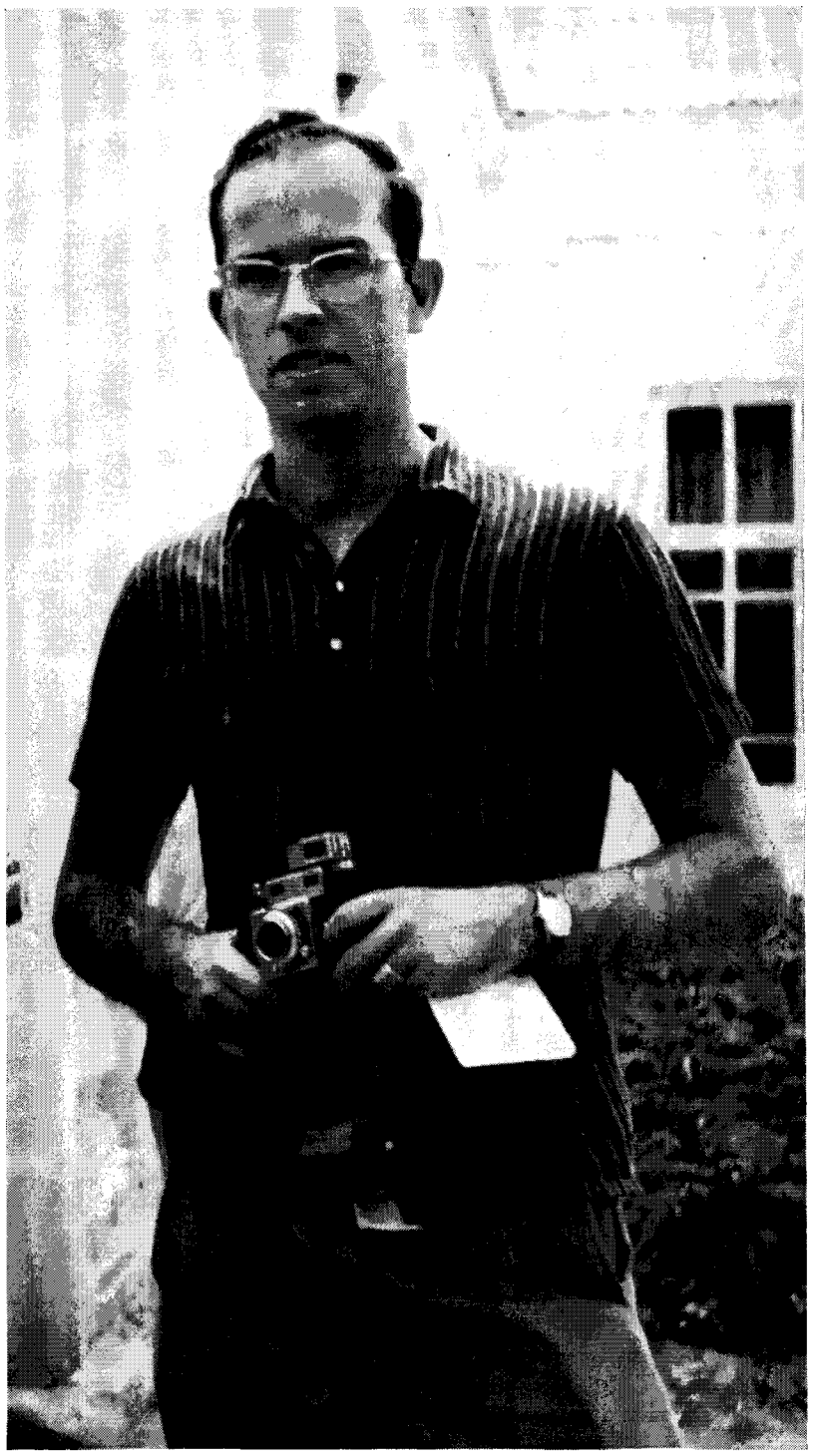
TELL MY PARENTS NOT TO WORRY

With these words, a California student disappeared. Despite all efforts to free him, he remains today the only American prisoner in Russia.



Camera at the ready, Peter Landerman began tour that would end in jail.

After the accident—but before he was charged—Peter tells friends good-bye.

On a dark, two-lane highway outside Minsk, capital of Soviet Byelorussia, two Volkswagen Microbuses rolled slowly west. Crammed inside were 13 American students and their Intourist guide, looking ahead for the campground where they were to spend their last night in the Soviet Union after a 40-day driving-and-tenting tour. It was about 10:30 P.M. on August 15, 1963, and the students planned a celebration before starting homeward via Eastern Europe the following day.

About 10 miles west of Minsk the driver of the lead bus, a 22-year-old University of California graduate named Peter Landerman, saw several cars coming toward him. Landerman switched off his headlights and turned on his parking lights, as he had been told to do when meeting another car on Soviet roads. But one of the oncoming cars failed to dim its headlights, and for a few seconds Landerman could not see the road ahead. An instant later he did see: A man appeared to be walking his motorcycle—unlighted, in violation of Soviet law—on the pavement in front of Landerman.

It was too late to avoid the collision. The man, Leonid Semonovich Popov, a 62-year-old retired factory worker from Moscow, had apparently been searching for the same tourist camp when the bus hit him. As the injured man lay on the pavement, Peter and a medical student in the group did their best to care for him, while the second bus went for help. An hour and a half later an ambulance arrived to take Popov to a hospital.

Local police assured the group they would be permitted to leave as scheduled. Then judicial officials investigating the accident questioned them, and when it became clear that the investigation would not be completed the next day, the students' visas were extended. They were again told that everyone, including Peter, could leave when the investigation was concluded. It was hoped that Popov would soon recover sufficiently to be questioned.

Two days after the accident the local police authorities announced that Peter must remain in Minsk, but they refused to allow the rest of the group to stay. At the insistence of the group leader, however, a Harvard graduate student named Paul Marantz was permitted to remain with Peter, staying for the trial if there was to be one. The others left for Poland on August 17. On August 20, Popov died in the hospital.

While the investigation of the accident continued in Minsk, Paul Marantz and Peter stayed on at the tourist camp. Peter kept in communication with the American Embassy in Moscow, and the embassy got in touch

By GEORGE FEIFFER

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FOR FIVE MONTHS AFTER PETER'S TRIAL, NO ONE HEARD FROM HIM.

High in the Caucasus, Peter stretched his legs; he was driving this bus when it later struck a pedestrian.

PRISONER IN RUSSIA

with the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the U.S. State Department; the State Department did what they could to reassure Peter's parents in Riverside, Calif. Soviet officials treated Peter courteously, even amicably, and he and Paul were free to hitchhike into Minsk whenever they wished. Although deeply contrite over Popov's death, Peter was otherwise calm. Then, on August 30, Paul Marantz was directed to leave the Soviet Union on three hours' notice. Peter remained alone.

The young man who found himself thus isolated was better equipped for his ordeal than most Americans of his age. Peter Nelson Landerman, born in El Centro, Calif., had spent many of his school years abroad. Peter's father, Lee, who is now retired and in poor health, worked as an agriculture expert for U.S. foreign-aid programs, and Peter lived in Greece, Formosa and Bolivia—where he was valedictorian of his graduating class in a Spanish-speaking school. Languages and folk music became his principal interests. He was scheduled to begin graduate studies in linguistics in September, and he had accumulated guitars and stacks of music as he traveled through Russia.

"Peter was kind of an all-American boy," his father says. "He was captain of his college soccer team, a great tinkerer and a dean's-list student. He was always getting elected to things and founding others—mostly social-work organizations. You know, it's hard for a father to talk about his son when he's in these circumstances. . . . I can only say what I wrote to Khrushchev when he was premier: We could not ask for a finer boy."

On September 17, about three weeks after Marantz left Russia, formal charges were lodged against Peter. He stood charged with violation of Article 207(II) of the Byelorussian criminal code, accused of causing Popov's death by negligently driving the vehicle that struck him. Zairid Zairovich Azgor of the Minsk College of Lawyers was appointed to be Peter's defense counsel. Azgor suggested to Peter—who speaks fluent Russian—that he "admit his guilt," as it is phrased in Soviet law, and ask for mercy on the basis of extenuating circumstances. The American Embassy doubted the wisdom of this course, but told Peter he alone could make such a decision. Peter was encouraged to "plead guilty" by the Minsk procurator (a kind of combined prosecutor and guardian of the law) and to expect that his punishment would not be severe. There was talk of a suspended sentence.

The trial was held in Minsk District Court on September 24 through 27, in a typical Soviet courtroom with one professional and two "lay" judges seated beneath an immense portrait of Lenin. It was an open trial, and a member of the American Embassy staff was among the spectators. The prosecution charged Peter with violation of Soviet traffic rules in two respects: He had switched to parking lights instead of to low-beam headlights as a car approached, and in this condition of reduced visibility, he was driving too fast—about 30 mph. There was nothing unusual about the trial, which was conducted according to Soviet procedure with the judge questioning each of the 10 witnesses, plus an expert medical witness and a traffic expert, who testified that Peter was guilty. After the judge asked his questions, the procurator and defense counsel were permitted to question each witness, and so was Peter himself.

Peter "admitted his guilt" as advised, and there was no real controversy over any relevant facts that were raised. (It would later be said, however, that not all relevant facts were raised.) No special issue was made of Peter's being an American, and there were no articles attacking him in the local press.

Summing up, the procurator said that Peter was obviously guilty of killing a Soviet citizen, and that it must be made clear that tourists have to obey Soviet laws. He asked for a sentence of three years. Azgor then delivered a dramatic defense plea, saying that although Peter should not go unpunished, his youth, unblemished record, achievements and promise merited leniency.

On the third morning of the trial, Peter himself addressed the court in what is called the defendant's "last word." He said he deeply regretted Popov's death and the grief it had caused his family. Nevertheless, Peter said, he had never seen a Soviet traffic code, and had tried to learn the rules by word of mouth and example. Everyone, even the Intourist guide who accompanied the group throughout the U.S.S.R. (Intourist is the official Soviet tourist agency for foreigners), told him parking lights should be used when cars approached; and when he did not use them, Peter said other drivers signaled with their high beams. Therefore he had been convinced—wrongly, perhaps, but understandably—he was driving correctly when the accident occurred.

"The Soviet people I met on this trip," Peter said, "were among the friendliest in the world. Whatever the verdict, I appreciate the fairness of the investigation and of this trial."

The court appeared favorably impressed by Peter's "last word." And when it retired to reach a decision, several Soviet spectators murmured, "*on molodetz*"—"he's a good man," and "*pozdravleniya*"—"congratulations." Peter was in good spirits as the court deliberated: He expected a suspended sentence at most, and asked the American consul about a loan to help him return home.

The verdict of guilty was expected, but the sentence stunned the courtroom: Peter was condemned to three years in a labor colony. He was astonished but kept his composure and quietly faced the court. "Tell my parents not to worry" were his last words as he was led away.

Peter Landerman is the only U.S. citizen now known to be imprisoned in Russia. He is legally imprisoned, convicted in court of a violation of Soviet law that he admitted. It is perhaps an indication of improved Soviet-American relations that there is nothing mysterious about his case, nothing underhand, sinister or even political—except that the involvement of any American in the Soviet legal system also involves the governments of both nations.

But there is little consolation in any of this for Peter's parents, who heard nothing from him for more than five months after he was sentenced. In March, 1964, they received a letter written from a corrective labor colony somewhere (the precise location has never been revealed) in the Mordovian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, a region about 350 miles southeast of Moscow. "I have been receiving your letters right along," Peter wrote, "but for one reason or another have not myself been able to write." Despite inquiries from the embassy, two months had gone by after Peter's sentencing before Soviet authorities provided a Moscow post-office-box address for him. The embassy had been told that Peter had unrestricted mail privileges, but in a letter to the tour group, written 10 days after his first letter home, Peter said, "I have now been told I may write you." Since then letters have come in fairly regular batches, usually a month or more after their datelines.

Peter and his lawyer appealed the trial court's decision on the day after it was handed down. On October 30, 1963, the appeal was rejected by the Byelorussian Supreme Court. Since then, every further avenue of legal and humanitarian appeal has been tried in vain. There have been formal appeals to the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court and the Procurator General. Peter and his parents have petitioned the Byelorussian and the U.S.S.R. Supreme Soviets for clemency. About 3,000 letters have been sent to the president of the Soviet Union, the Soviet premier and the Soviet ambassador in Washington. None of this has brought any response.

Diplomatic channels have been no more productive. The American Embassy has made scores of approaches to the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs for favorable action on Peter's appeals and petitions. U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler interceded personally with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and with Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin. Llewellyn Thompson, formerly the U.S. ambassador in Moscow, took up the matter with Soviet officials in Washington, as have lesser officials throughout the diplomatic hierarchy. All these efforts have been equally in vain. "Well, here it is a whole year since the end of my trial," Peter wrote in September. "It hardly seems possible."

For almost three months after Peter was sentenced, the embassy in Moscow was repeatedly told that no information about him was available. Then he was finally brought to Moscow for a talk with representatives from the embassy. He told the embassy officials that he was not permitted to discuss anything about his work in the labor colony—where he has apparently remained continuously except for one similar visit to Moscow later on. When he was subsequently allowed to write home, he spoke of being "contented in my work," and being "busy from early morning to late at night"—but there has been no hint of what keeps him busy. From the look of his wind-burned skin he appears to have been working outdoors, and he is apparently in good physical condition. "My health has really been excellent except for a cold or two," he wrote.

Although life in any Russian labor colony is Spartan at best, there is no indication that Peter has been mistreated. The colony in which Peter is kept is reserved for first offenders who have committed relatively minor crimes. When he first wrote almost a year ago, Peter urgently requested a wide range of living essentials, from flour to powdered milk, vitamins to canned meat. By last summer, however, he was writing that he was "well supplied with everything."

Peter probably would not have been criminally prosecuted under similar circumstances in any American state, but the truth is that a three-year sentence is not unduly harsh for a conviction of

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PETER'S LETTERS SPECULATE ABOUT HIS CHANCES FOR RELEASE.

Helen and Lee Landerman, Peter's parents, appealed to every Soviet authority, but their son is still in jail.

this kind in Soviet courts. (The question of what would happen to a Soviet citizen in a similar case in American courts is moot, since no Soviet-tourist driver has been involved in an accident here.) Soviet judges have usually dealt severely with traffic offenders, and a three-year sentence is virtually a traditional minimum in an accident case involving death; under Article 207 (II), Peter might have been sentenced to 10 years. The judge and other officials have consistently emphasized that in spite of the seriousness of the offense, Peter's sentence was extremely lenient because of his youth and excellent record, and because this was his first offense. The question is, was Peter guilty?

Professor Harold Berman of the Harvard Law School, who is one of the nation's foremost experts on Soviet law, is convinced he was not. He calls the case "a clear miscarriage of justice.

"The tragedy of Peter Landerman's situation is that he came up against the Soviet legal system where it should operate at its best—in a nonpolitical case. But he was the victim, in my opinion, of obvious ineptness on the part of his Soviet attorney and the legal officials in Minsk. Peter's defense seems to have been badly mishandled. Had he been properly defended, it's extremely unlikely there would have been a conviction."

Professor Berman has compiled a list of "errors" in the case. Some are procedural: the trial court's use, for example, of statements damaging to Peter by Americans not present at the trial itself. "Any self-respecting Soviet jurist would be embarrassed to hear that Paul Marantz had been available to testify in person but wasn't permitted to stay until the trial. Had he been present, he could have told the court that the guide had told Peter to switch to his parking lights when another car approached. As it was, the court found as fact that Peter knew Soviet driving regulations."

Berman also points out that Volkswagen parking lights, located within the main headlights, correspond closely to low-beam headlights on Russian cars, which have separately mounted parking lights. "I'm not certain about this, but it's the kind of issue Peter's lawyer ought to have raised and did not. The question of whether Mr. Popov would have been visible even if Peter's headlights had been on 'dim' also wasn't argued."

Professor Berman doubts that Moscow influenced the outcome of the trial. "Probably the Minsk procurator called his superiors—which is only natural, since foreign relations were involved—and someone said, 'Well, try the man. If he's guilty, convict him. If he's innocent, acquit him.'"

The central point in Berman's "brief" concerns the question of guilt under Soviet law. "Of course, Peter hit a man, and that man died. But those facts alone do not make him guilty of crime. Soviet law expressly provides that no person can be convicted of a crime unless he *intentionally* or *carelessly* committed a wrongful act—and neither intent nor carelessness was shown in Peter's case. Peter did not behave carelessly at all, because he was a foreigner acting under Soviet instructions. Therefore he should not have been encouraged by his lawyer to admit his guilt—which led the court to overlook critical facts. That the Minsk procurator told him his only chance was to admit his guilt and ask for mercy was clearly improper. A top Soviet jurist told me that if a foreigner is wrongly instructed by his Intourist guide, and is driving to the best of his ability in the given situation, there is serious question as to whether he can properly be convicted of violating Soviet law."

Unlike Professor Berman, the American Embassy in Moscow and the State Department have never questioned the legal aspects of the case in their dealings with Soviet officials. But they have, from the first, deplored the length of the sentence. And in fact all Americans involved in the case agree that human arguments against the sentence outweigh legal arguments. Whatever the mistakes of the Minsk court, they say—and no one feels these were deliberate—Peter Landerman is a young man who did not deserve the punishment he received.

Peter Landerman is an exceptional member of an exceptional group. The 13 students who visited Russia during the summer of 1963 were on a trip arranged by alumni of an organization called the Experiment in International Living, which is dedicated to promoting close understanding among people of different nationalities through in-the-home exchange visits. "The group was selected with extreme care," says Edward Ginsburg, a young Boston attorney who helped to organize the trip. "We wanted—and got—what might be called 'young America's finest.'" All the students were intensely interested in the concept behind the trip, and all were fluent in Russian.

"Peter Landerman was an enormous asset," says Murray Levin, a Harvard graduate student who took the trip. "He made friends easily and naturally. Everyone in the group was fond of him. He was our best carpenter, tent rigger, mechanic, singer, all-around guy—simply the *best*, and it's ironic he should be the one to end in a labor camp."

"He was also the best driver, speaking of irony," says Paul Marantz. "And when the accident happened, Pete had just taken over the driving in Minsk a few minutes before. It might have been any one of us—we all switched to parking lights the entire six weeks. That's what we were told."

"Another ironic thing," Levin adds, "is that Peter was utterly uninterested in politics—you might call him apolitical. Some of us would discuss political events and philosophy with Russians—the Cold War and all that. But not Pete. He was interested in languages, folk music—and people. He was a great hit everywhere, singing in Spanish, English, Russian and some obscure languages. Pete created as much goodwill as anyone I've known."

These comments by members of the tour offer some insight into the character of convict Peter Landerman, now aged 24. His parents, who live with Peter's 17-year-old sister in a modest, one-family home in Riverside, Calif., offer others. "Pete was always fascinated by anthropology, folk music, and folk instruments," says Mrs. Landerman. "He collected and played all sorts of native instruments, from Indian flutes to rare guitars. Once he gave a term paper by demonstrating native Bolivian instruments. Whenever we lived abroad, Pete always immersed himself in the local music and language—that was his way of exploring how other people felt and lived."

Peter, who majored in linguistics (as well as chemistry) at the University of California, appeared to have decided on a career of teaching and of research in languages, particularly unwritten languages of obscure tribes. "I don't think he's changed his career plans much," says his father. "In fact, I don't think *he's* changed much. That's really the amazing thing about all this: His spirit is still just as high as it ever was."

Evenings in the labor colony, Peter has found time to study Czech, Latin, Aymara (a dying South American Indian tongue) and, of course, Russian. "There are all sorts of people here," he wrote, "including one fellow who plays a fabulous gypsy violin. As you would guess, we are great friends. I'm also learning to play the F-string, or Russian, guitar. . . ."

Peter's letters from the colony have that curious quality of a man removed from everything familiar, burdened by time, wrestling with the meaning of his life. Much of his correspondence is devoted to pages-long, intense contemplations about the meaning of life, suffering, cruelty, accidents, The Accident, fatality and free will, human responsibility. "If there is a God, an ideal being who is all-powerful, why then is there an un-ideal world? . . . I continue firm in my belief that there is a purpose in all this and that 'accidents don't just happen. . . .' The whole experience has been good for me in many innumerable ways."

This doesn't mean that Peter takes no interest in being freed. His letters brim over with inquiries about his case and speculation about his release or parole. September 27, 1964: "No news. I begin to think, after exactly a year in the old can, that someone, somewhere is stalling. I wish I knew who and could get my hands on him."

But more than anything it is the references to Popov's death that convey the spirit of Peter's letters. "Nothing tragic has happened to me personally. There's nothing hard to take about the imprisonment. It's the realization of the tragedy for Mr. Popov and his family and friends, and that I am the cause of the whole business."

An advocate petitioning for clemency for Peter could choose from many arguments. There is the legal argument that a Soviet trial court is free at any time to reduce its original sentence. Higher courts may do the same under several procedures, and a convicted man may be pardoned by executive clemency.

There is also the argument that Peter's continued imprisonment acts as a completely unnecessary irritant in Soviet-American relations. His release would cost the Soviet Union nothing, and the new Soviet government could make a generous gesture of goodwill.

There is the argument based on the role of punishment in Soviet criminal law. Punishment, say the Soviet codes and texts, is designed only to reform and rehabilitate the guilty person: It must never be applied as reprisal or revenge. But Peter has long been tortured by thoughts of his responsibility for the accident. "Don't think I'm somehow trying to justify myself, soothe my conscience, escape my responsibility in this by invoking determinism, 'God's Will' or anything of the sort," he wrote. "Let's face it, I killed a man—an innocent man. If you think that's easy to live down, you've got another think coming."

Somehow, Peter Landerman does not seem like a man who needs more rehabilitation in a labor colony. □

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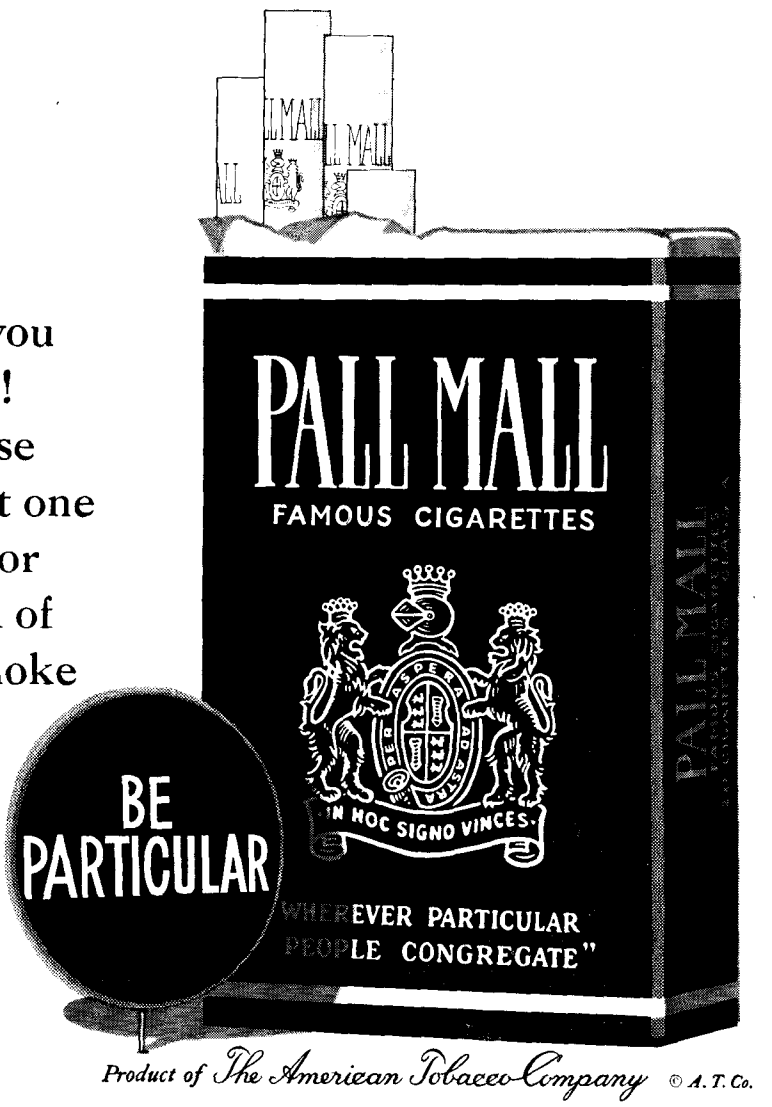

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Chevelle Malibu Super Sport by Chevrole

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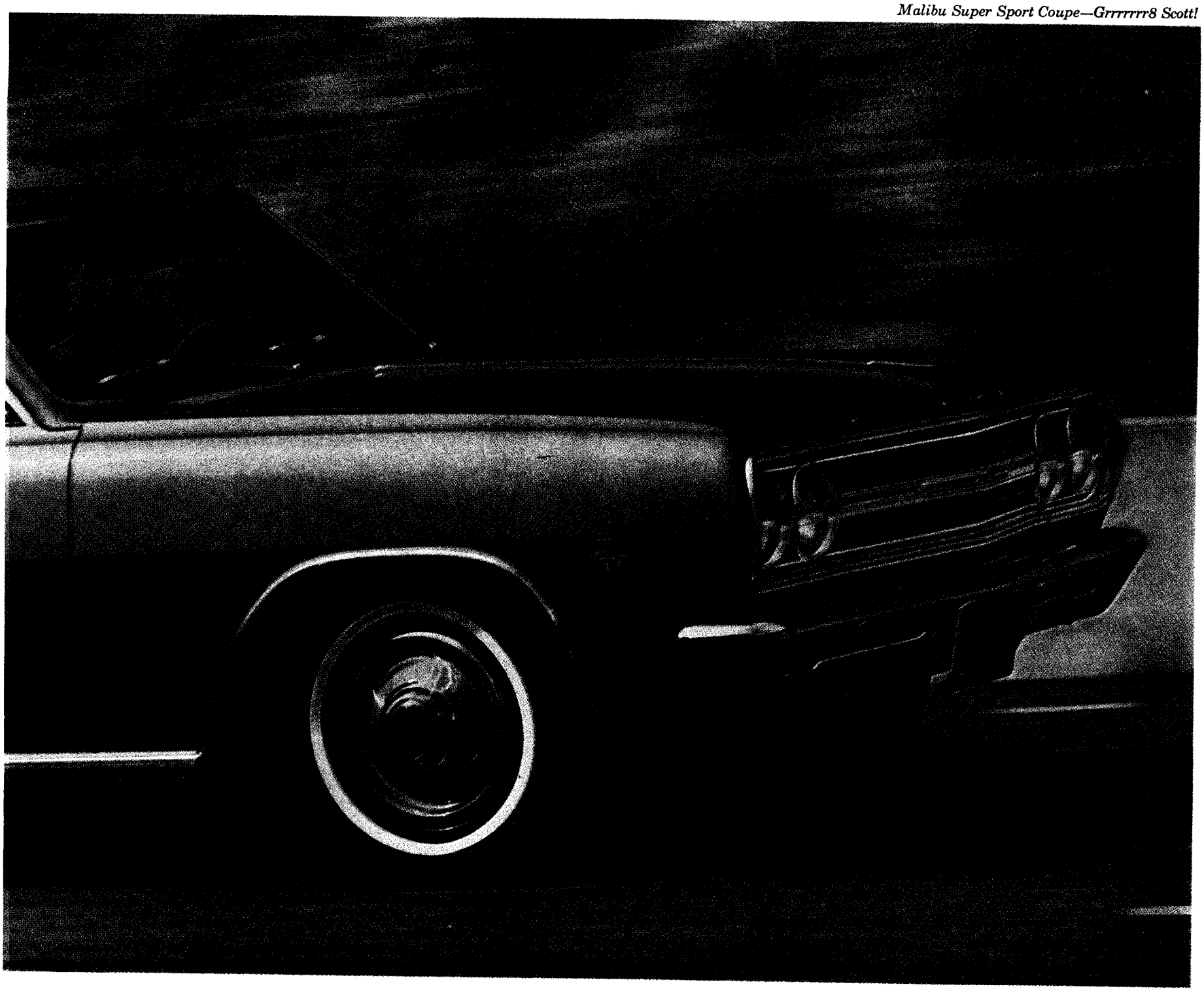
Malibu Super Sport Coupe—Grrrrrrr8 Scott!



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If you're a single woman living in
a small town, don't attract too much attention
or it will be impossible for you to live

A Life of Your Own

By Frank O'Connor

ILLUSTRATED BY DES ASMUSSEN

Jane Harty, the pharmacist, lived alone in a little bungalow on the outskirts of the town. She had long ago decided that it was the only way to live a life of her own. In a city like Dublin you could be one of a group without adopting its standards, but girls who took lodgings in the town accepted a discipline stricter than that of home.

'But how do you ever stand it alone in the country, Jane?" one of them would ask. "I'd be terrified."

"To tell you the God's truth, I *am* terrified, girl," Jane would say. "But sure, who'd have me?"

She knew plenty who would have her, but she couldn't live their way, and after her parents' death and her brother's departure for London, she had given up trying. She ran a battered old car and went off on free weekends by herself, without telling anyone where she was going, except the Sullivans. Celia Sullivan had been to school with her and had married the headmaster of the Technical School, an ugly, slow-moving, cynical man whom Celia considered a dull stick but the best she could get. Jane, who did not think Ned dull, realized with irritation that Celia was not quite so clever as she appeared to be.

The bungalow was not very comfortable, and she could afford to have a cleaning woman in only once a week, but it had a garden and a bit of a view, and Jane could have the Sullivans there whenever she pleased and bring the children there when they were away. Besides, in her native town she was somebody. The poor people feared and distrusted doctors, and they came to her with their troubles instead. They knew she didn't mind tramping down dirty lanes with a prescription or looking at a sick child or fighting with a drunken husband. She was one of them. Of course, they knew things about her as well. They had known her from the time she was a child, and knew she was regarded as a bit of a freak by the shopkeeping group—all because she wouldn't play the game, and fell in love with unsuitable men. Unsuitable men seemed to be the price you had to pay for trying to live a life of your own, but Jane felt it came cheaper in the long run.

At least she had done so until that night she had come back from Dublin and felt the panic. She had opened the door, then stepped back and asked angrily, "Is there somebody there?" There had been no reply and she had muttered to herself, "You're getting neurotic, Harty," and gone in. One glance had been enough to show that it wasn't nerves. Through the open door of the bedroom she had seen her clothes scattered on the floor. She had searched the two rooms and the kitchen but had found nothing missing. Yet it had given her a sick and desolate feeling, like the touch of something dirty.

Next morning, she went to the police station and made her complaint to the sergeant, a beefy, boozy man by the name of Lenihan.

"Ah, it's them kids, Miss Harty," he said gloomily.

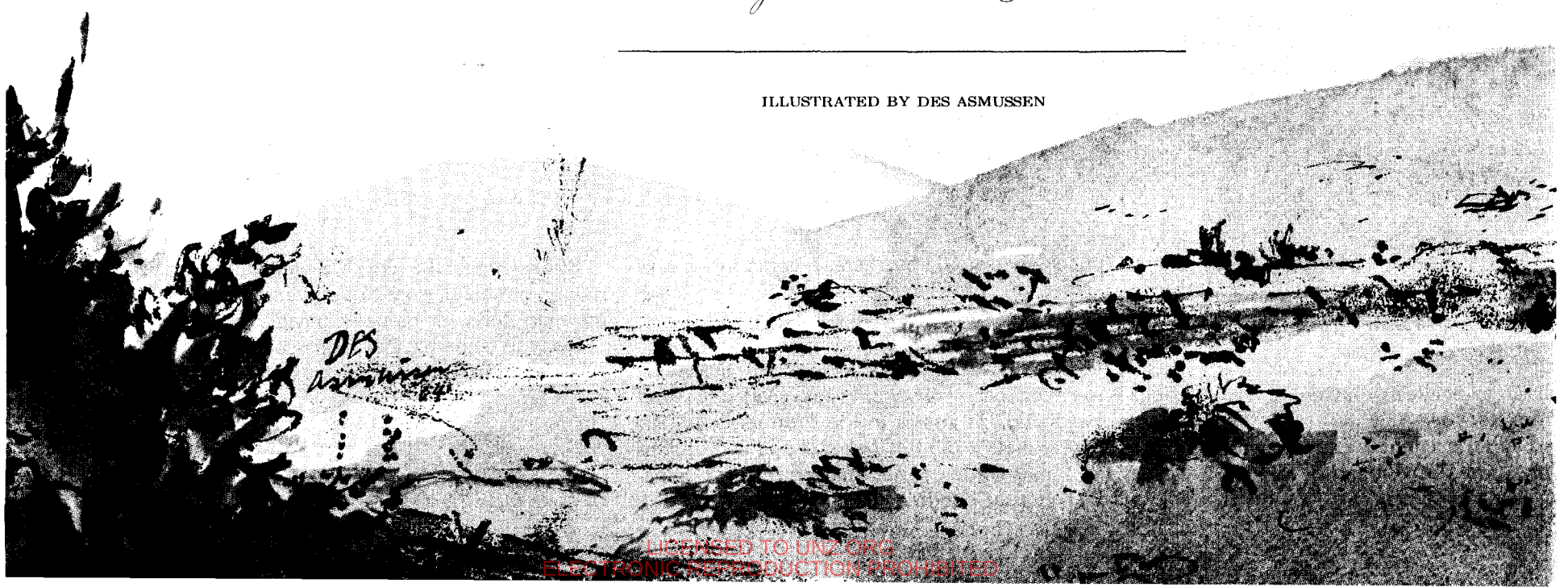
"What kids, Joe?"

"That rough gang down by the River Road," he said. "They didn't take anything?"

"Not that I could see."

"Pity about that," he said moodily. "If only there was anything taken we could keep an eye out for it. They'd sell anything, even with your name on it. Young Guard Humphreys lives up your way. I'll tell him to watch out for any kids going in that direction. In the meantime, the best thing you could do would be to leave word with us when you're going away."

That night she went round to the Sullivans' and told her story. Ned listened in his careful way. Celia, of course, had to tell how her aunt's house was burgled and how she had lost the family jewelry. There was a great dramatist lost in Celia, and at the end of a quarter of an hour it was clear that she had forgotten entirely



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FAIRLANE (2-door sedan)	120 hp	200 cu. in.	198.4 in.	116 in.	73.8 in.	2915 lbs.	$2230

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about Jane's troubles. But Ned hadn't.

"It's no use going to those fellows Jane," he said in his blunt voice. "When one of them leaves the barrack they can hear his boots at the other side of the town. I'll talk to some of the kids about it. The only way to turn juvenile delinquents into decent citizens is to make policemen of them. God knows, 'twill be a change for some of them."

But neither the police guards nor the Technical School boys were round when the intruder came again. Jane arrived home on Sunday night from Galway, and the first glance was enough to show her that her visitor was no child from the River Road. She felt sick again, but this time anger got the upper hand. She drove back to Humphreys' house, which was on a hill near the main road. Madge Humphreys—a schoolteacher who was determined to read what she called the "clahssics" to her family until their spirit was well broken—answered the door and said her husband was not in, but just at that moment Humphreys spoiled it all by coming out. "Arrah, Madge, a policeman is never off duty," he said amiably as he pulled on his jacket. "I might as well go and see what's up."

When Jane showed him the living room he said softly, "Oh, Christ!" which he certainly would not have said in front of Madge. In the kitchen doorway he halted. "Are these yours?" he asked, nodding at the tea things, and she shook her head, anger giving way to hopelessness. What the hell was the use of trying to live a life of your own? "Better check and see is anything missing from the bedroom," he said, and she preceded him, looking round helplessly. "Try your clothes first," he suggested with a smile, and she began to fold them and put them back. Meanwhile, he sat down and lit a cigarette.

"What's the verdict?" he asked, and she burst into a loud, angry laugh.

"Nothing I can see, only a pair of pants," she said, and then, observing the startled look on his face, realized the significance of what she had just said. "Oh, God!" she added.

"Better make sure of it," he said grimly, and she checked again.

"They're gone all right," she said with a shrug. "Frilly ones—they were a present. I wouldn't wear the blooming things."

"That's bad!" he said and got up and went into the living room.

"You'll have a drink as you're here?" she said.

"Ah, I'd better not," he said with an apologetic smile. "It's Madge. She starts getting nervous when I'm out."

"Well, I'm going to have one," said Jane, knowing well what it was Madge was nervous of—another woman who might talk to him about something besides the "clahssics." But Humphreys, as she had realized long before, was not a fool like his wife.

"Tell me, was any fellow annoying you?" he asked.

"Only the fellow on the telephone," she said. "You must have heard about him."

"Oh, was he after you, too?" Humphreys asked. "That's a gentleman I'd like to lay my hands on sometime. What did you do?"

"What can you do?" she asked angrily. "The first time, I was so appalled I listened to him. It's not natural, of course. I suppose it's like being hypnotized. Afterward, you start to get sick. I never knew people could be like that."

"And what happened the second time?"

"Oh, I did what Ned Sullivan told me. He's left me alone since then."

"What did Ned Sullivan tell you to do?"

"To say he was a very sick man and that he should get treatment at once." She gave a mournful grin. "You know the tone—Doctor Harty, the well-known nerve specialist, giving a free opinion and wondering all the time when she was going to start screaming."

"I wouldn't blame you a bit," Humphreys said unsmilingly. "I'd probably do the same myself. Was he angry?"

"Leaping!" she said with girlish intensity.

"I wish I had Mr. Sullivan's brains," he said despondently. "Does he think it's the same man?"

"I never asked him."

"You should. I don't think it is somehow. You probably never met the telephone boy. This could be someone you know well."

He left the question hanging in the air, and she was sorry about the "clahssics." Why was it that Irish women regarded their husbands as such fools?

"I haven't a notion who it could be, Jack," she said, using his Christian name for the first time.

"Someone who comes into the shop for small things you'd expect his mother or sister to get for him?" he asked, closing one eye.

"I can't think of a blooming soul," she said earnestly. "Anybody that isn't normal, I mean."

"They all look normal enough to begin with," he said grimly. "They won't look so normal in five years' time. You might save someone's life if you could remember. If you do, let me know. . . . Damn it, the bloody house is probably full of fingerprints!" he added gloomily. "For all the use they'd be to us now!"

As he was leaving he played with the lock and said, "I think I'd get a new lock for the door, Jane. And get a spare key and leave it at the barrack. I could hide here some evening you're away and see if he'd come. . . . Anyway, call at the barrack tomorrow and talk to the superintendent. Not that he'll know any more than I do, but he might give *me* a free hand."

She did as he had advised and understood at once what he meant. The superintendent was a bright young idiot who was obviously much happier with papers than with people—papers did not answer him back!

"We could all be killed in our beds, and 'twould only make an interesting statistic for him!" she said at the Sullivans'.

"Ah, you're in no danger like that," Ned said in his gloomy drawl. "That fellow won't come near the place as long as you're there. He's too shy, girl! You'll find there's a loving Irish mother in the background who takes him to Confession herself every Saturday night and writes out his sins for him, the way he won't forget them. He may get dangerous, but it won't be for a long time yet, and it won't be over you. That's the sort of fellow you have to think of, Jane."

"For God's sake, I'd have to think of half the town," she said lightly, but he didn't even smile.

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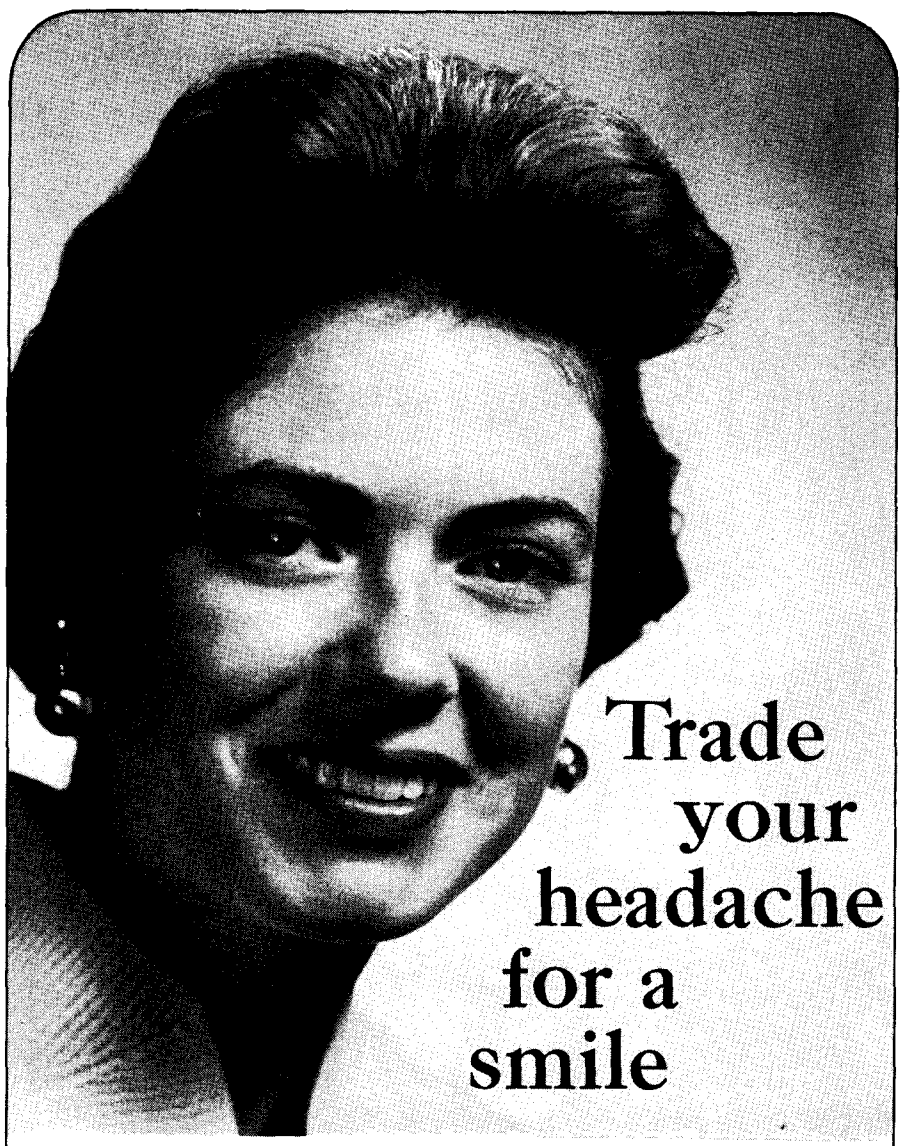

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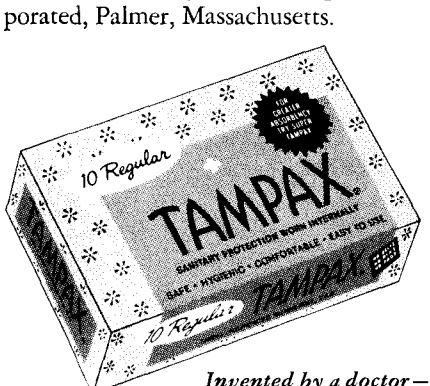


Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

"I know, but this is something different," he said. "Lord God!" he added, growing bitter himself. "It's unknown the lives people in towns like this have to lead."

It was after that that she began to crack. One night she stopped the car outside the gate and blew the horn to warn off the intruder, and only after she had done it did she realize what it meant. Now she had almost a horror of meeting him. And once more she returned from a weekend and saw that he had been there. He must have come before darkness fell because he had even taken down two of her books. In the bedroom there was the same childish disorder of clothes, and written in lipstick over her bed were the words "I love you."

Somehow those three words that she seemed always to be saying to herself were what broke her down. She stood alone in the room and wept and shook her head. Then, because there seemed to be nothing else to do, she rang the police station and Humphreys answered.

"All right, all right, Jane," he said quickly, comfortingly. "Don't touch anything. I'll try to get along, but if I can't someone else will go. And don't worry! You'll be all right."

"And would you ask whoever is coming to tell Ned Sullivan?" she asked.

"Of course," he said. "I'll see to that."

It sounded as though he understood, but she didn't understand herself why it was that she wanted to see Ned. She was disappointed when Lenihan came and started to inspect the locks and the window catches. Ned came a few minutes later, looking tired.

"I'm sorry I dragged you out," she said.

"Why?" he asked with his sardonic grin. "Would you sooner I heard it in school tomorrow?"

"This is how he got in all right," Lenihan said sagaciously, indicating a window catch. "You should get that seen to, Miss Harty. Blast him anyway!" he added admiringly. "He doesn't miss much."

"'Tis nice to know how he got in," said Ned. "It would be more practical if we knew how to keep him out."

"Oh, we'll get him yet, Mr. Sullivan," Lenihan said excitedly. "He'll come too often, the way they all do. But if I was you, Miss Harty, I wouldn't worry my head about him."

"That's an interesting idea anyway," Ned said with smoldering rage.

"But why would she, Mr. Sullivan?" Lenihan asked dramatically. "Sure, after all, what is he, only a poor harmless sexual maniac? The country is full of them."

"Joe, I'm not sure but you're right," said Ned, and still Lenihan did not catch the tone.

"So long, of course, as he wouldn't take anything valuable," he added, to indicate that things might go too far.

"I have nothing valuable," said Jane.

"Not a damned thing. Only your peace of mind," Ned added savagely, and she knew that he understood.

When Lenihan had gone, Ned sighed.

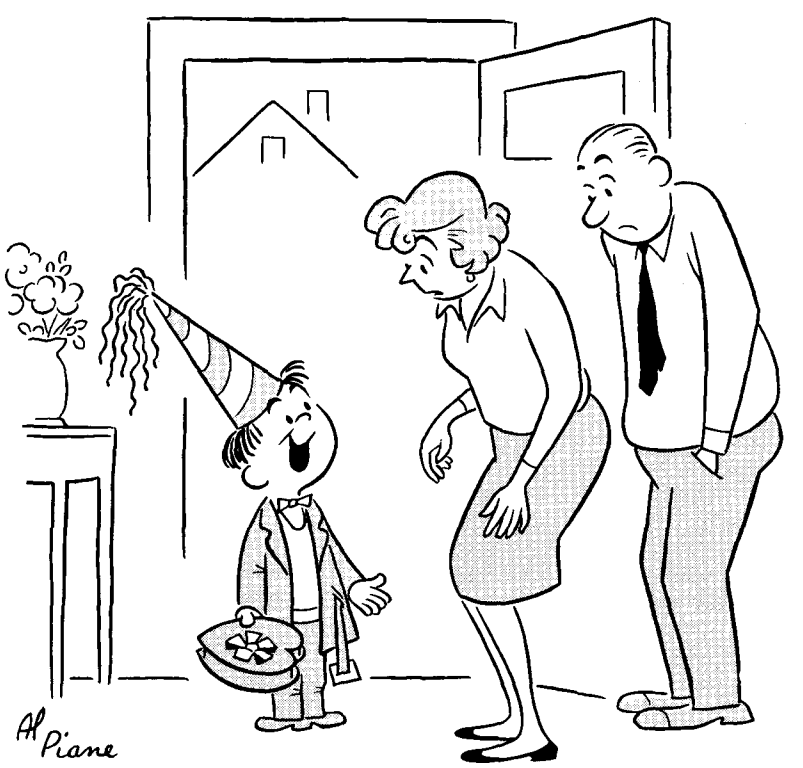
"It's no use relying on fellows like that," he said flatly. "They have no notion of who this man is. Either that, or they know and they're not telling. It could be somebody they don't want a fuss made about. But they're right about the danger. He won't injure you. God help us, in his own way he's telling the truth. He loves you. They don't see the real danger you're in."

"What danger is there, only that, Ned?" she asked.

"That fellow could drive you as mad as himself," Ned said sourly. "It would be like living with a ghost. It gives me the horrors, not to mind you. I'm going to have a drink if there's one there."

"Do you really think they know?" she asked as she got him the bottle.

"They may," he admitted. "They're not such fools as they look. This is probably someone you saw being made a joke of or ignored in some place, and you made a fuss of him. Or you stopped



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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and gave him a lift—the first time in the poor devil's life that a woman treated him as a human being, and it went to his head." He glanced inquiringly at her, but her face was blank, and he knew that she would never remember, because it was something she did naturally and would have no memory of. "Oh, how the hell do I know, girl?" he asked in exasperation. "But it's time you started to make plans for getting out."

"Out where?"

"I suppose you realize that you can't stay here?"

"But where else am I to go, Ned?"

"Somewhere they won't notice when you give somebody a lift," he said. "For God's sake, Jane, don't you realize you have them all frightened. Lenihan is frightened of you; Humphreys' wife is frightened of you. You probably scared the wits out of the superintendent as well. I'll hear about it all in due course in Slattery's Bar. 'The Hartys were always odd.' Sex is a game, Jane," he added wearily. "You have to play a three to beat a two, but you play your ace every time—if you have an ace. You simply can't afford to live naturally in a place like this."

"That's a nice comforting thought," she replied angrily. "Don't you think you'd better go home to Celia quick? She'll be wondering what happened to you."

"She won't," he said with a smile. "Celia isn't as simple as you think, either. She said I was to spend the night on your sofa or bring you home."

Anger was Jane's first response: It was as though Celia were condescending to her. And then she saw the bitter smile on Ned's face and realized that he was warning her against guessing wrong again. Even for her sake he was not going to criticize his wife to her.

"Tell Celia I'm thankful and I'd go back if I could," she said with a touch of formality. "I can't do it, Ned," she added with a smile. "If I gave in now I'd never sleep here alone again."

"And you intend to go on sleeping here alone?" he asked.

"But where else can I go, Ned?"

"Go to Dublin, go to London, go to hell out of this!" he cried. "And you know I'm not saying that for my own sake. What do you think this bloody town is going to be like without you?"

It was as though the tears that had been banked up in her had been waiting for him to speak. He took her in his arms and patted her awkwardly, like a schoolboy. "I know, Jane, I know," he said, as though he were consoling a child, and she knew that he *did* know, and that it would always be this way with her, falling in love with the wrong man or the man she could not have, exactly as though the shopkeepers were right and she did it coldly and deliberately, trying to hurt herself worse.

"You'd better go home, Ned," she said appealingly, and he understood that too. It was better for him to go; otherwise it would mean more remorse and guilt. At the door she waved gaily to him and tried to smile, and then went back and poured herself another drink. The only thing now was to get drunk quick. But before she took the drink she opened the living-room window and stood, looking out at the country road, the bogs and fields, now vague shapes in the darkness. She was sure there was somebody at the end of the garden, looking up at her hopelessly. She knew it could be nobody but the poor simpleton, crushing a pair of her pants in his hands and muttering the words that were forever in her own mind—I love you. She rested her hands on the windowsill and leaned out.

"Are you there?" she called softly.

There was no reply, only the whisper that always ran over the dark uplands at night; and she raised her voice. She tried to speak calmly and confidently.

"Come in, can't you?" she said. "There's nobody here. The guards are gone. I'm all alone. You're perfectly safe."

For some reason she was convinced that he was there, listening to what she said but paralyzed by the gap between dream and reality, trapped in the snare of his own crazy character, even more than she was in hers. And yet, all she had wanted was to come to terms with him, to lure him out of himself and make him realize that there was a world of warmth and friendship where he could be at home. Then she slammed the window down and gave way to an agony of hopelessness. When people had mocked and criticized her she had been afraid, but not as she was afraid now, because now she had to deal with a loneliness deeper than her own.

She knew too that Ned was right and that she no longer had a place of refuge from the outside world. She would never be able to live alone again; never again would she have a life of her own. □

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He had a trillion knowledges, and he had come to New York City to synthesize the universe. Could he do it? No. Not until he learned one more thing.

Perlmutter at the East Pole

By STANLEY ELKIN

"It's absurd," Morty was saying to the chief, "three times around the world, attendance in eighty-two national capitals, fourteen days at one pole, eleven at the other—which reminds me: Did you know, you savage, there are *four* poles? Well, certainly. Read my write-up: 'East Pole, West Pole.' I got the idea from a popular song. That's where the ideas are. I tell them and I tell them. Read my write-up. There's a reprint in my knapsack. Anyway, it's ridiculous, the basic paradox of my life: *The places I've been.* In the knapsack—you saw yourself: seventeen hand-drawn maps of unexplored territory. You know those white areas on globes—no, of course not; how would you—well, Morty Perlmutter's been to most of them. Milonka? Check. Los Pappas, check. Frigtoony, check. Bishtumba, check. Bishtumba check two times, once in summer, then in spring for the hatching of the slugs. It's nothing, incidentally. Nature is nothing. Here it's better. Wildnesses, *wildnesses!* Your Festival of Birth for example—those marvelous two weeks in Zum, our January, when all your women come to the clearing to have their babies in formation. Marvelous."

"You must stay," the chief said in Pragmatii, "for Lorp, your April."

"I can't. I *can't.* It's what I've been saying. I've been to Gishlunt, to Kakos, to Schwatl, but never to New York City."

"*Fa na batoogie* New York City?" the chief asked absently, stringing another eye on the live-forever-have-fine-sons-win-many-noses necklace.

"A great city in my homeland, chief, and I've never been there. Well, it's easily understood. California, where I'm from, has its own ports, and then even with my patrimony there's my terrific expenses and I'm always looking for bargain bays—Texas City, Texas; Tampa—No, no, not the turtle foot next to the *pig* ear, man. *There*, the *gland*, that should go with the finger. Forgive me but I understand these things. For three months I studied with the greatest jeweler in the Baktivian jungle."

"We have our own ways," the chief said shyly.

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"There it is—that's the curse—*that's it.* Relativism. When are you people going to learn there's only one truth?"

The next day Perlmutter pitched camp by the river and waited for the immunization boat. There was always an immunization boat. One of the ways he chose his jungles was by first learning of the prevalent diseases there and then finding out if there were serums to combat them. If there were, there would be an immunization boat in the woodpile somewhere and that solved his transportation problem.

He had to wait five weeks, and each night the chief came to his camp at the edge of the jungle to say good-bye. Perlmutter was embarrassed one evening when the chief gave him the necklace he had seen him working on. Perlmutter gave the chief a reprint, but saw that the shy man was disappointed.

"Read it after I'm gone and make three wishes," he told the chief.

On the afternoon the boat came Morty hailed it from the shore. "Take me to where I get the mule," he shouted.

He wasted another day while the doctors immunized the natives.

As they were pulling away he heard a chorus of strange sighs from the direction of the clearing. Morty had never heard anything like it before.

"First of Lorp, must be," the captain said to the doctor.

It took three weeks to get to where the mule was and two after that before the sandy beginnings of the highway. It was another six days from there in the jeep to the port. In ten days there was a boat that could take him to a place where the cook thought there might be a ship for Vancouver, British Columbia.

Morty worked on his book along the way. It was, he felt, his best effort in his lifelong struggle to synthesize the universe. Still, something was missing.

In the evenings he listened to the songs of the sailors. He took them down and translated them into English, but there was nothing really new to be gleaned from them.

From Vancouver he made his way across Canada and entered the United States at International Falls, Minnesota. It was fitting, he thought, that he should approach New York from the West. He was, after all, a Westerner. New York he had saved for last. It was no use fooling himself. It *would* be last. He had a million diseases; a polyglot death worked in him—there's your synthesis, he thought sadly—and as he made his way toward the East Pole he was troubled by his timing. He would be there in the final margins of his health and mind and resources, but it couldn't be helped. He had come as one only *could* come: prepared, knowing a trillion things, having seen everything else. As though New York were the land and everything else the sea—so great was his hope—and he were some sea changeling swimming from western depths, out of all the old places, toward a drier fate. He did not know what to expect, but it would be tremendous.

"No standing," the driver said.

"I have to see this."

"No standing till the bus stops."

Morty sat down in the front seat, over the wheel, and leaned far forward. He stared past the green-tinted glass, looking for light. Through the open window he heard the subaqueous roar. Under the water the bus hissed through the tiled tunnel. *And then light.* And then ramps. They spiraled toward a passageway. The bus went up and through and stopped.

"What is this place?" Morty asked.

"It's the Port of New York Authority," the driver said.

"Ah," Morty said, "*authority.*'

In a phone booth, with a tool he took from his knapsack, he severed the chain that held the Yellow Pages to the narrow shelf. He buried the thick book in the depths of the knapsack.

He was exhausted from his journey.

"Where are rooms?" he asked the woman in the Travelers' Aid booth. "I require a bed, a chair, a desk and light-housekeeping privileges. I can pay one hundred dollars a month for a good central location."

"This isn't that kind of agency," the woman said.

"But you know a good deal about this city?"

"Yes," the woman said, "we have to."

Morty reached inside his shirt and slyly palmed the Haitian Sleep Stone he wore on a chain around his neck. He brought it out and hypnotized the woman. She said she'd call a friend who had a place on West 70th Street.

"I'm done with all that," Morty said. "*East* 70th Street."

"Not . . . for . . . a . . . hundred doll . . . ars," the woman spoke soddenly from her trance.

Morty sat propped up in bed. Behind his head was the bulging knapsack he used for a pillow. He read the Yellow Pages until two in the morning and had just finished TAXIS when he had the inspiration. He went to Eighth Avenue and 164th Street, to the Manhattan garage of the largest cab company in the city. He chose one ramp and followed it down until he came to an enormous room where there were more cabs than he had ever seen. I could have used one of these in the jungle, he thought absently.

Despite the vastness of the room and the dim light, the yellow machinery lent a kind of brightness to the place. Everywhere there were drivers, alone or in groups, writing up log sheets or talking together. Men stood in line in front of the coffee machines along the wall. Inside some of the cabs, the doors open widely on their hinges, Morty could see drivers reading newspapers. He heard the steadily registering bells on the gas pumps. It was 3:30 in the morning.

Morty walked toward the center of the cavernous room and climbed up on top of a cab.

"Hey, what's the matter with you? Get down from there," a man yelled.

"New York cab drivers are world famous," Morty shouted from the roof of the cab, "for their compassion and their oracular wisdom. I am Morty Perlmutter, fifty-seven years old, fifty-seven-time loser of the Nobel Prize for Everything, and I'm here to find out what you know." They stared up at him, astonished. "I got the idea from the Yellow Pages," he added sweetly.

"That's my cab that nut is up on," a driver said. "Come on, nut, off and out."

"I challenge you to a debate, sir," Morty shouted. "I challenge *all* of you to a debate. Let's go, every man on his taxicab." He watched them carefully. Someone moved forward threateningly but stopped, still several feet away from the taxi on which Morty stood. It was the Perlmutter Dipsy Doodle, the dependable mock madness, one of his most useful techniques. He told them that frankly. He told them to their faces. He didn't hold back a thing.

"It's a known fact," he said. "People have a lot of respect for insanity. Madmen are among the least persecuted members of any society. It's because they're not a *part* of society. They're *strangers.* The Greco-Persian ethic of hospitality lies behind that. Listen, I didn't read *Hamlet* until I was forty-two years old but I learned the lesson. When does Hamlet die? *During the single moment in the play he's completely sane,* that's when! Figure it out." He folded his arms and hugged himself and did a little dance on the roof. He was completely safe. "Come on, up on your cabs. Everybody."

A man laughed and put a knee on his fender. "What the hell," he said, "I'm a sport. A sport's a sport." He scrambled onto the hood and made his way over the windshield to the roof of the cab and stood up uncertainly. "Hey," he said, "you guys look goofy down there."

Morty applauded, and below him the drivers were grinning and pointing up at the two of them. Soon others were climbing over their cabs, and in a few minutes only the man whose roof Morty had taken was without a cab to stand on. He seemed disappointed. Morty shrugged.

Perlmutter waited until the others stopped giggling and became accustomed to their strange positions. "All right," he said. "Now what do you know? You men have lived in this city all your lives most of you. What do you know? Tell me." He pointed to a fat driver on a taxicab across from him, but the man looked back blankly and smiled helplessly. Morty waited for one of the others to speak. At last a tall driver in a green cap started to say something.

"Louder, sir," Morty shouted. "It's hard to hear pronouncements in this cave."

"I was just saying that if you want I could talk about what's wrong with the traffic in this town."

The drivers groaned. Morty joined them. "Small-time," he said, "but that's an interesting demonstration of the limited world view. Thank you."

"I'll tell you how I give up smoking," another driver said.

"Why did you?"

"I went out and bought a whole carton and dipped them in the old lady's chicken soup and let them dry out on the radiator overnight. Then when I'd go for a smoke ——"

"Why did you give it up?" Morty interrupted him.

". . . you can imagine for yourself. They tasted ——"

"I asked *why.* Why did you give it up?"

The driver stared at him. "Well, who needs the aggravation of a lung cancer?" he said. "I got a brother-in-law in Queens he's got three dry-cleaning plants, a daughter away at school. Forty-eight years old he gets this cough he can't get rid of it."

"Self-preservation," Morty said, bored. "Nothing. *Nothing.*" The man sat down on the roof of his cab. "Look," Morty said, "I'm asking the meaning of life. This one says traffic congestion, that one lung congestion. I won't be sidetracked." Morty wiped his forehead. "New Yorkers, Cab Drivers, Big Mouths: I'm Morton Perlmutter from the world's cities and jungles and seas and poles. I come, a genius, but humble, willing to learn, you understand, to the largest city in the world—that's crap about London: they count everybody from Scotland to Surrey; Tokyo the same—*the largest city in the world,* a capstone of the planet, melting pot for the tired, the poor, the huddled masses, the not so huddled, the works. And if anyone should know, *you* should know. What's the meaning of life?"

Morty watched a driver cup his hands against his mouth and he saw it coming.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I wish you had come to me earlier."

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"Life?" the driver shouted. "Life's a fountain."

"Yeah, yeah," Morty said getting down from the cab. "I know that one too."

He had been disturbed by his experience with the cab drivers. He had meant, he supposed, to get the lay of the land, a maneuver familiar enough, but, finally, deflective. Science itself was deflective, he thought. What did he care, after all, about hypotheses, procedures, experiments? He needed answers. He was weary of his endless preparations. He reminded himself of someone forever adjusting his body in a bed, shifting, turning, raising, lifting, punching pillows, as though comfort was available only in some future displacement. He knew that this endless making ready would have to give way sometime to a final making do. But for all he seemed to the contrary, Morty was an essentially cautious man and he knew that before moving in on the truth he would have to make additional preparations. He would know where to look when he had to, but until then he needed to lay the groundwork.

He began his researches.

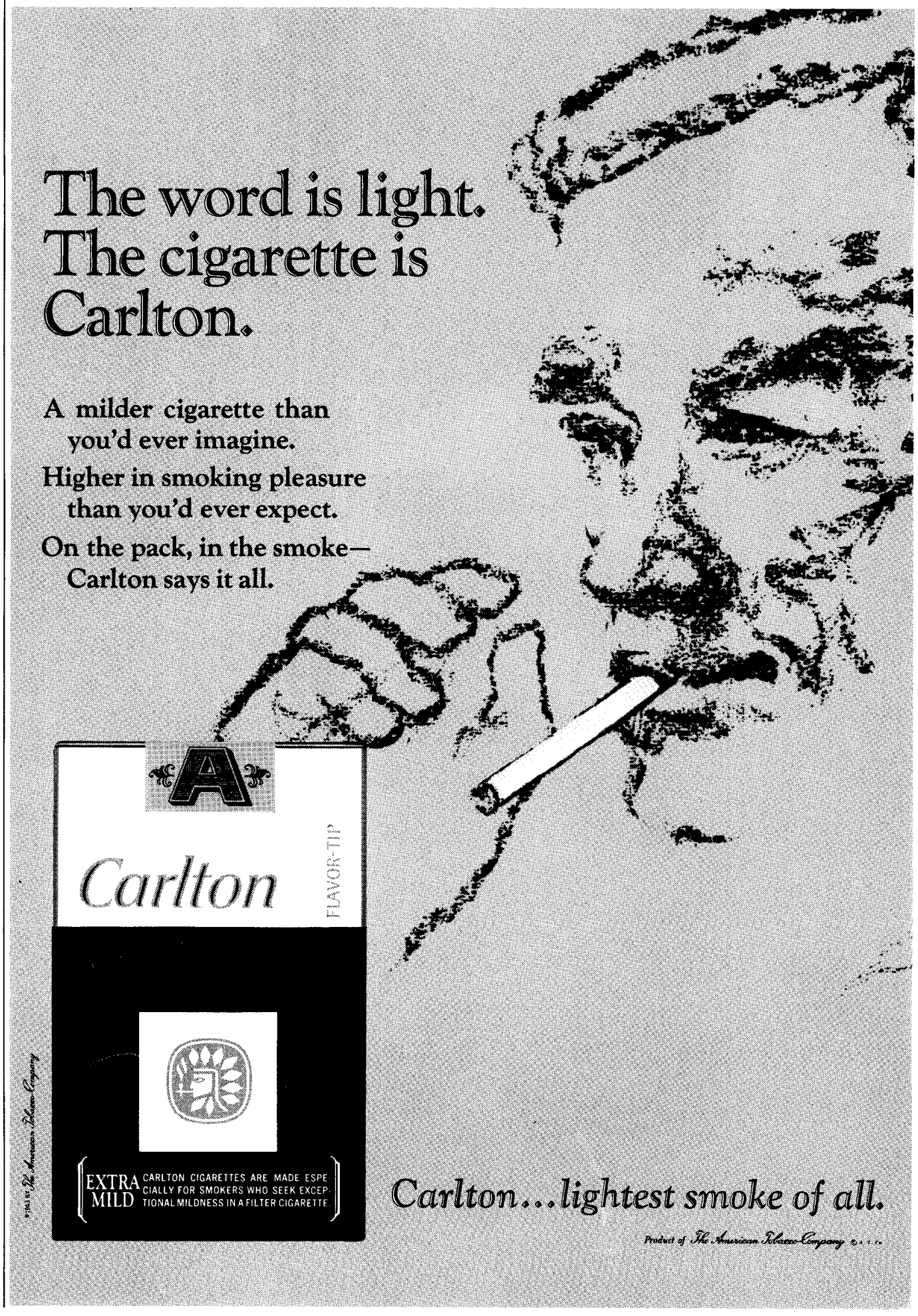
On successive weekends he attended representative churches and synagogues. He read the newspapers, including the Harlem papers and all forty-eight foreign-language weeklies and dailies. He read only the local news and the letters to the editor. In the New York Public Library he went through the newspaper files for the years 1947 through 1962, collating the subjects of these letters and classifying them according to their tones and literary styles. (By 1952 beautiful patterns began to emerge, though 1958 puzzled him until he saw how 1960 explained away the apparent discrepancy.) Once he spent a week in a branch library on Staten Island studying the loan rate of thirty-five key books on a list Morty had prepared himself. He walked through Central Park and studied the litter. (Also he went through the garbage dumps. What people threw away was frequently as significant as what they kept, Morty felt.) He haunted hospital corridors and waiting rooms, observing the attitudes of a sick man's relatives and friends. He crashed weddings and bar mitzvahs and confirmations and baptisms and wakes. He watched the lines outside motion-picture houses and eavesdropped on the intermission conversations of theatergoers. He studied the menus in restaurants and spoke to salad men and short-order cooks to learn what New Yorkers were eating, and then used the information to work out interesting metabolic calculations. He observed the crowds at sporting events, deliberately inciting bets among the spectators. (You could tell a lot about human courage, Morty felt, if you knew the odds men gave each other.) And he listened. Always he listened: to children, to hoodlums, to the old, the strong, to people in trouble and people who would never be in trouble.

In the second year something happened to interrupt Morty's researches.

"I'm a scientist," Morty explained suddenly to the woman next to him.

This was his third day underground. "I'm trying to get the feel of the earth," he said. "Last night I was on the Broadway-7th Avenue local and I got out at 14th Street and walked along the tracks through the tunnel to 8th Street. Exhilarating, *marvelous*." The train had broken from its tunnel and begun to climb The Bronx. He glanced casually along the woman's bosom and down at Jerome Avenue. He looked back at the woman. She was a blue-haired lady of about fifty-three, heavy, probably powerful. He had seen the type before, in London, in Buenos Aires, in Paris, in Chicago. He saw in her a sort of *bahlabustuh* cum duchess who would survive her husband by twenty years.

Perlmutter was attracted to such women; something atavistic in him responded while his heart said no. He imagined them around bridge tables, or playing poker in their dining rooms. He saw them giving daughters away in hotel ballrooms, and ordering meat from the butcher over the telephone, and in the fitting rooms of department stores. He had seen thousands of these women since coming to New York, recognizing in them from the days of some Ur-Morty (as if he had known them in the sea) old, vital aunts. She troubled him. He was responding, he supposed, to the *science* in her, to the solid certainty she gave off like a scent, to what he guessed might be in her an almost Newtonian *suspicion*, and to what he knew would be her fierce loyalty. Recognizing what he really wanted—it was to seduce one of these women—he had to laugh. The Morty Perlmutter who had known African Amazons and snuggled beneath arctic skins with Eskimo girls, who had loved



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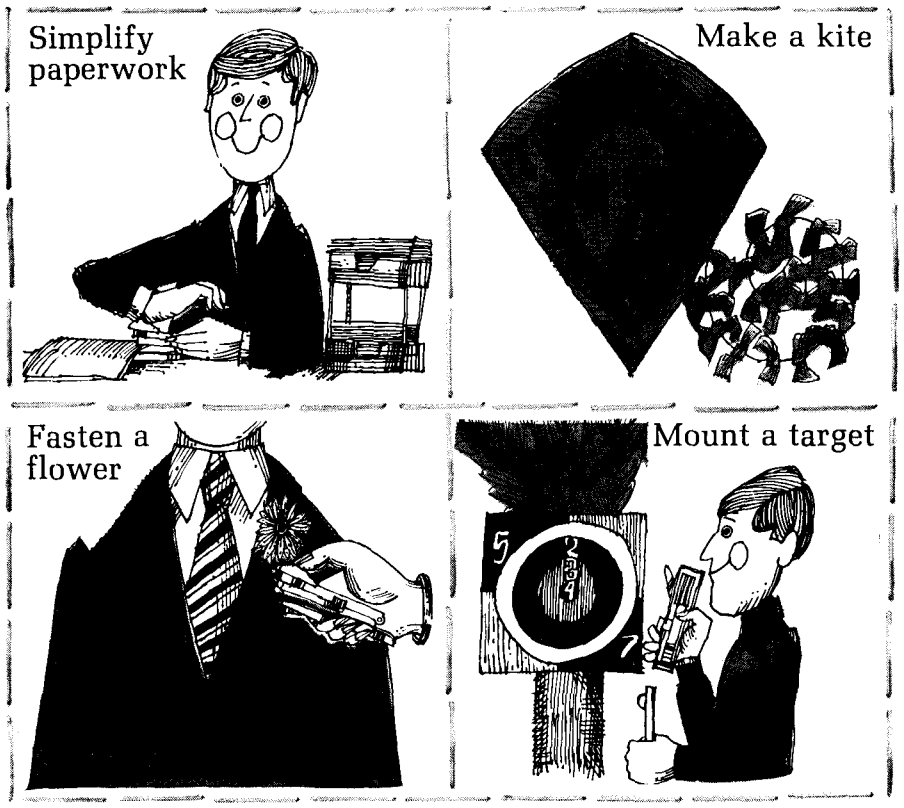

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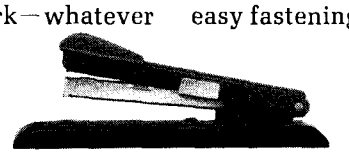

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queens of the circus and lady pearl divers—was this a Morty Perlmutter who could be stymied in The Bronx? (Because he understood that he would never make it. He sighed.) A scientist *tries*, he told himself, and tried.

"Excuse me, my dear," he said. "I'm very clumsy at this sort of thing, but I find myself extraordinarily attracted to you. Will you have a drink with me?"

The woman would have changed her seat right then, but she was by the window and Morty had her penned in.

"I'll call the guard," she said.

"Now, now," Morty said. "What's in the bag?" he said. "Some little pretty for yourself?" he asked brightly. "Or is it for your husband?"

"None of your business. Let me out, you pervert, or I'll yell."

Morty stood up quickly. She seemed genuinely frightened and he leaned down to reassure her. "I am no punk molester of women," he said. "I speak from respectable need. Of course, if you insist on making a scene I'll have to leave you alone, but yours is a rare type with a rarer appeal. It is precisely my perversion, as you call it, which makes you attractive to me. Don't knock success, lady. When was the last time someone not your husband wanted to have a drink with you? I do not count the one time in the Catskills ten years ago when the guests waited on the waiters and the band played on. This I write off. Or when you danced with the college busboy and he kissed you for the tip. *This* I write off."

She stared at him for a moment with an astonished respect, and Morty sat down again. He contemplated using the Haitian Sleep Stone but decided it would be immoral. "All right, I'm Morton Perlmutter and I'm here in the final phase of my search for synthesis. More later over cocktails."

"I'm married," she said, out of breath.

"Of course you are. Don't I know that? You think your kind of character is possible otherwise? It's sacrifice and single-mindedness that does that. It's years of love love love. You'll have to tell me all about yourself. I'm dying to kiss you. Where does your boy intern?"

"We have no children," she said shyly.

He wanted to take her hand. It was unscientific, but there it was. He wondered, too, if he might not make a cozy confidante of this woman. He knew what it meant, of course. Why not, he knew everything. All that was nonsense about the vital aunts. Morty was King Oedipus. He shrugged. I am what I am. Nothing bothers me, he thought lightly. This is my finest hour. One of them. It's all been swell.

"Let me have your number," he told her.

She shook her head.

"Let me have your phone number."

"No," she said, frightened again.

He used the Sleep Stone.

"I . . . am . . . Rose . . . Gold. You . . . can . . . usually . . . reach . . . me . . . at Klondike 5– . . . 6 . . . 7 . . . 4 . . . 3. Tuesdays I . . . play . . . mah-jongg. Wednesdays I at . . . tend matinees."

He brought her out of it quickly. "Now about that drink . . ." Morty said.

"No. Leave me alone. You're a strange man."

"I am what I am," he said.

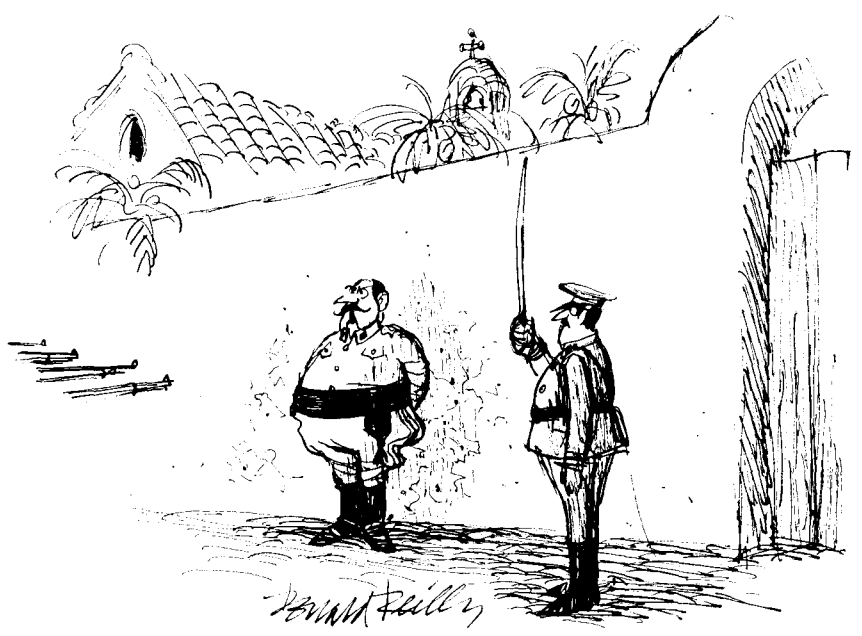
"This is my stop," she said, getting up. "Don't try to follow me. You'll be arrested. I'm warning you."

When she had called him a strange man, she had meant something unpleasant. His shock value had worn off. That often happened to him now. He equated it with the dying sense of wonder in the world. TV has done that, he thought absently, mass communications has. It made him angry. He followed her to the platform.

She turned quickly and faced him. "I meant what I said."

"I've got *your* number, Rose Gold," he said passionately. She started to walk away and Morty ran after her. "Listen to Perlmutter's curse," he commanded darkly. "May your neighborhood change!" She was running along the platform now. "May the fares to Miami be trebled! May your chicken soup freeze over!" She was going down the stairs now and he rushed after her. "*May your fur coats explode!*" he roared.

Just for the hell of it he went to the Chase Manhattan and asked to see the director. (He had to use the Sleep Stone



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You men have had excellent records up until now, and personally, I'd hate to see you spoil them."

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10,320 trips to the office deserve a Mass Mutual retirement

Five days a week, fifty weeks a year—from, say age twenty-two to sixty-five—no matter how rewarding your career, that's a lot of days at the office! And after the 10,320th trip, a man deserves to be able to relax and take it easy.

But when you retire, you can't really take it easy unless you're free from financial worries. Of course, social security and company pensions are a big help. But will they add up to enough? The fact is: they seldom do.

Fortunately there is a way to build an extra income for your retirement during your working years and, at the same time, provide protection for your family while they need it most. *But* it is best to start planning this kind of dual-purpose insurance program *early*—and with the man from Mass Mutual.

Why the Mass Mutual man in particular? Insurance rates may vary only slightly from company to company . . . but the ability of agents *does* vary.

Mass Mutual men are recognized as the ablest of professionals. (Example: one Mass Mutual man in eight has qualified for the Million Dollar Round Table, one of the top insurance honors. The industry average is one in 69.)

Your Mass Mutual man can help you achieve the peace of mind you want right now plus the way of life you want for the future. Yet the services of this specialist cost you no more. In fact, they may very well save you money.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

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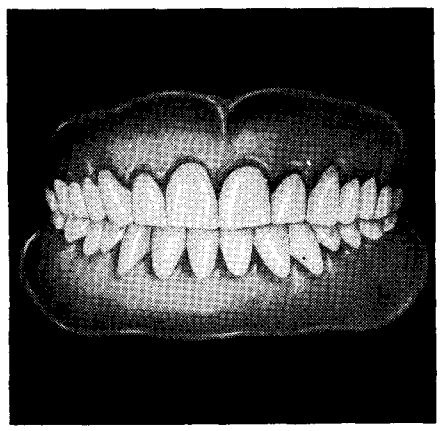
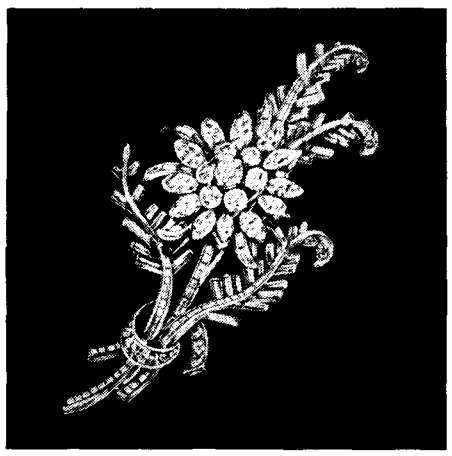
Clean Costly Dentures "Bridges"

like fine jewelry



Special "fast-soak" formula restores original whiteness and true natural color.



Modern dentures are expensive, and like fine jewelry they are easily damaged. Cleaning with abrasive pastes or hard brushing may scratch dentures . . . may cause 'teeth' to be dropped or broken.

But today there's a newer, safer way to clean dentures—*soak* them clean in KLEENITE. This fast-acting powder soaks away discolorations—even smoke stains and film. It restores original whiteness and true natural color.

KLEENITE's fast-soak formula combines *three* stain-removing actions: (1) detergent; (2) solvent; (3) oxidizer. Special soak-in surfactant removes stains that pastes and brushes can't reach.

Dentists have discovered that soaking in KLEENITE beats even the hardest brushing with an ordinary dentifrice. It cleans denture surfaces faster—even soaks away deeply embedded stains. Restores original whiteness to teeth and pinkness to gums. KLEENITE is available at all drug counters.

More and more dentists are recommending KLEENITE. It's faster, safer. You soak more . . . brush less.

on two tellers, one vice president and three secretaries. This made him uneasy. You could wear it out—like anything else.)

"Been overseas," Morty explained to the director. "I'm thinking of moving my plant to New York City."

"That's wonderful, Mr. Perlmutter, but you'll have to forgive me—I don't think I'm familiar with your operation. If you could fill me in and then explain what it is you require of us——"

"Not so fast," Morty said, "not so very fast there. There are some things *I* need to know."

"I don't understand why our Mr. Johnson ——" he said speculatively. And then cheerfully to Morty: "Of course, if I can help you."

"How's the water supply?" Morty demanded.

"How's that?"

"The water supply. Plants need water."

The director blinked and Morty went on. "I don't expect you to have all this stuff at the tip of your fingertips, you understand, but what is your labor situation in the area? Are the workers organized?" He thought of the natives back in the Pragmatii jungle. "Would there be women for my men?" he asked slyly. "These lads haven't seen white girls in years."

The director moved his chair back.

"Is there any culture?" Morty asked. "What about transportation facilities? How are the hospitals? In short, Mr. Director, what has New York City to offer me?"

The director had not heard the last few questions. He was mumbling into an emergency intercom in his water carafe. Morty offered the Sleep Stone but the man wouldn't look.

He sat down in the Russian Tea Room on West 57th Street and addressed the waiter in Russian. "We are a long way from Lubsk, hah cousin?" he said.

The waiter didn't answer and went immediately for the manager. The manager came over to Morty's table.

"It is miles to Pinfh, is it not, little Russian brother?" Morty said.

The man glared at him.

"You're one of those FBI guys, right?" the manager asked. "Sure, pal, I been expecting you." He turned to the waiter. "I never seen it fail. Every four months one of these FBI guys comes around and tries to talk Russian to my waiters." He looked back at Morty scornfully. "When are you boys going to wake up? You're looking for spies, go learn Albanian and eat at one of their places."

"Everybody is under arrest," Morty said weakly, his heart not in it. "I hadn't really meant to make my move just yet, but I was in the neighborhood."

On the fifth ring a man answered.

"Let me speak to Rose Gold, please," Morty said politely.

"Rose is next door," the man said. "Who's this calling?"

"My business is with Rose Gold," he said firmly.

"Is this a tradesman? It's almost midnight. Is this a tradesman?"

"I am Rose's friend," Morty said. "We used to travel together."

"Oh. To Philadelphia. The man who used to take Rose in his car to visit her sister? Why didn't you say so? Just a minute."

"Hello," a woman said in a little while. "What is it, Mr. Shintler?"

"It's me," Morty said, "it's Morty Perlmutter. The Wizard of Oz. Last month. The subway. I wanted to buy you a drink."

"How did you get this number?" Rose asked angrily. "Did you follow me?"

"No, no, listen to me. I'm very low tonight."

"Why did you tell my husband you were Mr. Shintler?"

"Can I see you?"

"No. Of course not."

"I'm very low," Morty said again. "I've been thinking about you a lot. Today's my fifty-ninth birthday. I haven't got any friends, any family. My money is almost gone. My health stinks. I'm restless. Also I'm worried about the synthesis."

"The what? What are you talking about?"

"I'm fifty-nine years old." He felt his heart turn over. He couldn't talk.

"You . . ." Rose Gold said. "*You.* Are you still there? What is this?"

"Don't hang up," Morty said.

"Look, I don't hang up on people," she said. "So. You've been thinking about me, have you? Well, I'm very flattered. I'm very flattered a fifty-nine-year-old man with no friends and no family and who rides the subway and bothers women has been thinking about me."

"I had to talk to somebody."

"Say, wait a minute," Rose Gold said. "You're re*tired*. Am I right? And you're not fifty-nine, you're past sixty-five. Is that right? And you're out of business now and you're a widower and your children have moved away and you don't know what to do with yourself. Am I wrong or right?"

"It's nothing like that," Morty said.

"Of course it is," Rose Gold said. "Listen, I remember you too. You're basically a very decent-looking man, presentable, clean. I'll give you some advice. Move to Florida."

"Move to *Florida?*"

"Certainly."

"That's your advice?"

"Or California. Or Phoenix, Arizona. Wherever there's sun. Old people need the sun. It cheers them up."

OK for you, Fatso, Morty thought. "Listen," he said, "I haven't any time. I think Shintler just came in. If he hears me my life isn't worth a nickel. He's coming after you when your husband goes to work tomorrow. He's got this powerful new car, and he's going to abduct you. He knows a place in Philadel—— No, Shintler, I swear, I'm just sending out for pizza."

Morty couldn't sleep. It was hot in the room, and however he moved his head against his knapsack he could not get into a comfortable position. Also, as he had told Rose Gold a few nights before, he was very low.

He knew what the trouble was. For weeks now he had been statistically oriented—filled in, filled up. He was in a position now to move in on the truth. Then what? Where other men often experienced the vague emptiness of anticlimax, Morty was depressed by *ante*climax. It was what he called his "Moses Syndrome." (It was Morty's hypothesis that Moses hadn't died at the edge of the wilderness, and could have, had he chosen, entered the Promised Land with the other children of Israel, but that he had probably experienced, as Morty did now, an anteclimax and had turned back at the last minute. He wrote it up. There was a reprint in his knapsack.) That's what happens to you, Morty thought. He punched the knapsack a few more times and finally gave up.

He called Rose Gold and told her he thought he'd go over to Central Park and try to get some sleep there. He asked her if she'd meet him, and she said no and not to call her anymore.

In the park Morty propped his knapsack against a tree and lighted his South American Rain Forest Lamp. He set it beside him and lay down in the grass. He decided to browse the Yellow Pages until he became tired enough to sleep.

He was studying RESTAURANT EQUIPMENT REPAIRING when he saw the boys.

His hand closed around his blowpipe.

"That's close enough," he said.

"Who you supposed, to be, man," the largest boy said, "Jungle Jim?"

Morty took careful aim and sank a poison dart directly into the center of the kid's T shirt. The boy sat down solemnly. A second boy kneeled beside him and looked at Morty in terror.

"You killed my brother," he said.

"No, no," Morty explained, "he's not dying. I used Opiola. It just takes some of the fight out of them."

"Jeez," the oldest boy—probably the leader—said respectfully.

"You boys muggers?" Morty asked.

The leader smiled demurely.

"What do you generally clear on a night like this?"

"Hey, man," the boy on the ground said suddenly, "I feel great. He turned me on, I think."

"Yeah?" the leader asked, interested.

"Yeah. No crud, man, it's very, very great. I see interesting things. Thanks, Mister."

Morty smiled.

"Mister?" the leader said.

"What is it?"

"Shoot me and my friend with the blowgun, hey."

"You boys muggers?" Morty asked again.

"No, man," the leader said, "we like to camp out."

"What do you do," Morty asked, "go after old ladies, old men, what?"

"Tell him, Ramon," the boy on the ground said, "maybe he'll shoot you." He lay spread-eagled in Central Park and looked up at the stars. "I never been so high," he whispered reverently.

Ramon looked down at his friend and then turned to Morty. "Sure," Ramon said, "that's right. We're muggers. My friend here hits them low and my other buddy hits them high and I grab their purse and clip them a little." He looked at Morty for approval. "We're dropouts," he added.

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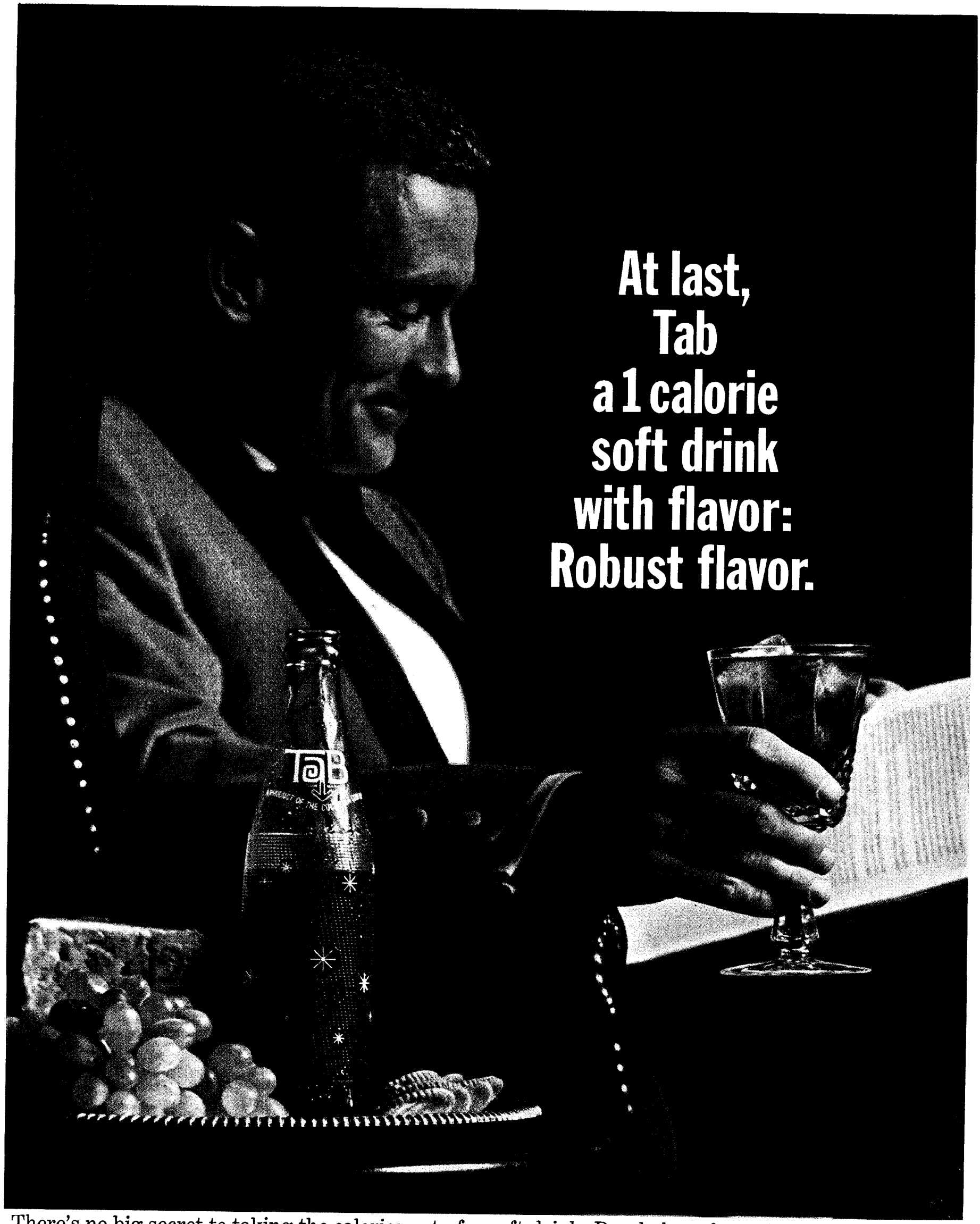

There's no big secret to taking the calories out of a soft drink. People have been doing that for years. But it took The Coca-Cola Company to find a way to put robust flavor in. And it took until now. Until Tab.

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SONGS YOU LOVE...AND SOME YOU HAVEN'T HEARD

THE JIM REEVES WAY

The rich legacy of recordings by Jim Reeves is beautifully represented in this new Dynagroove album, a collection that shows the wide scope of his talent to excellent advantage. Here Jim offers a variety of tunes—favorites like "You'll Never Know," "Somewhere Along the Line," and "A Nickel Piece of Candy" as well as his big South African hits (sung in Afrikaans) "Bolandse Nooientjie" and "Ek Verlang Na Jou." Twelve exciting performances by this greatly gifted singer.

"I see," Morty said.

"Poison me," Ramon said hungrily.

The boy on the ground hummed *The Star-Spangled Banner*. "That's a beautiful song," he said. "I never realized what a beautiful song that was."

"What do you make out of it?" Morty asked the leader.

"Depends," he said. "Hot weather, a lot of people in the park, maybe a hundred, a hundred-fifty a week."

"Wow," the kid on the ground said. "Wow! *Wow!*"

"But you have to divide that between you," Morty said.

"That's right," Ramon said impatiently, "between us. Go ahead, Mister. Don't miss."

"Listen," Morty said, "do yourselves a favor." He took a memo pad from his breast pocket and tore off a notation and handed it to Ramon. "Here are the names and addresses of six organizations looking for boys. I took them out of tonight's paper. You'll make a lot more money and I understand there's a real opportunity for advancement."

"OK," Ramon said, "in the morning. I promise. Shoot us."

"Why should I shoot you? You're rehabilitated."

"Don't waste time talking, man," the wounded boy's brother told Ramon. "Let's close in on him. He'll have to shoot."

"Yeah," the leader said, "yeah, that's right."

They moved toward Morty.

"It actually gets better," the boy on the ground said.

"No closer," Morty said.

"Come on, Ramon, jump him."

"No closer," Morty warned.

Ramon moved to spring at Morty, and at close range Morty pumped a dart into his stomach. The boy fell writhing to the ground.

"How is it, Ramon? Is it as great as George says?" the boy's brother asked.

"It hurts," Ramon said.

"It doesn't hurt," George said. "It's great."

"It hurts," Ramon said. "I think I'm dying."

"It doesn't hurt, man. It's very pleasant," George said.

"No," Ramon said, "it hurts."

"Ramon is right," Morty explained expertly. "I'm out of Opiola. I didn't kill him, but he'll have the pain for seven years."

Morty called Rose Gold.

"I'm terrified of you," she told him.

"No," he said, saddened. "No, Rose."

"I am. Terrified. You have our name, our number. Probably you have our address. I'm terrified."

"No, Rose," Morty said, "that's awful. Why should you be afraid?"

"Listen," Rose Gold said, "I've given the police a full description. You can't get away with frightening people."

"You're being too soft with him," a man's voice suddenly broke in. "I've hired private detectives. They've got important clues. You'll be brought to justice, don't you worry about that."

"Who is that?" Morty asked. "Who's there?"

"This is Rose Gold's husband," the man said. "I hear everything you say to my wife."

"Why are you talking to me like this?" Morty demanded. "What are you talking about clues? You want clues, I'll give you clues. I never had a secret in my life. I live at 205 West 70th Street. Come get me. What do you think this is?"

"Did you hear that, Rose?" the man asked, excited. "Did you get the address? All right, you," he said, "what do you want from Rose? Why do you keep calling her?"

"I don't have to tell you a thing," Morty said, "but as it happens, I have no secrets. In each society I visit I try to find somebody I can talk to. Then they pass on what I tell them. It's the oral tradition. When we finally met for that drink, I was going to share everything with Rose."

"Share everything? Share what?"

"Just the meaning of things, that's all," Morty said.

"Baloney the meaning of things," Gold said.

"Jerk," Morty said, "you don't think there is one? There is one, there is one. I have an astonished heart. Life is immense. Don't you know that?"

The man laughed. "OK, Mr. Philosopher," he said, "you find out the meaning of things and you call us up at a decent hour and you let us know—but no drinks. No meetings and no drinks. We have your address. We can put our hands on you whenever we have to."

"No threats, please," Morty said quietly.

"This man is crazy, Rose," Gold said.

"Let me talk to your wife now if you don't mind," Morty said.

"Sure," Gold said, laughing, "talk to her. Rose."

"Rose?"

"Yes? What is it?"

"Is he still there?"

"He's watching television. I guarantee you. What is it?"

"I'm very sorry, Rose. I didn't know how awful it was for you."

"He's a good provider," Rose Gold said.

"Don't patronize me," Morty said, raising his voice. "Don't hang up. I'm sorry I yelled. Listen, I think I can help you. In my knapsack I have a special soap. Its lather brings understanding. It won't give wisdom, but it opens the mind to the wisdom of others. Do you think you could get him to bathe?"

"Is that what you wanted to say to me?" Rose asked angrily.

"No. Listen. Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, tomorrow. I move up. I close in on the truth. Frankly, I've been putting it off. I'm a little nervous about it."

"Well sure, a big thing like that."

"I told you, Rose, I don't permit people to patronize me," Morty said, controlling himself. "Now," he said, calm again, "this thing tomorrow will be tremendous. I'm qualified for it to be. Before no—now yes. I told them in 1934 when I refused the doctorate. That was a speech. *That* was. What was I in 1934? A small, marked man, thin as a warrior, passionate in the guts but unripe as next week. Still, I told them. 'Doctors Lopus and Moore and Stitt and Frane,' I said, 'I decline to be examined. What of Music, gentlemen? What of Medicine and History and Physics and Literature? What of Military Strategy and Folk Dancing and Astronomy and Law? I know nothing, doctors. Good-bye.'"

"Good-bye," Rose Gold said.

"Not you. It's what I said. So now I'm prepared. Listen, it wasn't easy.

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These aren't the old-timey German-beer-garden days when all you had to do for knowledge was sell your soul. It's a buyer's market now. It probably always was. Anyway, it hasn't been easy. Those damned jungles, that creepy food, those redundant world capitals—all that lousy note taking and collating and waiting for boats and appeasing guys who want to shrink your head or collect your ears. Phooey, Rose. But—you prepare and you're prepared. Tomorrow."

"Hah!" Rose Gold's husband shouted. "Hah! You see? The man's a fool. He's crazy. Tomorrow is Sunday. *Everything's closed!*"

"*Tomorrow!*"

He left his room and went downstairs and crossed Amsterdam Avenue and walked the two blocks to the park. He entered and turned right, walking south along the western margins of Central Park, crossing intricate foot and bridle paths, raising his stout stick to greet the few early morning riders, cutting through greensward where the still wet grass swished against his cuffs. He was grateful it was cool, for his knapsack was heavy and he had a long way to go. From time to time, from a hilly rise, he could see the fine apartments across the avenue, and once, down a wide, plunging street, the hazy green of Jersey like something at the bottom of a moated hill. Then the road—there was barely any traffic—swung next to him and he moved along narrower and narrower grassy plots out into Columbus Circle. "Oh, brave new world," he said, and caught his breath, and looked for a moment at the stunning marble brightness of the Coliseum. All around him were the city's new museums, theaters, concert and exhibition halls. "This is it," they boasted to him. This ain't it, he thought, and shoved the knapsack higher, lifting it as one would push up on the buttocks of a piggybacking child.

He crossed the wide street and walked past the expensive hotels toward the Grand Army Plaza, seeing his face, like something on fire, in the brassy medallion plates of the Essex and Hampshire Houses and the Barbizon-Plaza and the St. Moritz and Plaza hotels. *And this ain't it either*, he thought, catching a dim fragrance of open luggage, cuff links on the rug, melting ice.

He headed south on Fifth Avenue past the fine stores, their clean enormous windows reminding him of nativity scenes, glassed, moneyed crèches. He paused for a moment before a window, looking past his reflection into the cool, tweedy depths of the scene, and admired the horsey, intelligent dummies, a season ahead in a different time zone and climate, in some heaven off earth, standing, awkwardly graceful, self-conscious and chosen in front of the precious furniture and rare books. He caught a scent of the turning wheels inside Swiss watches. "This ain't it either," he sniffed. "It's only the way it ought to be."

A policeman moved up behind him. Morty could feel the cop's eyes on his back. "I'm no revolutionary, officer," he said without turning. "The thought of smashing this thick glass makes me shudder. I only wish I could afford some of this stuff."

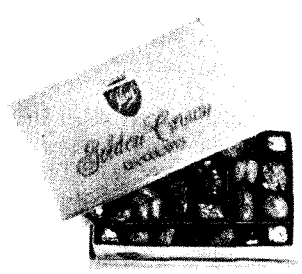
"You a peace marcher?" the cop asked.

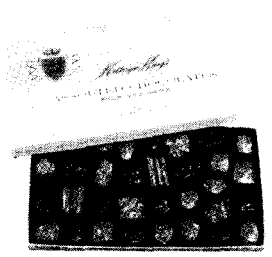
"Too old," Morty said. "Truth walker."

He crossed the street to look into the window of F.A.O. Schwarz and stared in amazement at the toys for the emperor's children, the king's kids, and then went down 56th Street toward Madison Avenue. In the distance, on both sides of the street, he could see the striped, fringed canopies and bright pennants of French and Italian restaurants. They looked like the gay tents of ancient, opposing armies. Knights could have appeared under the awnings, buckling armor.

He turned down Madison Avenue and smelled electric-typewriter ribbons. At Abercrombie & Fitch on 45th Street Morty stopped, startled. There in the window was a mannikin, burdened as Morty himself was by a knapsack, but pith-helmeted, superbly, masculinely bloused, with clever canvas loops for his shells running like intricate braid across his handsome shirt, his field marshal's jodhpurs flowing like twin, wind-whipped flags into the rich leather boots. He marched proudly through his air-cooled, Platonized jungle, his eyes like jeweler's crystal, toward the grand bull koodoo of creation somewhere behind Morty's back. Morty was not put off. "No, this ain't it either, is it, oh wax brother?" he said and moved east along 45th Street past Park, where the banks were and the new office buildings like upended trays of ice cubes.

He went on to Lexington, walking abreast of the stocky, Greeky splendor of the Grand Central Terminal, still idle and almost cabless this early on a Sun-





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day morning. He followed the big building, like a stone roadblock, around two corners and came out at 42nd Street.

He moved toward Broadway. Now he could smell dollar-nine-cent steaks. He could smell publishers' remainders, paperback books, lenses, tripods, leatherette camera cases, record albums, little Statues of Liberty, transistorized tape recorders—plastic. Overwhelmingly he could smell plastic. "This ain't it, and this ain't even the way it ought to be," he said.

At Times Square he looked north into the great valley of Broadway. Slogans, the names of movie stars, trademarks, colossal painted labels stuck flat to the buildings like ripped shards of poster on a kiosk. In the wilderness of unlit tubing scribbled across signs he could just make out glassy, ghost traces of airplanes, fountain pens, the complicated wing movements of birds.

"Pretty wonderful, ain't it?" a man with a thick New York accent said to him.

"Sure is, hick," Morty said.

He turned around and walked down Broadway. Once he left Times Square and was into the 30's he felt more comfortable, but he was very tired. He walked into the little square at 32nd Street and sat down on a bench to rest. An old woman in a dark cloth coat too warm for the day was across from him. She had on black, broken, high-heel shoes and white bobby socks and sat feeding pigeons from a deep paper sack.

"Good morning there, mother," Morty said.

"Good morning there, tramp," the woman said.

Morty sat contentedly, looking from the great complex of department stores to the jerky thrusts of pigeon neck. "I am a traveler from the West who has come a long journey," he said after a while. "Can you tell me the meaning of life?"

She looked up and squinted at him, her squeezed eyes enormous and burning behind her rimless, sun-reflecting glasses.

"I can but I won't," she said.

He stood up, wiping his forehead. "In that case I must be moving on, hi ho Silver."

On his right as he went out was a statue of Horace Greeley. "*You* go West," he told the statue. The nerve of that guy, he thought.

He got back on Broadway.

In the garment district he looked up at the huge windows, enjoying the familial, personal poetry of the names of the firms lettered there.

Broadway moved into the East Side at 23rd Street, and he began to walk faster. Now he no longer looked around him but moved quickly, excited and urgent and nervous.

At 17th Street he rushed to the picket railing around the square and closed his hands tightly about two iron-dark spears. His heart pumped violently. The muscles in his throat, contracting, gagged him. *He entered Union Square Park.*

It was an open-air forum, the last in New York, one of the last in the world.

Morty had known about Union Square but until now had stayed away from it, saving it, savoring the idea of it. It would not be like Hyde Park in London, where a man would take your picture on a soap box for money. It would not be like the Bughouse Square in Chicago, where the high-school boys came to bully the speaker, to grab at his pants from behind, smug, mock innocence like jam on their faces. This was different. This was serious.

There were no boxes. *That* made the difference. It kept the exhibitionists away. He remembered Kachoa, where the king had no throne. He met you eye level. There the laws were wise, complex fiats issuing as naturally as rote morning salutations between friends. He knew where he would have to come to hear truth when he read about a New York City ordinance that permitted speechmaking in the park so long as the speakers were level with their hearers.

It was not yet eleven, but already the men had begun to gather. They were men just past middle age in blue work shirts, or tieless in white short-sleeve shirts, the collars spread neat and wide as bibs over the lapels of their jackets. They lounged on benches with newspapers in their laps or sticking out of wide, slack side pockets in their suit coats. It alarmed him to hear them question each other about absent speakers and to see their smiles as each name invoked some old-cronied recognition. If they knew the truth, why, he wondered, would they come back? Then he thought: Why, to *relish* it, they return to relish it, like old men warmed by any familiar, mutual memory.

Men continued to gather. They came into the park and waved at acquaintances or stopped to chat with friends with that odd, dignified courtesy of legislators in a cloakroom. There was about the place—in addition to expectancy, which was what Morty brought there—a sort of placidity; an air, among them, of having shared together something immense and final and incorruptible. Though he had never seen any of these men before, he could almost tell which of them had been labor agitators in the 30's, which had been hit by policemen, or been cellmates, or conspired together in basements.

An hour had passed and still no one had begun formally to address the crowds. Just after noon Morty leaned toward the man next to him on the bench.

"When does everything begin?" he asked.

The man didn't look at him when he answered. "Too many regulars," he said out of the side of his mouth. "Somebody who's never heard it has to be around to listen. Otherwise it'd be like trees falling in the forest. Is a sound made?"

I've never heard it, Morty thought.

People continued to come into the square. Morty imagined them to be, like the men already there before he had asked his question, fellow connoisseurs.

Suddenly, and apparently at no signal, a man sprang up from a bench. He was already talking by the time he achieved his feet.

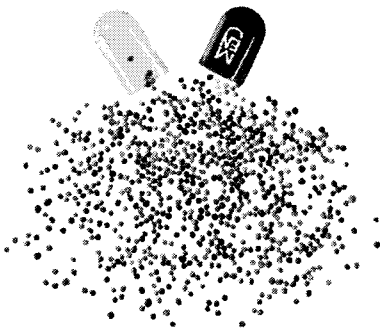
"Ladies and gentlemen," the man was saying, "in the City of New York last year two hundred forty-three people were burned to death in fires. Now that does not take in the Westchester County or Newark in New Jersey or the burned populations of Chicago or Montana or any other place on the face of this flammable globe. That's the City of New York alone. Two hundred forty-three. How many of them husbands, fathers, kids, mothers, wives? And that's *death* I'm talking about. How many singed children or limbs burned permanently useless?"

People moved up to him. Some were smiling.

"What's the earth? How did it get here? The earth is the sun. The earth is a spinning fragment of the exploded sun. And I tell you that it is the natural function of the sun to burn. And I tell you that just as the acorn does not fall far from the tree, so too will the earth ever combust from here to eternity.

"Do not be deceived, my friends, by the notion of a 'cooling earth.' That's nothing but the cant phrase of sophist scientists ——"

"You tell 'em, Smoky Joe," a man called good-naturedly from the crowd.



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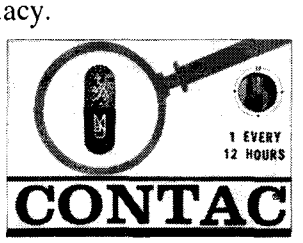

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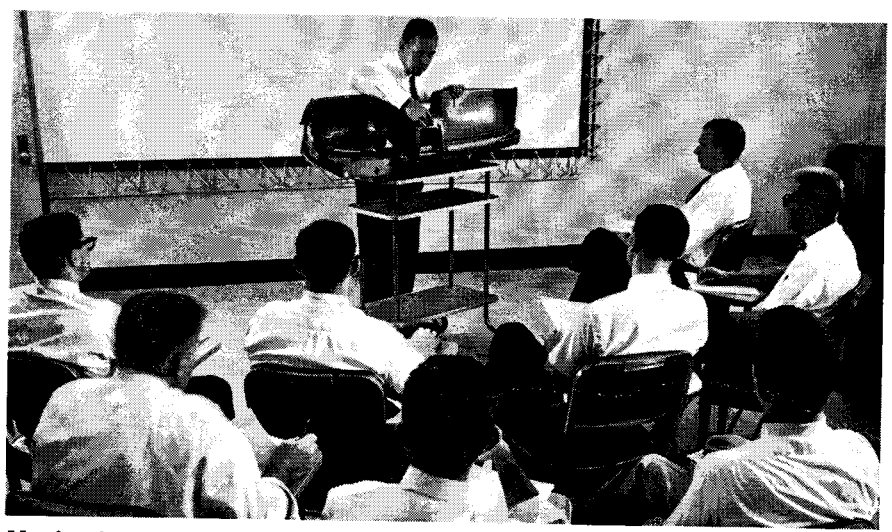

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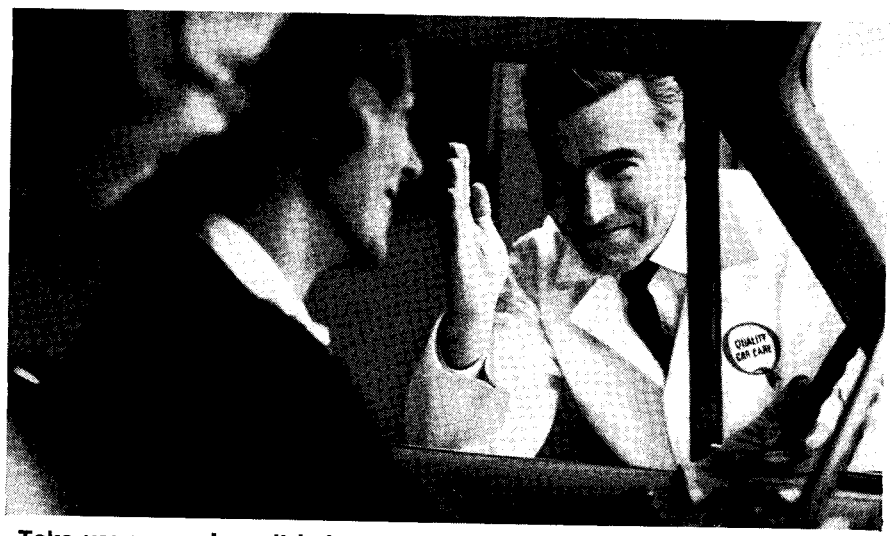

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The speaker ignored him.

". . . *the cant phrase of sophist scientists.* Don't be lulled by it. As the one million people destroyed on the slopes of Etna were lulled. As the thousands charred beneath Vesuvius were lulled."

"Smoky Joe thinks the Empire State Building will erupt one day," a man shouted.

"Or as the natives of Chicago were lulled. Or Hiroshima. Or any of a hundred other places I could name." He turned to the heckler. "Wise guy. It will. One day it will. What do you think? Do you know what the combined total of fire-insurance premiums *is* on the Empire State Building each year? One million . . ."

". . . six hundred thousand," the crowd joined him, familiar with the figure, "four hundred seventy-two dollars . . ."

". . . fourteen cents," the speaker said, finishing just behind the crowd.

"Let him speak," Morty shouted.

"Thank you, sir," the speaker said, "but they don't bother me. Those bums don't bother me. All right. What do you think? Those guys know what they're doing they shell out jack like that. Everything burns. Where are your houses of yesteryear? Where are they? Gone. Burned down. What are your majestic ruins of Rome and Athens? *Burned buildings!* I've inspected them. I've been there and inspected them and they make me sick.

"The kindling point of human flesh is fifty-five degrees lower than the kindling point of a varnished hardwood floor, did you know that?"

"We know it, Smoky Joe," said a man through cupped hands. "You told us last week." Others near him grinned and clapped him on the back.

"What are we thinking about, friends? What are we thinking about to let this holocaust continue? And it *will* continue. Mark my words. It *will* continue. *What's the answer?*" Smoky Joe made himself taller as he challenged them. He grinned.

"It's not a case of fighting fire *with* fire, let me tell you," he said, and Morty, sick, knew it was a joke he had made a hundred times before. The speaker stooped for a moment and drew something out of a large cardboard file near his feet. Standing, he held out a mat on which had been mounted half a dozen box-camera photographs. They appeared to be views of a rather strange-looking house. He thumped the photographs with a thick finger. "The Fire Commissioner knows the answer. The Real Estate Board knows the answer. The Construction Interests know the answer," he said, building to a climax. "And Smoky Joe has lived in the answer . . ."

" . . . *twenty-four years,*" the crowd yelled, anticipating him.

". . . four years," Smoky Joe echoed. "And what *is* the answer? It's processed tin. Processed-tin walls. Processed-tin floors. Processed-tin doors and ceilings. Simple? Yes. Fallible? Yes. I'm very frank. It'll burn. Everything will. But—after you've all been charred, marred and scarred in those Japanesey parchment-and-paper-dolls' houses you call homes, the chances are a million to one that old Smoky Joe will be sitting back high, dry and cool in his processed-tin strongbox!" He pounded his photographs again.

"Cool you'll be," a man said, "—in *winter.*"

"I already said it's not infallible. But suppose there *is* a fire. Now it can't start in those processed-tin floors, walls, ceilings or doors, but let's suppose for the sake of argument that you've gone to bed and your wife is still up reading in the living room and she's smoking a cigarette, and she gets sleepy and her burning cigarette falls on her housecoat and starts a fire. Well you're sound asleep, but you smell the smoke and you get up to see what's what, and you see all the furniture in the living room is burning. That could happen. Well what do you do? *All you do is go back into your bedroom and slam the processed-tin door and forget about it!*"

"What about your wife, Smoky?"

"My wife is dead in a fire. Don't make jokes about my wife."

"Oh no," Morty said softly. "Oh no."

"He always uses the same example," a man explained. "He always uses the same example, and that guy always asks the same question."

Morty shouldered his way out of the crowd, seeing, suddenly projected on the grass, his shadow, the knapsack making a kind of hump on his back.

While he had been listening to the man who believed in fire, other groups had formed.

A dozen voices competed against each other, and Morty moved along the curving cement walks behind the backs of the crowds. It was like a holiday. Small children climbed over benches or darted in and out of groups like dwarfs with messages.

In the crowds, constricted, clumsy under his knapsack, he brushed against the shoulders of other men and felt a queer, muffled shock, as though someone had stepped on an artificial leg he used, or struck him in a glass eye.

He shoved against people—collecting randomly now, drawn to the speakers by some curious abeyance of the will, as men pause before one booth rather than another at a fair. Perlmutter stepped over a low iron railing onto a soft no-man's-land of grass. A policeman waved him away. He moved back into the voices.

He stopped to listen to a man with a beard, and it struck Morty that the man appeared not so much to address those men already listening to him as the others—those passing by in low-geared, imposed shuffle, or already settled in small, thickish bands around other speakers. He did not speak or persuade so much as *call* his oration. the ideas strangely shouted in a detached, unthinking excitement, like someone with another's umbrella rushing to a doorway to call after the guest who has left it behind.

"People waste time," the man shouted. "They're fools. It's simple. I never ask questions. Notice that. No one's ever heard me ask a question. The most perfidious instrument in all of human language is the question.

"Look at your great teachers: 'Verily I *say* unto you,' Christ says. The Ten Commandments are not questions. Not one sentence in the Declaration of Independence is a question. No valuable literature or great human or divine instrument is ever interrogative. *Sermons! Declarations! Commandments! Marvelous!*

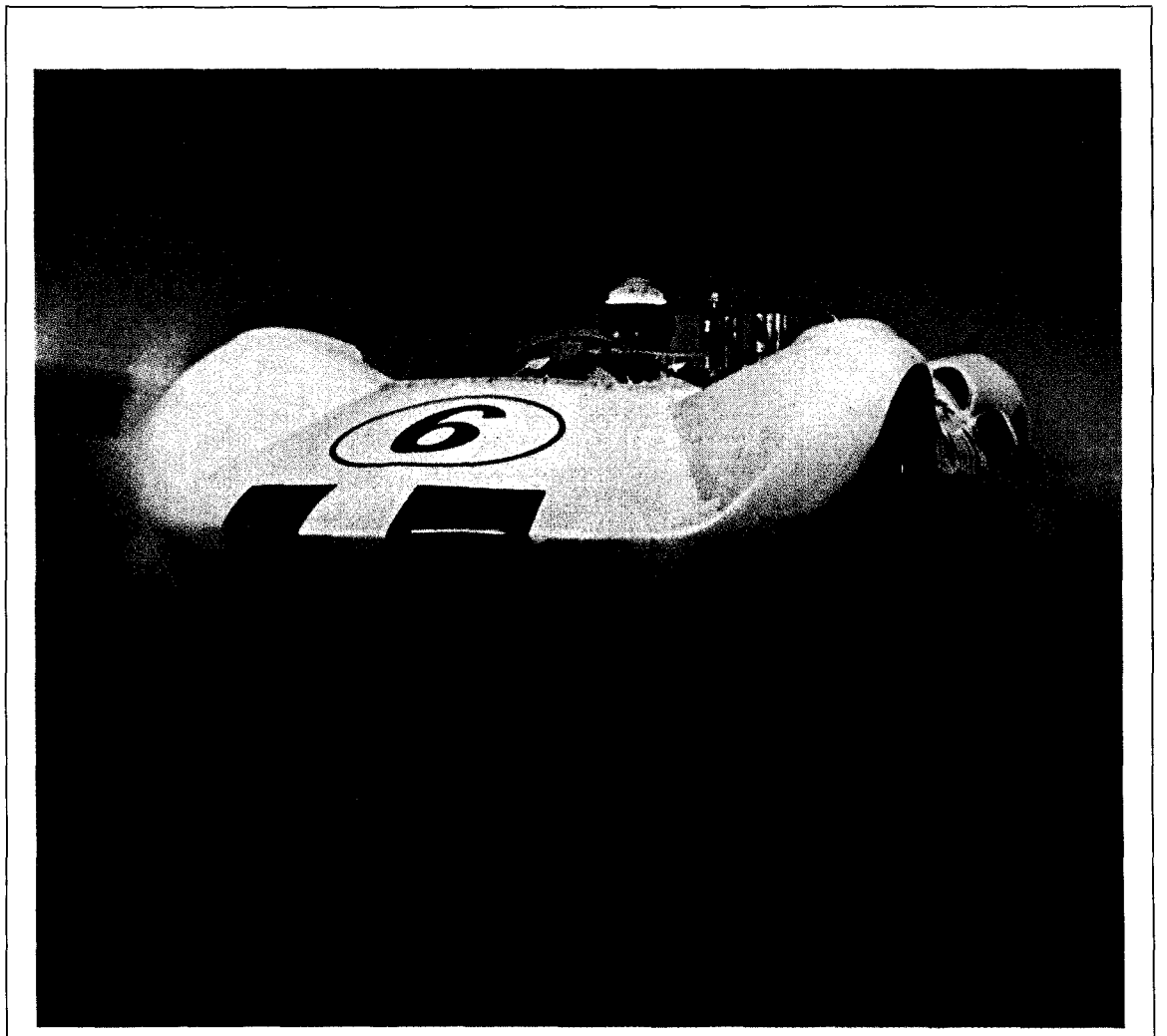
"There is no room or time in life for questions. Questions are the breeding ground of dissension, atheistic pestilence and war. I tell you that when I hear men talking together and one man asks another a question, I want to go up and shake that man!

"Look at your tragic secular literature: Faust is punished for asking questions. Oedipus is. Hell is a questioner's answer. Nature's sinuous and hideous serpent forms a question mark as he writhes along the ground. So did he in Paradise! So does he in Hades!

"Ask me no questions I'll tell you no lies, the poet says. No one has ever heard me ask questions."

"What do you do when you're lost?" a man asked.

"Who gets lost?" the bearded man roared.



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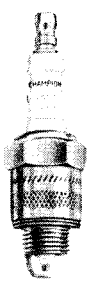

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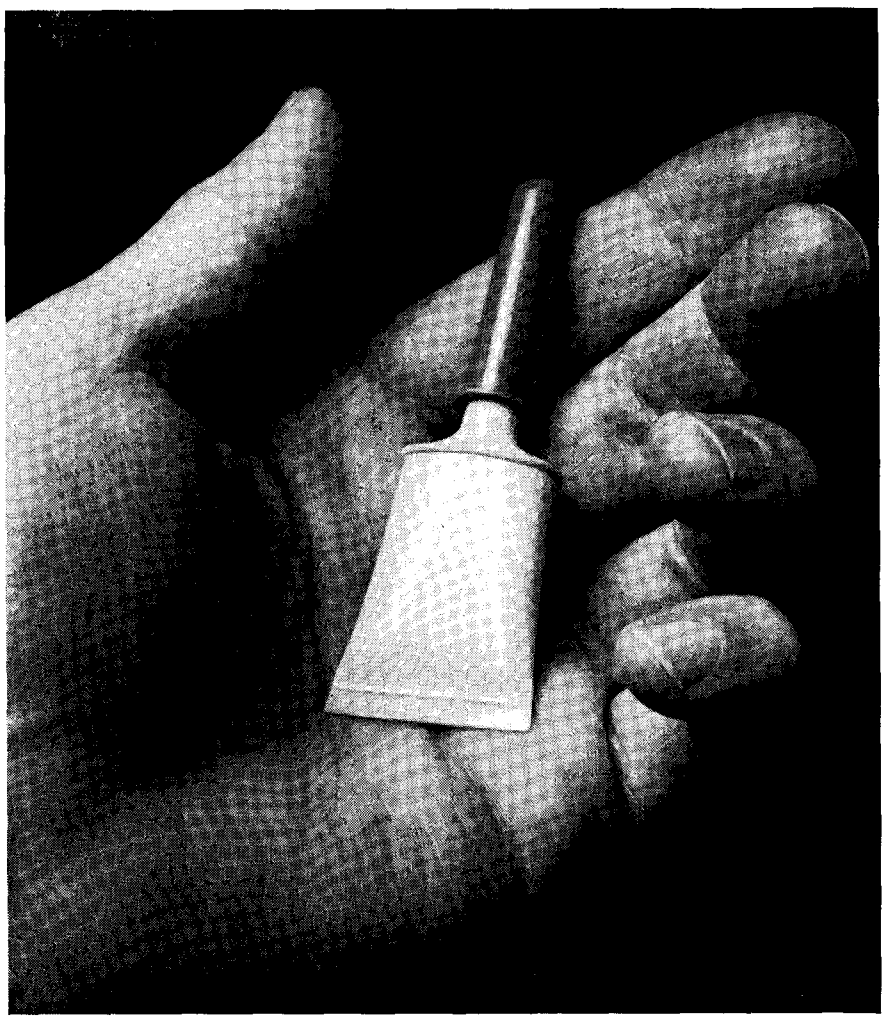

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Perlmutter pulled away, turning carefully, conscious again of the heavy pack, feeling clumsy.

"When do *you* speak?" a boy said, coming up to him. He was young, vaguely tough. "I been here a hundred times. I never heard you speak."

He pushed past the boy.

Five men stood casually before a lamppost. One, jacketless, his bare arms slackly ribbed with long, stretched veins, addressed the others in a husky, conversational tone. Morty could not be sure whether he was a speaker or someone who had come there to chat with the others.

"Forty years I had a store in The Bronx," he said, "and I tell you the important thing is the right markup."

Another interrupted him. "That's all very well. Of course, markup is important ——"

"The *right* markup, I said."

"All right, the *right* markup, but more important is knowing how much of an item to stock."

"No, no," a third said, "it's the timing, knowing when to sell what. You got to understand the needs of the neighborhood."

"Display. Display is everything," a fourth joined in. "In the proper package you could sell a rat on a stick."

"I don't know," the last man said. "I think goodwill. Goodwill is very important."

Morty left them and went toward a tall, gray-haired woman a few yards away.

"The salvation of the world," she said calmly, "can only lay in the successful efforts of our organization to bring to bear as a practical, major influence in all the underdeveloped nations, as well as in all the presently constituted world powers, Free and Iron curtain, the noble principles of the universal Republican Party!"

When he turned away he saw the boy who had asked when he would speak. A friend was with him, and the two of them pointed to Perlmutter. The boy who had spoken nudged his friend expectantly.

Morty went toward the largest group he had yet seen, the people standing in a sort of deep, shapeless huddle. They shifted from foot to foot like people dancing in place and craned their necks back and forth nervously, endlessly, evidently trying to obtain some momentary view of the speaker hidden amongst them. They reminded Morty of the pigeons he had seen the old lady feeding in the park. Maybe this time, he thought, and moved closer. From where he stood, still at the perimeter of the crowd, he couldn't hear the speaker. He would have moved away, but just then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw that the two boys were still following him. To get away from them he pushed harshly against the people straining to get a look at the speaker. When they saw he wore a knapsack they dropped back, intimidated and docile, and then closed around him again as though pouring in to fill up an imaginary wake.

Now he was surrounded and, seemingly, no closer to the speaker he still could not hear. He lunged forward, the canvas hump climbing unsmoothly on his back, and pushed through the final ring of people. There, in the center of the crowd, was a tiny man, shirtless, bald, explaining in a thin, wavering voice pitched like a whisper, the tattoos that completely covered his torso and arms and hands and face and skull. It was as if he had been impossibly wrapped in a tight, shiny oriental rug. He raised his left arm and pointed with a tattooed finger to tattooed hair etched into his shaved armpit.

Morty stumbled past him without looking and, arms extended, reached into the crowd behind the man, jabbing at them stiffly to make them move.

When he emerged, the boys were waiting for him. Now there were four of them.

One came forward as if to speak to him, and another reached out to touch the pack on his back. Morty jerked violently away. Somewhere he had lost his stick. He only realized it now that he meant to strike them with it. They continued to trail him in a sort of sneering casualness, and he turned on them.

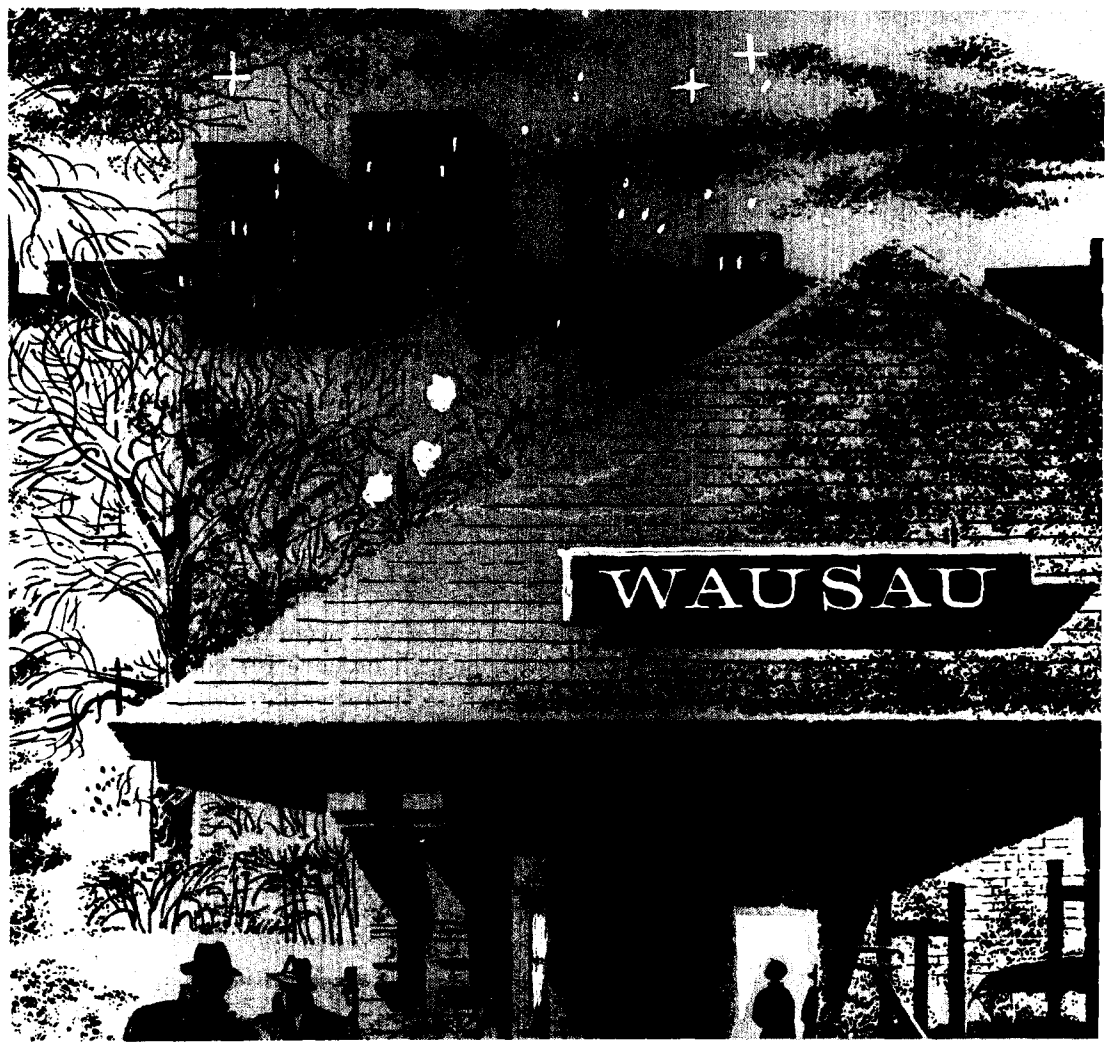
"I am not defenseless," he said. "Stop following me."

"It's a free park, ain't it?" one said. "When are you going to speak? Are you going to speak or ain't you?"

"People must . . ." a voice said suddenly, clearly. "That's what I've been trying to tell you." So abruptly had the voice broken into all their consciousnesses that even the boys looked away to see its source.

"It's the Professor," someone at the edge of one of the groups said, and Morty could see the sudden turning of a dozen heads, faces slamming alert.

The little station...



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"Where?" one asked.

"There. It's the Professor. The Professor is going to speak."

The groups dissolved, the speakers around whom they had been standing suddenly abandoned in mid-sentence, their mouths still open in stunned discouragement. Thirty feet away Morty saw the tattooed man appear as the crowd around him broke up. He had put on a hat and was buttoning his shirt.

Morty stumbled after the rushing crowds, but his knapsack was an almost unbearable weight now and he could not keep up. Already the crowds had reformed into a single mass. Morty caught up and tried to push through but they shoved him back, his assertiveness, even his knapsack, no longer seeming to have any effect on them.

"People must serve . . ." the voice sang out, hopelessly hidden from Morty. He was struck by its precision and strength and clarity, by the wholesome sweetness of its range and timbre. He could not really tell if it was the voice of a man or a woman. It could even have been a child's.

"It's what I've been trying to tell you, trying to say," it went on.

This would be it, Morty thought, alarmed and startled and pleased. This would be it and it would be worth it. That was the incredible thing. For a moment he regretted the ordinance that forbade platforms, but then he realized it made no difference that he couldn't see the speaker.

"People must serve . . ." the voice said again, very slowly. "It's what I've been trying to say, to make you understand, it's what you must learn for the guilt . . . it's the only thing that will help it, the guilt . . . help the guilt —— People must serve."

The splendid beauty of the voice thrilled him. Even the others were hushed. Far away, against a tree, the policeman leaned, his face as rapt as any there. The man who believed in fire and the man who never asked questions stood together, staring toward the voice, their faces, like Morty's own, waiting, calm.

"People must serve—" the voice said, tired now, strained with the effort of mouthing the first premise of the universe "—must serve their necessity. People must serve their necessity—knuckle under to their necessity."

Morty waited for the voice to go on. In the silence that followed the last pronouncement Morty and everyone else—there were hundreds now, it seemed, perhaps thousands—stood in thick, sedative patience.

They waited like that five minutes, perhaps ten.

Then someone shrugged. And another did. And a man sighed. And a fourth coughed. And someone else was the first to turn around and walk away. And then others did. And then, in a distant corner of the square, a rough voice began a new address. And then Morty could not see where the people had stood to listen to the voice. "Tch, tch," he said sadly. "Tch tch tch." It was the beginning of his compassion.

They had no preparation, no facts, no languages, no questions, no years behind them of jungle and pole and city and sex, no totems, no tokens, none of the trillion knowledges, none of the patience that Morty brought there. What would they have heard, what could they have made of it? To them it had been babble, less than nonsense. He had prepared and everything had been made good. Redeemed, he thought. He was excited as he had never been excited. No, yes. Once, he thought. When he had first conceived of what his life must be.

He had begun to tremble. A man, passing him, stared. "What's eating that one?" he heard him say to his wife.

He slipped the straps of his knapsack off his shoulders and down over his arms and let it fall behind him.

He turned and climbed on it, standing slowly, awkwardly, striving violently for balance on the soft, uncertain perch.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began. He was glad the weather was warm. He would have weeks of it yet. In the fall the nights would be cool, but there were the big, folded Cajawohl heat leaves in his knapsack. If he were careful the Sambatlian total food berries might last half a year. When his throat grew dry he could get water from the fountain. They turned it off in late October, although there was now a proposal before the city council to extend the shut-off date of the park fountains until the freezing weather came in December. He might have to leave out a few things if he was to finish the synthesis before death came, but it couldn't do him any good to waste time worrying about that. "Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated. "Ladies and gentlemen and Rose Gold. . . ." □

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COUNT THREE AND STICK YOUR FOOT IN IT

By EUGENE D. BALSLEY

An auto racer makes a lot of circles to end up in the same place he began, and the real contest is over before the race even starts.

The morning sun comes up fast and hot in the high country. There is no city smoke, less atmosphere to soften the rays; so that already the interior of the tent was becoming hot, and smells of sleep and dampness were raised and beginning to circulate.

Groping down between the sleeping bags, Oliver Drum found his cigarettes. Stepping over the girl without waking her, he moved outside and smoked briefly before picking his way around the other tents and trailers to use the campsite's privy.

Half a mile away at the track a driver accelerated hard, pumping raw gasoline onto cold racing plugs, making an unnatural sound that rose, increased, and died in a series of choking misfires.

Oliver washed, splashing himself with the sulfurous country water that fed into the improvised washbasin. He felt his face, decided not to bother about shaving, and, returning to the tent, fumbled for his shirt and dried himself with it before putting it on. Once again he stepped over the girl, and taking his canvas bag walked out into the morning.

Ahead of him, the gravel road swept first downhill to the main highway; then ran along in the flat until it crossed the track itself, then began to tilt sharply upward toward the paddock where the cars waited.

Where the gravel intersected the track, Oliver stood back to let a solitary car pass; it coasted through, its engine feathered to a snappish rumble. The driver waved impersonally, faceless behind his plastic visor, and accelerated sharply and insolently around the bend and out of sight.

Oliver felt the perspiration begin. By the time he reached the paddock and his car, his eyes were stinging from his own salt.

The paddock and adjoining pits were deserted, but below at the bottom of the hill a Microbus was unloading corner-workers and their necessary flags, pry bars, telephone sets, fire extinguishers. Oliver took his red driving coverall from the canvas bag and went into the underbrush that edged the paddock. He was unproductively sick; then he changed into the driving coverall, lit a cigarette, and returned to start the engine. It caught at once, running unevenly with a high, bright, popping noise. As it warmed, Oliver eased the choke in toward the instrument panel. Then, helmeted and belted in his seat, he snapped the cigarette away and bumped the machine over the rutted ground to the track.

When he knew he had the eye of the sleepy flagman at the Start-Finish line, Oliver pulled up until one wheel rested on the verge. A car, probably the one he had seen at the bottom of the hill, roared toward the flagman and passed, its light scream lingering on the wind. The flagman continued motionless in the middle of the track as if lost in thought; then he aimed the staff of the yellow flag at Oliver, squinted up and down the track for approaching cars, and waved him onto the racecourse. Oliver swung the car out, glancing back over his shoulder, and began his first practice laps.

A *proper* track for sports cars ought to alternate interesting, fairly difficult curved sections with pleasant, no-nonsense straightaways—where the driver can tighten his belt, twist the stiffness out of his neck, wipe the perspiration from forehead and visor and perhaps congratulate himself if he was good in the last turn.

Ahead he may see the next turn coming fast; but the driver still has time: to see who might be threatening behind him, to check his instruments, even to glance at the stretch-pants girls in the funny, ribboned hats, who line the road at every racing circuit.

Then at this point on a proper track the driver—now going quite fast, quite close to the beginning of the next corner—is composed for his work. He has reviewed the technical problems of what he is about to do and tried to remember what he did wrong last time through this turn, and he is now, hopefully, ready to go through quickly without disgracing himself—or getting killed.

This orderly driver toes the brake, slows the car, floors the clutch, bangs the accelerator with his heel to bring engine revs up—watching the tachometer so he doesn't blow the engine apart—and changes to the appropriate lower gear. Again he kicks the brake, sets his steering for the coming effort and drifts or slides through his turn loudly and bravely to recover and speed into the next straight section with its almost pleasant mechanical routines and merely the duty of going fast and anticipating the next bend.

This was not a proper track: Oliver saw the road for perhaps a hundred yards before it fell from sight, down, out from under him between high, wooded banks. At speed, the banks were a solid brown panel, and the trees were a gray fence with a bright green top, and Oliver was driving at the bottom of the steep trough they formed. The car floated on

Illustrated by Mark English

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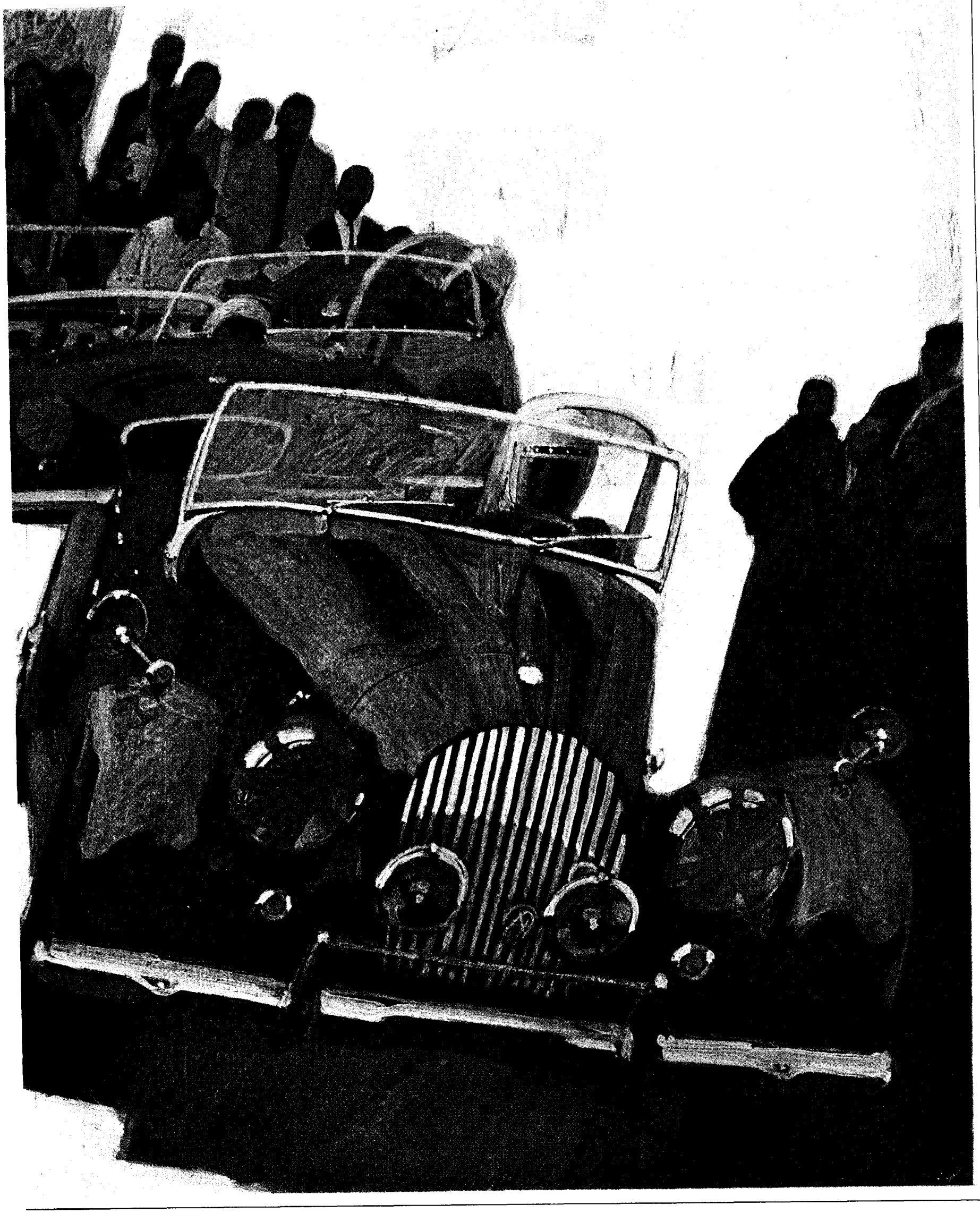

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THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN QUALITY DEALER AWARD

AWARDED BY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR CITIZENSHIP, COMMUNITY SERVICE

AND CONTRIBUTION

TO THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

TO

HERBERT ALLEN ABRAMSON

1965

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This Man Won his Industry's Most Coveted Award

Herbert Allen Abramson, winner of the 1965 Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award.

Herbert Allen Abramson sells automobiles in Newton, Massachusetts.

He is a successful businessman. But his real success is measured in the esteem of his fellow citizens and in his own well earned sense of accomplishment.

He is the 1965 winner of The Saturday Evening Post's Benjamin Franklin Quality dealer award. The citation on his cast bronze plaque reads: "awarded...for citizenship, community service and contribution to the automobile industry."

Mr. Abramson is exemplary. But he is also typical. Few groups of independent businessmen can approach the record of franchised automotive dealers everywhere in their dedication to service and responsibility to their customers. Nor in their welcome acceptance of civic obligations.

We at The Saturday Evening Post are convinced that dedication to *service* in both business and community life lies at the heart of our free enterprise system. And that the manner in which Mr. Abramson conducts his business in Newton is important throughout our country.

The purpose of the Benjamin Franklin Award is to focus national attention on the admirable qualities Mr. Abramson and the *21 winners* of Honors Awards and Merit Awards represent. We are proud to join with the National Automobile Dealers Association and the Automotive Trade Association Managers in presenting this sixth Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award.

1965 Winners of Benjamin Franklin Honors and Merit Awards

W. E. Black—Albuquerque, New Mexico
W. T. Brown—Greenville, Mississippi
John S. Christian, Sr.—Greenfield, Indiana
Albert Edwards—Lansing, Michigan
Albert W. Golden—Reading, Pennsylvania
George Neil Higgins—Ferndale, Michigan
Edward Tully Horner—Helena, Arkansas
W. G. Horton—Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Hal Hoyle, Sr.—Lincolnton, North Carolina
John Henry Kultgen—Waco, Texas
Theodore C. Mallon—Norwich, Connecticut
Charles C. Maykel—Worcester, Massachusetts
Allen Mims—Rocky Mount, North Carolina
L. C. Mueller—Oakes, North Dakota
Harold S. Pingrey—Selah, Washington
Herbert G. Roberts—Dyersburg, Tennessee
John Cabell Swanson—Danville, Virginia
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W. Earl Zenge—Canton, Missouri

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1960 Winner	1961 Winner	1962 Winner	1963 Winner	1964 Winner
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The National Automobile Dealers Association / The Automotive Trade Association Managers

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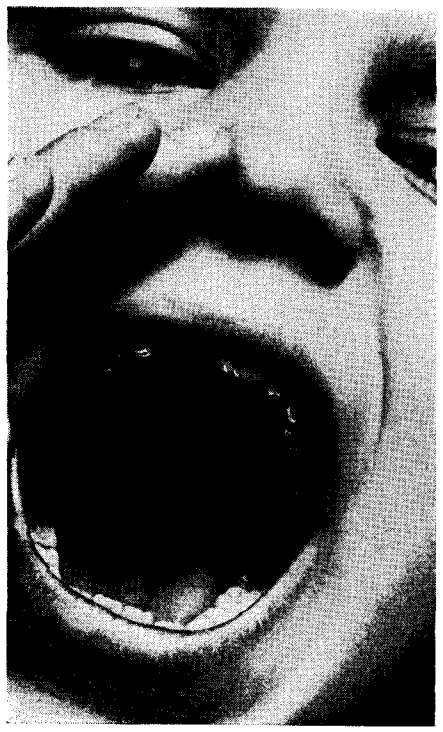

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AGE OF CHILD PHONE

M.D.'s please note: A scientific paper, "People in Distress," is available. Please request on your letterhead.

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its tires, the hood tugging hard at its spring fasteners, lifting. Then the delicate wheels slammed against the snubbers as the road rocketed up, hooked to the right, and erupted into a banked bowl.

He left the bowl crammed into his seat by the same force that brought howls from the deformed tires and pressed the wheels hard against their springs. At once the road lurched right and, quickly, left, straining again to the right through a series of alarming bends that were endless and without a patterned sequence but only a marathon of engine heat and oil, of braking, changing gears, and sawing the steering wheel from lock to lock to keep the roadbed from escaping forever, leaving only hills and trees behind.

Oliver emerged from the bends dazed and frightened as the course took a long sweep around a green, swampy pond. Here there should have been a moment to sift right from left, to recover, to look at gauges; but the course shifted, lifted, and rose to a crest. As the car topped the rise, the road fell away once more, leaving the nose of the car pointed the wrong way, left, toward a scarred-steel retaining fence. The treacherous road deserted to the right and escaped. Oliver wrenched the wheel in pursuit of the track and, tires trailing over the shoulder of the road, launching a thousand gravel projectiles, he got through and around. Behind, long after he had gone, a cloud of powdery dust hung and lingered.

A high-speed left turn tipped the car. Oliver's right leg crushed painfully against the door; the left-side wheels sagged in their wells, letting daylight in under the fenders. Without pause he was committed to a loop that shot him back parallel, in the direction he had come from.

He was on the high wall now, the banking where the cars would hang like circus cyclists in contempt of gravity. And then he was down on the straight section, wobbly but level, at full speed past the flagman at the Start-Finish and toward the trough where the road fell away and the circuit began again. He went around in growing fear of the track: the section of marathon corners, the high and bumpy banking, the lifting turn where the car fought to dive into the steel fence. On the third lap he saw the girl had come up to the track with her stopwatches and lap charts. On the fourth lap she was waiting, and he nodded sharply as he passed and saw her punch the watch to begin timing him. He went around the circuit five times, each time watching for the girl in the blur of the straight as she held up his chalked lap times on the blackboard.

Each time around he saw his times were bad, and after the fifth lap he came in, coasting, and bumped the car back to the paddock, steering around and through the other cars and drivers beginning to arrive for early practice.

He let the engine run easily, just above an idle, allowing the hot, frothy oil enough time to cool, collect and run down to the oil pan. When he'd shut down the engine, the girl was coming toward him with paper cups of coffee. He took off the helmet, stuffed the wet driving gloves in it, and set it on the floor mat. As he climbed from the car he noticed his hands were shaking badly; and he hid them in the side pockets of the coverall, bumping the car door shut with his hip. He slouched on the railing that bounded the paddock and looked down at the ground as if he did not see the girl approaching.

"Cream and sugar," she said brightly, taking a place next to Oliver at the railing. She looked like most of the girls found around the race courses, wearing a little too much makeup applied under imperfect conditions of visibility. Oliver had more or less inherited her from an Alfa driver who had left the city, taking his car but leaving the girl behind. It would not have mattered much to Oliver if he had this girl or another to hold the stopwatches.

Peeling the lid from the container, she held it out to him. "I forgot to tell them 'black' until it was too late." Oliver looked up at her for the first time, smiling thinly. He kept his hands in his pockets.

"Well, take it," she said. "It's nourishing and wholesome with cream and sugar. Too many young urban Americans drink black coffee. It's bad for the liver, or something." She held the container close to Oliver, almost forcing it upon him.

He took it doubtfully. It was hot and too full of coffee, and because his hands were still unsteady, he slopped a good deal of coffee on the ground. He discovered it was possible to hold the coffee successfully only by holding the cup in both hands and bracing his elbows against his ribs. He sipped the coffee without speaking. The girl waited. Finally she lit a cigarette and put it in his mouth. Oliver nodded his thanks.

"You look a little nervous," the girl said. "Your times were lousy."

"Thanks," he said.

"I didn't mean it quite like that," she said. "I was wondering . . ." She let the sentence trail off.

"I was wondering myself," Oliver said, and suddenly the anger welled up in him. "I was wondering what makes you so cheerful and affable and well adjusted this early. How do you get so brisk and impersonal and so clinical?"

"All right," the girl said. "I don't blame you."

Oliver stood with the girl, furious with her and with himself. Perhaps a dozen cars had gathered and were waiting lined up for the flagman's signal to enter the course. In the distance a tight group of brightly colored cars was approaching the flagman. They roared past, their exhausts splitting the hot air. They were gone as quickly as they had appeared, down between the high wooded banks, and were only a flash of metal through the trees and a distant droning sound.

"Seriously, Oliver," she said, when the cars had gone.

"I notice," he said, "that whenever someone says 'seriously, Oliver,' they've got something unpleasant to say."

The sound of engines rose again, making talk almost impossible: More cars at speed tore past; the flagman waved the remaining waiting drivers out for practice. When they had gone, leaving a stink of burnt castor oil on the wind, Oliver began again.

"What were you going to say?" he asked when the noise died out. The girl bit her lip and shook her head. "Something impersonal and clinical and a little unpleasant, for my own good?" Oliver could not stop himself. "Something a little unpleasant beginning 'seriously, Oliver'?"

The girl shook her head again, quickly, and Oliver was astonished to see that tears were running down the patchy makeup on her cheeks.

"What I wanted to say, to ask you," the girl said, "was your lap times." She stopped to blow her nose and then picked up the clipboard and went on. "Your lap times were 1:59.7 and then 1:59.2. You got it down to 1:55.3, but then it was 1:64.9 and 1:65, and you came in. I wondered if there was something wrong with the car."

Oliver held up his hands, still trembling, for the girl to see. "It's not the car, it's the track, and myself, I guess. I guess it's not my day."

"Well then, the hell with it," she said, drying her eyes. She took a mirror from her bag and began patching the makeup.

"You can't find a decent line through the turns," Oliver said. "And if you go

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Madam Hildegarde's Charm School—what the hell ya want?"

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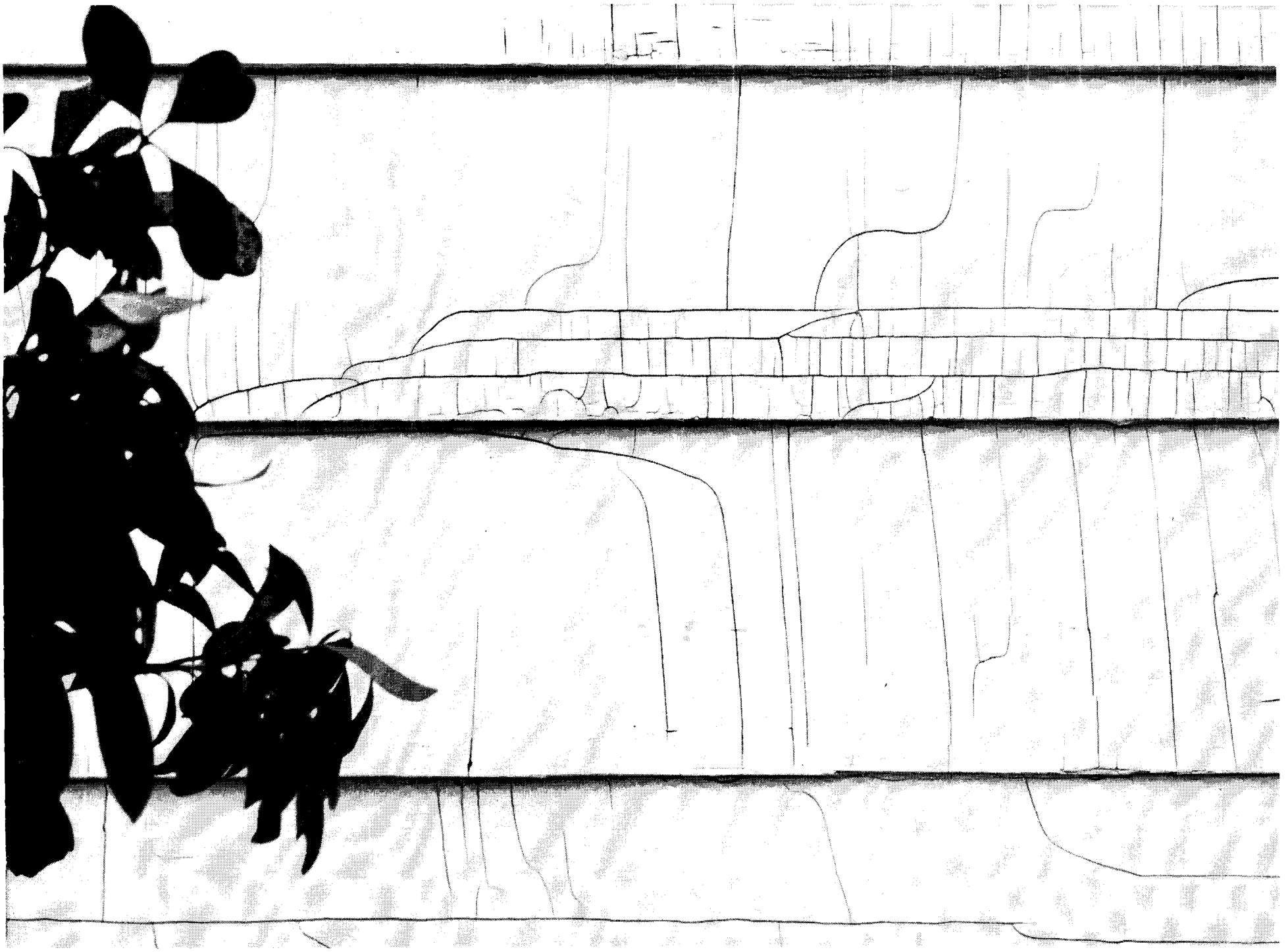

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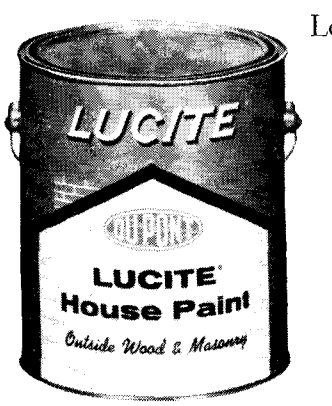

Less work . . . more wear

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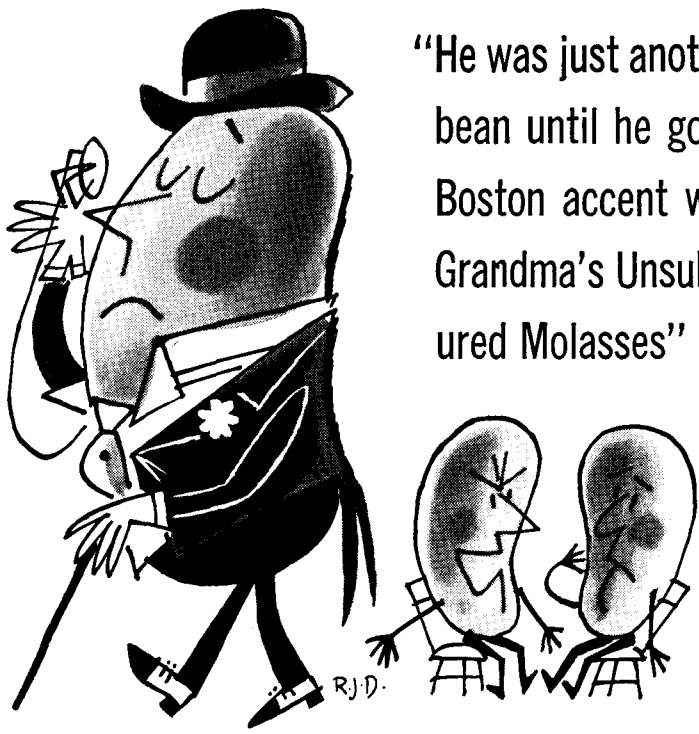
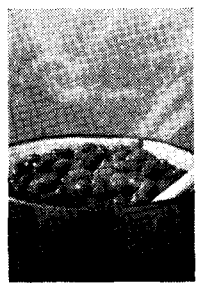


"He was just another bean until he got a Boston accent with Grandma's Unsulph-ured Molasses"



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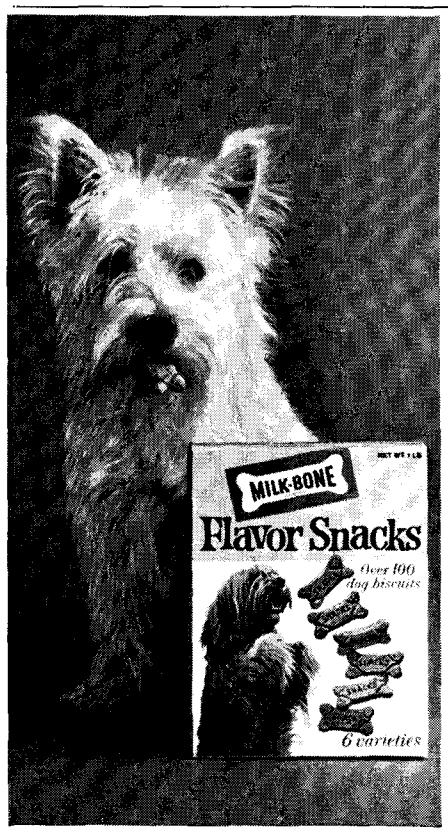

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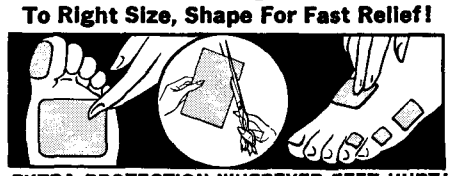

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in right, you're set wrong coming out for the next one. I never can remember which way the next one goes."

"If it's not fun, forget it. It's making you miserable, and you're making me miserable. So, the hell with it."

"It's easier to go ahead and drive it than it is to pack up and leave," Oliver said. "Besides, they've got my fifteen dollars."

"It's not worth getting killed," the girl said. She finished her coffee with great decision and ground the empty cup into the ground with her heel.

"I suppose not." He led the girl to the car and opened the driver's-side door for her. She got in and he pointed to the Firestone truck across the paddock. She started the engine and drove away. Oliver walked along after her. When he reached the truck, she had moved up in the line of cars waiting for air. In a moment, Oliver got the air hose and circled the car, checking and inflating each tire to forty pounds. Then he got in, and she drove them across the bumpy grass to the Pure Oil truck for free oil and gasoline. From there, she steered back to their parking place. Oliver reached across in front of her and shut off the engine.

In the quiet that followed she said, "Let it go, Oliver. It's not as if it was money. I mean, if you don't feel like it, don't."

A long string of cars went past, and Oliver got out and opened the door for the girl. Then he took the driver's seat, fastened himself into the seat belt and started the engine. He put on the damp helmet and the clammy driving gloves.

"I'll go out again and see how it goes. If it's no good, I'll come in." Oliver managed a smile and a wave of the hand.

The girl turned away, taking the collection of watches and the clipboard, and walked toward her place at the track without speaking or looking back. Oliver drove to the entrance and took his place in the line of cars waiting for the flagman. In a moment they were all waved on, and Oliver went with them toward the place where the road went downhill.

He tried first to keep the speed of the car to a respectable minimum, thinking ahead as well as he could, trying to remember what if anything he had learned about the vicious pattern of turns and bends—guessing how each one would be and then checking his guess as he actually arrived. He was conscious of fear, but it was really, as he examined it, fear of looking foolish, of having a ridiculous accident, of appearing to go slowly and cautiously. The thought of being killed or badly hurt had its own tragic dignity, and it was certainly better than looking silly.

All around the track, corner-workers had taken up their stations, laid out their signal flags; and now they had sufficient traffic on the course to be quite essential. As Oliver started around for his third fairly fast round, one of them, natty in white coveralls, stepped out to wave a bright blue plywood disc at the car—indicating the fast approach of someone overtaking. The mirror reflected a red Maserati bearing down like a shark in pursuit of a small, lone fish. Oliver made a crisp gesture to the left, indicating he'd seen the Maserati and expected to be passed on the left. The Maserati shaved past Oliver's car and vanished around the bend.

The girl was waiting in the straight. Each time as he passed she looked at him, and each time he shook his "no" she lowered the clipboard with its watches and relaxed. Then as he came into the straight once more, down from the high wall, there was another blue disc waving. Oliver caught a glint of chrome in his mirror, and an old Jaguar belted through into the straight and passed him. Without willing it or even thinking he was doing it, Oliver pressed hard on his accelerator and chased the Jaguar. For the next four laps they were nearly even—the old car faster in the corners and Oliver catching him in the few straight sections.

Now when Oliver saw the girl stationed in the straight, he nodded "yes" and saw her faithfully punch the watches.

On one companionable lap, Oliver chased the Jaguar into a cluster of Porsches that looked to Oliver like a school of porpoises working at some cheerful snub-nosed game, and he laughed out loud. The corner-worker at the next turn waved his blue disc at the Porsches; and Oliver and the Jaguar went through and around them to hunt each other down the road leading to the banked bowl. His hood floated off the springs restraining it and slammed down again and again, but somehow it all seemed so much less dangerous than before.

After changing gears for a bend, Oliver noticed that his tachometer was well past the red warning line; he realized he was still in third gear. He pushed the clutch to the floor, selected fourth gear, and hoped for the best as he let up the clutch.

There was a loud, tortured groan. The Jaguar slowed as if suddenly mired in heavy mud and skidded off onto the verge. Only then Oliver realized it must have been the older machine that had tired, burst, and given up the struggle. He passed close to the Jaguar and pulled up in a shower of gravel, steering well off the roadway onto the shoulder. Behind him, the Jaguar driver had the hood up and was aiming a small fire extinguisher at the source of oily smoke in the engine compartment. In the distance, two white-coveralled corner-workers were running toward the Jaguar.

Together, Oliver and the Jaguar driver put out the fire and were shoving the disabled car as far off the track as possible before the corner-workers arrived.

"Give you a lift to the pits?" Oliver asked. The Jaguar driver pulled off his helmet. He was a well-worn, good-looking, sunburned man of perhaps fifty. They shook hands. The older man said, "I'm Dan Quick."

Oliver introduced himself and then, embarrassed, said, "Well, you're not 'quick' anymore."

Quick furrowed his forehead, puzzled, and Oliver added, "Not with *that* car."

Quick nodded, thoughtfully, as if he'd just taken in an interesting and rather important piece of information. "I guess you're right," he said.

"Come on," Oliver said. "Get in. I'll drop you at the pits, and you can have the wrecker pick up the car."

"If it's all the same with you," Quick said, "drop me at Corner Seven.

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My wife's there working telephone, and I can have company in my misery."

They got in Oliver's car, and Oliver said, "Which one's Seven?"

"The one after the swamp, at the top of the hill, where you always come up wrong floating for the fence."

"Oh," said Oliver, "that one."

"That one," said Quick, grinning.

They went around the course, keeping well to the inside and looking out for overtaking cars. Oliver came to the hill leading to Corner Seven—where each time he had just managed to miss the fence and trail his wheels through the dust and gravel. Past the corner, he pulled off the track and stopped to let Quick out.

As he got out, Quick said, "Thanks. I'll go over and give my wife the bad news."

A car roared into the turn behind them, too fast, lifting dangerously, tilting, as the driver fought to keep off the steel fence. At the corner the yellow flag went up. The car lurched, caught, spun around, and went off the far side of the track. The driver leaned far over the wheel, as if unable to continue without collapsing. Oliver whistled with surprise and concern.

"Another plumber," Quick said without scorn.

Over at Corner Seven they were changing the yellow flag for green. "I don't know," said Oliver, "I haven't had much luck with figuring it out myself."

"All make the same mistake," said Quick. "They get a thing about the fence, and they turn too soon. You have to go in deep, close to the fence. And then you wait, and after a while you put on full lock and kick it around the corner."

"If you don't wait too long and hit the fence," said Oliver, laughing.

"You don't hit the fence. Coming up the hill you go straight, and just before the top, you tap the brake, before the car lifts off on that little crest. That brings the front wheels down first when you land. Then you want to wait until you're right under that telephone wire that goes overhead."

Oliver looked at the telephone wire and nodded.

"Then, when you're right under the wire, you count to three, put on full lock and give the brake another little tap to set up the drift. Then, stick your foot in it, and you'll come around like you were on rails!"

"I see," said Oliver. "Thanks. Good luck. Nice to meet you."

"My pleasure," said Quick. "And thanks for the lift." He turned and walked toward the group of corner-workers, limping a little as if his feet hurt.

Oliver got back in his car and drove around toward the Start-Finish line. In the mirror, he could see them helping the driver who had gone off the road.

Coming into the straight section, he saw the girl and realized she had been holding the watches all this time, waiting and wondering where he was. As he passed she shook her fist at him. He shrugged, making a gesture of helplessness with his hands. He went firmly toward the banked bowl, accelerating hard, turning into the endless series of S-turns and running fast past the water, the swampy boundary of the bend going up the hill toward Corner Seven.

As he drove he was repeating, "under the wire and wait . . . count three . . . brakes . . . lock . . . full gas. . . ." He roared bravely up the hill toward the crest. Just when he felt the car about to lift, he tapped the brake pedal.

As the car came down, Oliver felt the shock absorbers shudder taking the strain of the impact as he fought to keep from steering away from the steel fence. Now the wire was overhead. Oliver counted as Quick had told him, counted before wrenching the steering wheel to full lock for the turn. At the same time he stamped the brake pedal and clamped his foot on the accelerator. The fender of the car grazed the fence lightly; but at once Oliver was going backward, going away from the fence, then toward it, then back, turning in a circle. Then he was fully off the track, stopped in the center of a great cloud of dust. The people from the corner were running toward him fast and silent with fire extinguishers and blankets. Running behind them, Oliver saw Dan Quick.

He wanted to shout, to tell them he was all right, but it was too much of an effort to raise his voice. In a minute he would tell them. Meanwhile, let them come. The men from the corner seemed almost disappointed that both Oliver and the car were undamaged. They lingered a moment before shambling back to their stations carrying the equipment. Dan Quick remained behind, grinning cheerfully at Oliver.

"I don't know what you're so damn cheerful about," said Oliver. "'Count three'—I damn near went through the wall!"

"Mebbe you should have counted it a little faster," said Quick. He looked toward the fence and then back again.

"Yeah, maybe I should," Oliver said. "I hit the fence at about 'two and three-quarters.'"

Quick shrugged. "I figured you'd be nervous enough to be afraid of the fence and count it 'one two three.' Fast. I was wrong."

Oliver raised his eyebrows in genuine surprise. Before he could think of an answer, someone from Corner Seven called to Quick, "They want all the drivers at the Start-Finish line for a drivers' meeting."

Oliver tried the starter and noticed that somehow he had managed to turn the ignition off, correctly, although he had no memory of it. Now he switched the key on, and the engine started instantly and ran smoothly and evenly. He notched the lever into first gear, and as he was pulling back onto the course, Quick shouted to him, "Count three and stick your foot in it . . . but more nervous."

In his mirror, Oliver saw several people from the corner waving after him. He checked the sound and feel of the car against his memory of what it had been like before the accident; it felt solid under him, and unchanged. It sounded good. He accelerated noisily toward the cars clustered for the drivers' meeting.

Where the high bank led into the straight section, a cluster of spectators was waiting for the races to start. Ahead, among the bright cars and the lounging, unhelmeted drivers, he saw the girl. When she saw the car she jumped straight into the air, like a cheerleader; and Oliver drove toward her and the Start-Finish line. □

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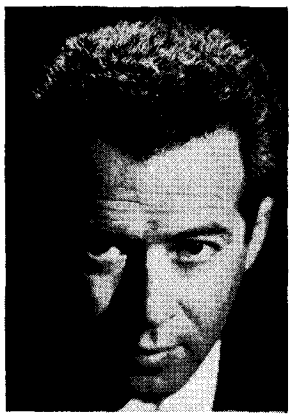
By HARRY LORAYNE



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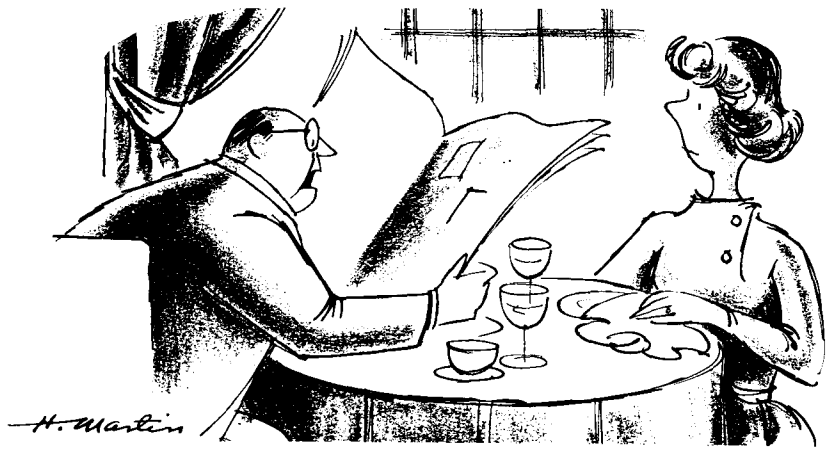
Post scripts

"Until we put up a sign for you, stay on this side, you hear?"

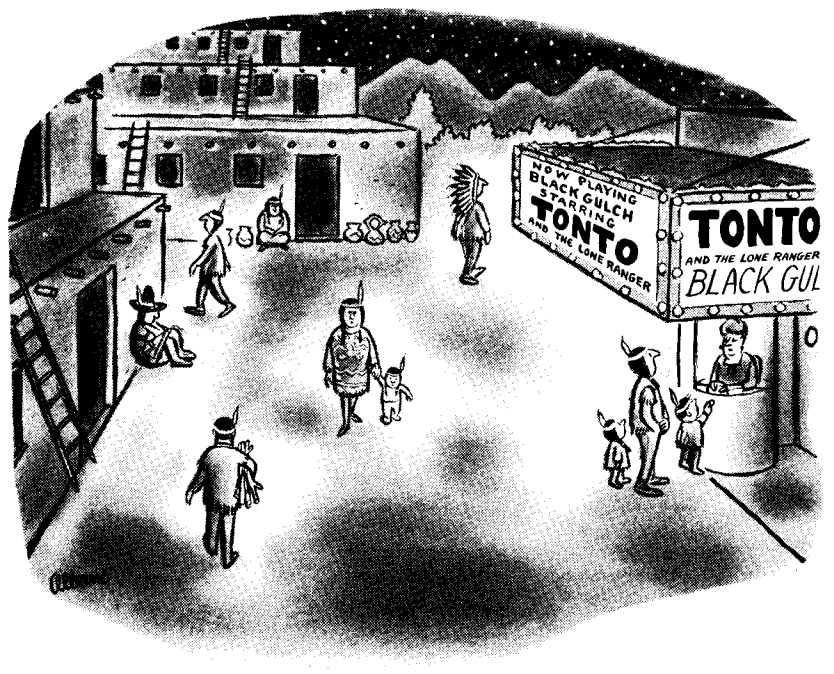


"Good heavens! Mother died!"

"It comes off."

"OK, but I absolutely have to have them by tomorrow."

"First, let me say that I'm really and truly sorry."



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See "Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea" ABC-TV and "90 Bristol Court" NBC-TV, Monday nights

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Designer of the topless swimsuit, transparent dinner dresses, and now the no-bra bra, Rudi Gernreich creates today's uproars and tomorrow's fashions as

The great idea boy

By Lewis H. Lapham • Photographs by Mark Kauffman

From Gernreich's imaginative brain have come such trend setters as the Kabuki bikini, the slip dress, the little-boy suit, the dot-and-stripe dress with matching tights, and the five-button bathing suit.

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Plastic "funvisors," left, are worn with newest of Rudi's swimsuits.

His designs—such as this linen—are classic as often as "Kooky."

RUDI GERNREICH comes to New York City twice a year, a small and often whimsical man dreaming of orange polka dots on purple silk, and girls with artificial flowers on their ears. His approach from Los Angeles invariably foretells a period of unrest and upheaval in the fashion world. The sophisticated ladies who rule that world, recognizing Gernreich as a visitor from what *Harper's Bazaar* once called "the wilder shores of chic," wait eagerly for his newest outrage. Mindful of his reputation as the most extreme, the farthest-out of all American dress designers, Rudi seldom disappoints them.

Last spring, of course, he brought the topless bathing suit. Its appearance, first in magazine and newspaper photographs and then in store windows, let loose a breathless furor that soon engulfed the civilized world. The publicity lasted almost three months, which, although roughly equivalent to the adult life of a swallowtail butterfly, is considered a very long time on Seventh Avenue, New York City's garment center. Opinion divided sharply among those who thought the bathing suit the harbinger of a new emancipation and those who dismissed it as a preposterous joke. *Izvestia*, the Soviet Government's newspaper in Moscow, denounced it as the product of a "decadent, money-bag society." In Paris a couturier named Jacques Esterel, desperate to follow the trend of unexpected nakedness but hard pressed for a new angle, instructed one of his models to shave her head.

On his next trip to New York, in late October, Rudi brought the "no-bra" brassiere, a transparent device to be worn under loose dresses or blouses, preferably also transparent. Although failing to excite the public imagination to the same degree of intensity as did the bathing suit, the bra promises to afford a sufficiently chic subject for interminable small talk during this winter's social season. It is to be followed by the "no-back bra" and the "no-side bra" this spring, according to Exquisite Form, the manufacturer.

The mention of Gernreich's name in fashion society nearly always occasions repeated use of the adjectives "amusing," "adorable" and "divine." To the ladies who deal in these definitions the words presumably convey clear and specific meanings, but to anybody unfamiliar with the correct terminology they remain dishearteningly vague.

The problem of communication is one to which Gernreich has long been accustomed. From his place at the forefront of the avant-garde he finds it troublesome to relay his dreams and visions to the main column of troops. The buyers for the larger department stores, timorous individuals loyal to the taste of the American housewife as computed by statistical averages, incline to suspect that Gernreich might be leading them off on hopelessly quixotic expeditions. This difficulty became apparent last summer in the midst of the bathing-suit crisis. So many people seemed to miss the point.

At the height of the crisis Gernreich staged a news conference and fashion show in his New York hotel, hoping to provide, as they say at State Department briefings, "clarification and background." Although the presentation accomplished neither of these worthy ends, it did at least offer an introduction to Gernreich's idea of fashion.

Smoking a long, black cigarette, he stood in the center of a room painted the color of summer squash. His appearance confirmed the rumors of a resemblance to a leprechaun. A lithe, almost elfin figure, he wore rakishly pointed shoes and a jacket made from the skins of Burmese water snakes. He spoke in a soft voice edged with faint irony, as if nothing he said should be taken very seriously. The expression in his eyes revealed a subtle and intelligent man rescued from despair by a humorous sense of the absurd.

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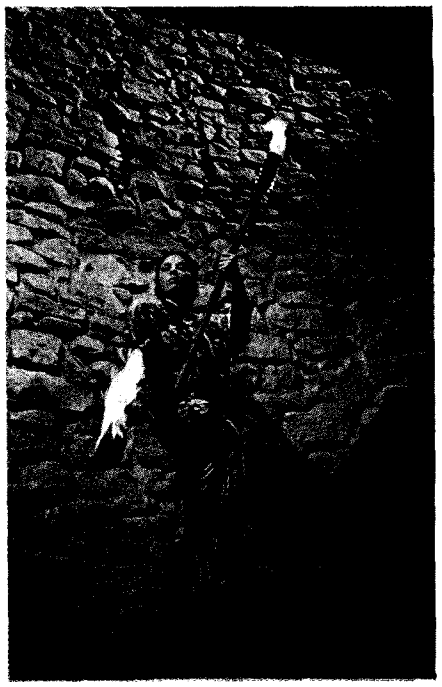
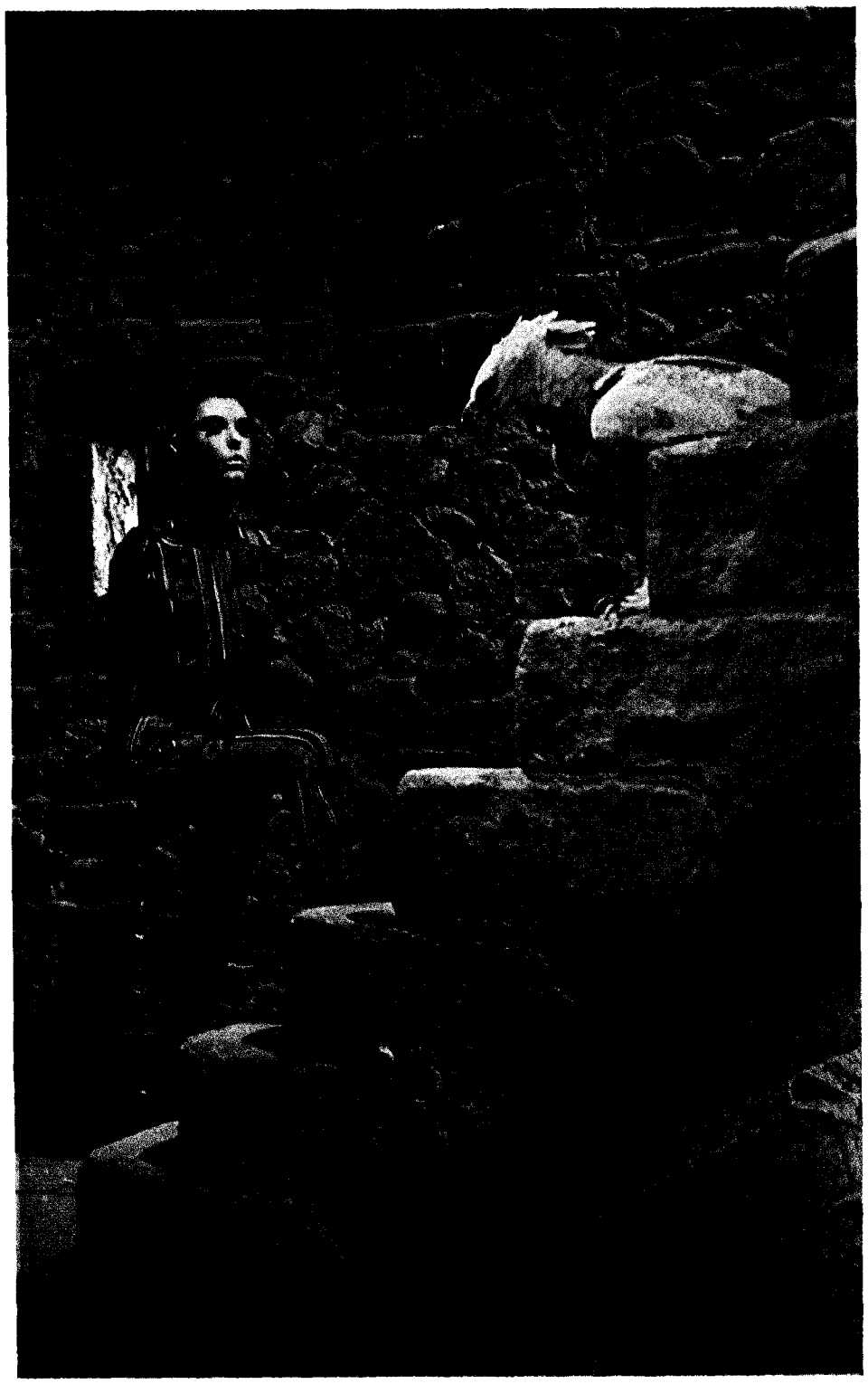


Last season's topless gives way to new ribbed-knit swimsuits (far right) for which Rudi designed vinyl boots and visors. All Gernreich footwear is made by Capezio.

The 11th-century sets for Universal's new movie "The War Lord" are a dramatic stage for the bold Gauguin-print dinner suit and hostess pajamas in same fabric.



RUDI GERNREICH

"If the bathing suit's a joke," he said, referring to the interpretation then dominant in the daily press, "it's not a joke because of itself, but because of what's happening in the world—which seems to me either funny or horrible, according to how you feel when you get up in the morning."

Except for that one remark, a casual aside in an obscure corner of the room, Gernreich restricted himself to the glossy chatter that serves as the lingua franca of the fashion world. To a girl in a blue hat, he said, as if imparting a dreadful secret to a wondering child, "I design for the ugly people."

The girl, who had just managed a complicated entrance involving an umbrella, a Pekingese and a shopping bag, giggled nervously, not quite recognizing the implied parody of *Vogue*'s category, "the beautiful people."

"Oh, yes, I see," she said blankly. "Of course."

Among the women eventually seated on sofas around the room were Barbra Streisand, the actress; Eugenia Sheppard, the women's feature editor for the New York *Herald Tribune*, and several scouts from *Harper's Bazaar*. Miss Streisand preserved a decorous silence all afternoon, peeking out at the proceedings from under a large and floppy hat. She seemed to admire the feathers and the boots.

Miss Sheppard, however, advanced an opinion on any and all matters of interest. Her fashion column, the most influential in New York, commands as much attention on Seventh Avenue as do the political columns of James Reston and Walter Lippmann on Capitol Hill. Of Gernreich she said, "Either you get the message or you hate him.... The great idea boy in the business, but sometimes it's more idea than most women can cope with."

At 42, still a young age in the fashion business, Gernreich bases his reputation as a creator of sports clothes on two categories of design. The first of these, his experimental work, includes, among other whimsies, a felt shift so stiff and so straight that it stands by itself and a knit bathing suit to be worn with plastic fishermen's boots and a plastic headpiece resembling a welder's mask.

The second and more substantial category includes the designs that were considered outlandish innovations several years ago but now are accepted as standard items. It was Gernreich, for instance, who first made the shirtwaist dress in expensive materials, who first combined stripes and polka dots in the same pattern, who first offered a bathing suit without an interior foundation. "All now classic stuff," Miss Sheppard said, referring to the latter category, "but they are not always so good on suburban matrons."

The women who wear Gernreich's clothes incline to be young, lean and urbane, living for the most part in New York, Los Angeles and Dallas. The Gernreich "look" demands a flamboyant, if not aggressive, sophistication not often found in Scarsdale or Wichita. Asked to characterize Rudi's clientele, Amelia Gray, the owner of a fashionable dress shop in Beverly Hills, once said, "Oh, you know, people who go here and there—the international set, not just dreary, drab personalities."

On that hectic, summer afternoon in New York, Gernreich's favorite model, Peggy Moffitt, showed the entire collection. A tall and eccentric-looking girl, her hair cut severely short like a boy's, her eyelids painted bright orange, she presented herself with the exaggerated melodrama of a heroine playing opposite Rudolph Valentino. Rudi prefaced each of her entrances with a few remarks about the cost of each costume. (His knit dresses and suits, manufactured by Harmon Knitwear, sell at prices of $59 to $79; his designs in more costly materials sell for $79 to $500.)

Peggy suited her walk to her idea of

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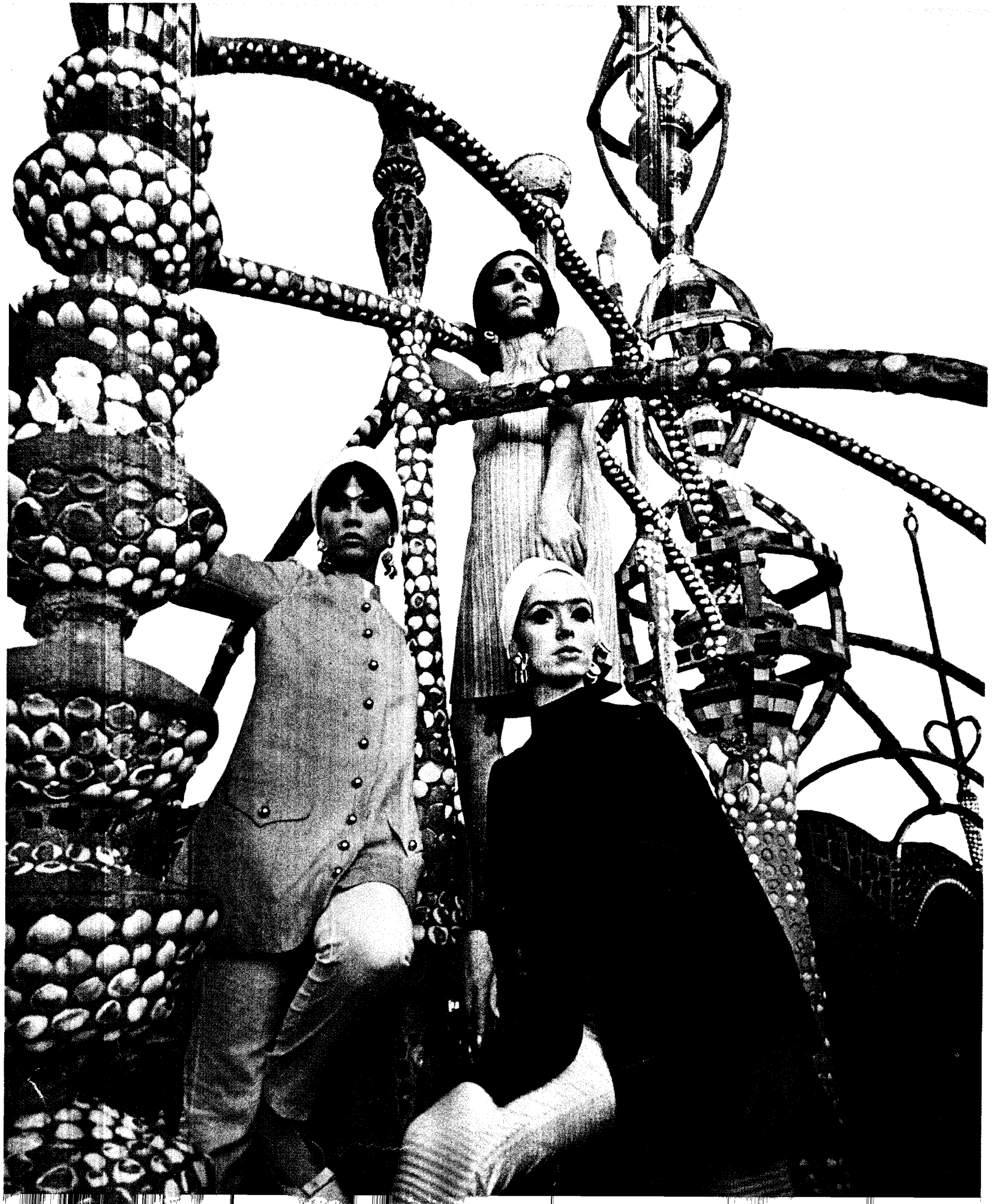

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These scenes are not set in India but at the world-famous Watts Towers in California. Rajah coats (left) cover slack suits, worn with turbans and mirror earrings.

Kandinsky's paintings inspired the trio at the right—all costumes worn with colored tights and vinyl pumps. Simon Rodia built Watts mosaic walls out of concrete.

RUDI GERNREICH

the mood inherent in whatever she was wearing. Sometimes she minced across the room, sometimes she slunk or marched or fluttered. For her entrance in a lace dress she came in on her toes, like a ballerina fleeing a monster in a forest. In lounging pajamas she stood as if leaning against a 30-knot wind on the deck of a sailboat. When the costume involved an outer coat that gave way to reveal a dress in another material or pattern, she took off the coat with a gesture of hopeless resignation, as if surrendering a city.

The clothes satisfied everybody's longing for the weird, the dramatic, the uncompromising. There were leather suits and loudly striped stockings, reversible jumpers, aviator suits, helmet-hats and ostrich feathers. The colors, equally bizarre, as vivid as barber poles or billboard advertisements, modulated from purple to lavender to hot pink to murky eggplant.

The violence of the colors and the design bludgeoned the onlooker into sudden attention. Some of the costumes, causing the same kind of confusion as certain abstract paintings, looked as if they could be worn backward with the same effect. "My dear," said a lady in ruffles, "it's pop art."

"Big clothes," said the girl in the blue hat. "A mouse couldn't wear Rudi's things and come off right. You have to have a personality. I mean, you couldn't hide anywhere."

Although Peggy did not model the topless bathing suit (she did so only once, for photographs taken by her husband), she did appear in a transparent chiffon blouse. Rudi had not yet invented the no-bra brassiere. Many ladies gasped. Miss Sheppard, a hardened reporter before whom even French designers tremble, remained impassive. "It's very square to wear a bra with Rudi's clothes," she said, inadvertently predicting future developments. "If you have to wear a bra, then don't wear Rudi."

At the end of the show the women from *Harper's Bazaar* left in an excited rush. Watching them depart, unable to hear their specific comments but satisfied with the burbling murmur of their voices, Gernreich leaned calmly against a wall, waving good-bye. His serene pose suggested a shepherd in an upland meadow listening to the restful bleating of his flock.

"I've gone awfully far, of course," he said. "I think more people are shocked than pleased."

In the dressing room, surrounded by tissue papers, hangers, lipsticks, powder puffs and discarded clothes, Peggy Moffitt, also smoking a black cigarette, stared at herself in a mirror. "Rudi is the only person I know who makes complete sense to me," she said. "Sometimes I'm not even sure about myself." As an editor of a new magazine called *Cinema*, Peggy had just written an article titled, WHAT TO WEAR TO AN ORGY. "The secret," she suggested, "is not to be overlooked. If you look better without clothes, then don't wear them." Rudi's designs are in the right spirit, she says.

The sense in Gernreich's apparent craziness, obscured by the traditional formalities of New York, becomes clear in Southern California. The climate suits him; so does the prevailing casual manner of dress and social custom. His use of color, which seems garish in a colder climate, appears reasonable against the bleak landscape and the washed-out blue of the sky.

His idea of "the little nothing dress" (based on the idea that clothes should possess the invaluable "throw away look") also seems reasonable when understood as an aspect of the cultural change that has moved eastward from California over the last 20 years. In California, for example, the supermarket, the freeway, the drive-in movie and the split-level house reached their full flowering. All these things, like Gernreich's sports clothes, were first received elsewhere in the country with alarm and suspicion.

Gernreich moved to Los Angeles with his mother in the late 1930's. Born into a cultivated Jewish family in Vienna, he briefly attended college, danced for a few years with a modern dance troupe and otherwise found occasional employment on the edges of the fashion world, designing textiles and advertisements or working in the costume department at M-G-M.

From these miscellaneous beginnings, he emerged in 1952 as a designer for Walter Bass. Bass, also a displaced Viennese, manufactured tailored suits for women. He hired Gernreich because he liked his sketches and thought he saw in them a "tremendous sense of line and an absolute pitch for color." The two men sold their clothes through Jax, a retail store subsquently made famous for what is in part the Gernreich look. They dissolved their alliance in 1959, and, two years later, dissociating himself also from Jax, Gernreich established his own firm.

Now confronted with the problem of marketing his clothes as well as designing them, Gernreich divides almost all of his time between his factory and his split-level house in the Hollywood Hills. A shy and elusive man, avoiding unnecessary appearances at movie openings and other social events, he is content to read French novels and feed his goldfish. Unlike other prominent figures in the fashion world, he refuses to discuss the details of his private life. His friends, however, mention particularly his kindness. His mother, to whom he was deeply attached, died of cancer last

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spring, just before Rudi's triumphant journey to New York. During the last six months of her life he went to see her four times a day.

His house in Laurel Canyon suggests a delicate and eclectic sensibility. The goldfish swim in a pool on a roof. Through the wide windows in the living room, beyond the eucalyptus trees in the foreground, the view gives out onto brown hills and, below in the distance, the pastel clutter of downtown Los Angeles. Scattered among the books on the library shelves stand miniature elephants carved from lapis lazuli. Over the fireplace hangs a fresco imported from the niche of a Byzantine church on the Greek island of Mikonos. In the front yard, behind a discreet redwood fence, there is a swimming pool; in the garage there is a white Jaguar.

The factory, conversely, is conventional and drab, occupying the second floor of a two-story stucco building on Santa Monica Boulevard. The ground floor provides space for a barbershop and a liquor store.

At the head of a flight of concrete stairs leading up from the street, Gernreich has his studio in a sunny room overlooking a parking lot. There, on a morning in early fall, he seemed more at ease than he had in New York. He was wearing corduroy pants, a black T-shirt, a black ascot with white polka dots and dark glasses in the shape of perfect circles.

He takes comfort in the presence of the 10 or 12 people who work for him and who delight in his odd habits and his puckish humor. Mrs. May Hunau, his chief assistant for the last nine years, speaks of him as "my boss, the moon-faced boy-child." On Rudi's return from New York she presented him with several scrapbooks in which she had begun to paste some of the 20,000 newspaper clippings and many of the letters that arrived during his absence. "A hero," Mrs. Hunau said, "a national celebrity no less."

The letters and the clippings referred, of course, to the topless bathing suit. Much to his surprise, Gernreich sold 3,000 suits at about $24 each. Most of the letters, from women identifying themselves as wives, mothers and defenders of the public morality in their respective communities, condemned him for a wicked charlatan. One of these, typical of the rest, began:

"Dear Mr. Gernreich: You must be as low as your swimsuit."

Tearing the letter into neat little squares, Rudi dropped them, one by one, into an ashtray. He did so with an abstracted, far-off look in his eyes.

"They miss the point, you see," he said. "They think a dress designer is somebody who foists his own crazy ideas on a helpless public, but a designer does nothing more than reflect what he thinks he sees going on in the world—it's quite a trivial occupation."

To him the bathing suit seemed nothing more than the logical overstatement of a familiar idea. Somewhat extreme, perhaps, and certainly not intended for public beaches, but hardly scandalous. For years his clothes have shown a gradual diminishing of fabric (cutout bathing suits, holes in print dresses, etc.), a tendency he believes corresponds to a mood of defiance among the younger generation.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "a young girl was supposed to look sweet and innocent. But that ideal no longer applies. Before they're seventeen they cultivate a wild, conscious, sexy look, which is very unnerving.

"The aristocracy of the world no longer sets the fashions. The society people get it from the hip young actors and actresses in New York, or the kids in the *discothèques* on the Left Bank in Paris, or the Beatles, or the motorcycle crowd on Sunset Boulevard—the delinquent element."

He shrugged and opened another box of black cigarettes. "The generation feels defeated; nothing seems to make any difference. The look in clothes expresses an anti-attitude, the result of being bored—bored by being told what to do, bored by the hopelessness of the bomb and the abstractions of government, bored by sexual discovery in high school. And so, if you're bored, you go for the outrageous gesture. Everything else seems to have lost any meaning."

Handing a fashion magazine across the desk, he pointed to a photograph of a coat that was yellow on one side and purple on the other. "Surrealistic," he said. "It's so ugly it's beautiful."

The girl in the photograph led him to mention the masculine influences on women's clothes. Under the coat she wore corduroy pants and heavy boots, giving her the appearance of a nice young lady who would kick in her grandmother's head for a quarter. "As women become more dominant in society," Gernreich said, "their clothes acquire masculine prerogatives: pants, boots, work shirts, raincoats, things like that. Nothing can be done about it. It certainly isn't my fault."

He spread his hands in a gesture intended to absolve him of any responsibility from the absurd follies of his contemporaries. His round and sorrowful face briefly assumed the same ambiguous expression, half-amused and half-appalled, with which he had confronted the fashion reporters in New York. Any further conversation seemed futile.

On a phonograph record in another room a trio of rock-'n'-roll singers sang about love on a surfboard. Below, in the parking lot, a young man in a fuzzy sweater was teaching a pair of wolfhounds to balance on the back of his sports car. Mrs. Hunau came in to say that Phyllis Diller, the comedienne, had telephoned to ask about the harem pants in red silk. □

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Peggy Moffitt (at left), Gernreich's key model, wears a nearly topless jersey dress to the opening of Los Angeles's new Music Center.

Gernreich's striped knit outfits (below) make costumes for jailbreak on set of 20th Century-Fox's new movie "Von Ryan's Express."

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Take me out to the old yakyu

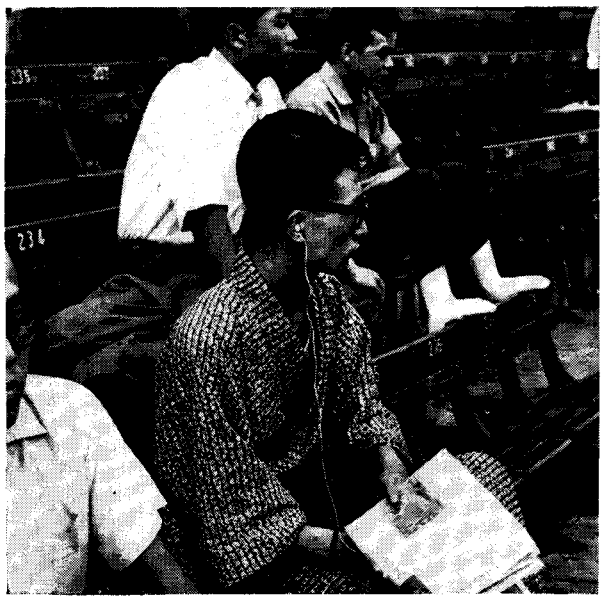
American castoffs find Japanese baseball an enriching, if inscrutable, experience.

By LEONARD SHECTER

As chill winter winds whistle across Japan these days, several hundred professional baseball players are already out for "spring training"—in ski suits and mittens. While American players are still fattening their sleek winter hides on the banquet circuit, telling small jokes for large fees, the Japanese are hoisting themselves on each other's shoulders and climbing piggyback up mountain trails (to strengthen legs), chopping wood (for the arms) and racing through obstacle courses. By the time the season starts next April they will have been working out for three months, and when the season finally ends in October they will train for another month—so they won't get soft during their one month off.

This is Japanese baseball, a strange and exhausting pastime, both in season and out. In the U.S., for example, the pitcher is pampered like a prize poodle for 24 hours before he is scheduled to start a game; in Japan he's supposed to pitch every day. All Japanese pitchers run in the outfield before the game, and when they are through, the manager will frequently choose the sweatiest as his starter. The cure for a sore arm is not rest but more pitching. Pitchers even throw while their team is at bat in order, they say, "to stay roose." As a result of all this, there are no old Japanese pitchers. Few are active beyond 30, and 43-year-old Warren Spahn would be worshiped as an ancestor.

Some 10 million Japanese will pay their way into the ball parks of the two six-team leagues next season, and uncounted other millions will sit transfixed in front of TV sets, sloshing down their *maki-zuski* (raw fish wrapped in rice and seaweed) with good Japanese lager beer. The country is less than two thirds the size of Texas, but the Japanese boast 40 stadiums complete with lights for night ball, capable of staging major-league ball games. Vacant lots in Japan are all one size, small, but kids play baseball on all of them. Crowds at high-school and college games run to 80,000.



Among innovations, the Japanese feature cheerleaders (above) who keep fans in a frenzy of excitement. At left, a kimono-clad onlooker in Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium follows a different game via transistor radio plugged in ear. At right, an entire family whoops it up.

And it all came on suddenly, like an attack of hives. In 1913, the year of the first tour of Japan by U.S. major-league teams as units, the game was virtually unknown. In 1922 a major-league pickup team made a successful visit and found intense baseball interest. Then, in the early 1930's, a dapper, pigeon-toed outfielder named Lefty O'Doul put together a team and made the first of his many trips to Japan. In 1934 he helped organize the Giants for a Tokyo newspaper, thus earning permanent enshrinement as baseball's Commodore Perry. The postwar military occupation gave baseball its final nudge.

The game caught on so well that Japan is now exporting it back to the U.S., a trick which has been successful with cameras, binoculars and TV sets. Masanori

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Murakami, a pitcher, came up with San Francisco at the end of last season and even won a ball game. Bigger things are expected of him this year.

Despite Murakami's success, the game in Japan is dominated by Americans. They are the has-beens and never-quite-weres of the U.S., but they make up to $30,000 a year in Japan. Jim Marshall, who couldn't make it with the New York Mets in the twilight of a mediocre career, made $60,000 in a two-year contract with the Chunichi Dragons.

Solvency is not a problem for Japanese baseball teams. Except for the Giants, none of them make money. Teams are owned by corporations which use them for public relations, and they are not named for cities but for the companies which control them. The Nankai Hawks and the Hankyu Braves both play in Osaka and are owned by railroads. This is also an idea in the process of export, as witness the CBS Yankees.

Because the Japanese respect the American reserve clause, and also because they set a limit of three American players per team, there were only 23 Americans playing in Japan last year. But in the Japanese World Series the Hanshin Tigers started a former Los Angeles Angel farmhand named Gene Bacque, who was opposed by Joe Stanka, late of the Chicago White Sox and now a Nankai Hawk. Stanka practically beat the Tigers single-handed, winning three of the four games. As Casey Stengel once said of the Japanese, "They are amazing, and they do it with small hands." Big hands, alas, do it better.

Bacque had a 29–9 record with the Tigers, the Central League pennant winners, and Stanka was 26–7 with the Pacific League champs. Daryl Spencer, released by the Cincinnati Reds after 10 years in the majors, and Gordon Windhorn, who spent most of his career in the minors, joined the Hankyu Braves last spring. They hit 55 home runs between them (which gave soft, brown Japanese eyes a lively tinge of green) and lifted them from last place to second.

Despite surface similarities, the Japanese version of baseball, which they call yakyu, could best be described as the American game viewed through cheap binoculars. Everything seems the same, but it's slightly larger than life and a little out of focus.

In a game in Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium one Wally Yonamine, who is called Warrie for the same reason the Japanese pronounce it rorripop, was on first base for the Giants. With a runner on second base, the ball was hit to right field. Yonamine, an alert sort and the best base runner in the game, correctly estimated it as a base hit and took off for second. The other runner was seized by doubt. Yonamine, running with his head down, roared past his teammate.

The umpire on second base was a bony, sad-faced man named Hiroya Tomizawa. Wearing white cotton gloves and looking, as do all Japanese umpires, rather like a badly dressed traffic cop, Tomizawa summoned all his dignity, threw his right thumb into the air, and called Yonamine out. There were 30,000 people in the stadium, and they all began to throw things. "*Hetakuso!*" Unskillful one, the crowd shouted at Tomizawa, unleashing colorful bon-voyage streamers usually saved for the end of the game. Cheerleaders blew police whistles and angrily waved banners. On the field an argument raged. No matter what Tomizawa thought he saw, the manager of the Giants insisted heatedly it could not have happened. Everybody knew a player of Yonamine's skill simply could not have done anything so stupid.

This made so much sense that Tomizawa was forced to call in the other umpires for a consultation. There are six in each game. The white gloves formed a circle on the black, grassless infield, and the debate lasted a long time. At last, with bows all around, Tomizawa had won his point. By a vote of 4–2, Wally Yonamine was out.

Had the vote gone against Tomizawa, he would have had to step to the public-address system, remove his hat, bow, and explain his error to the multitude. It is, the Japanese believe, the least a bungling umpire can do.

"I'll never understand them," says the rangy Stan Palys, who was a minor-leaguer for most of his 14 years in baseball and is now with the Tokyo Orions. "They'll bunt in the first inning. Then in the ninth, when they need a sacrifice, they'll hit away. They're lousy base runners, and they refuse to knock each other down in the base paths."

"I'd say the hitting was about Class A minor league," says Gordon Windhorn, who feels his years in the minors have made him something of an expert, "and fielding is maybe Double A. On fundamentals of the game I'd have to say D or worse. They make the same mistakes over and over."

The best thing about Japanese baseball is the pitching. Americans rate it Triple A or better. A lot of Japanese pitchers have puzzling sidearm deliveries, and all have a pitch called the *shuta*. This is a fast ball which breaks down and in on a right-handed batter. It's a part sinker, part screwball, part mystery. When a Japanese player fails to hit, and he's asked what the pitch was, he invariably shakes his head sadly and says, "*Shuta.*"

Other Japanese tactics strike Americans as equally mysterious. A cliché of the American game is that it's better to lose 15–0 than 3–2. The Japanese would rather lose 3–2 twice than 15–0 once. A manager will relieve with his best pitcher in a lost cause just so no one can say he didn't lose with his best. And when a Japanese player strikes out, he comes back to the dugout laughing. "They act just the opposite of what they feel," says Windhorn. "It's supposed to save face. But it drives guys like Spencer crazy."

Spencer is distressed by many things. In one game, Windhorn hit a double in the eleventh. Although Windy is the fastest man on the team, the manager consulted his ancestors and sent in a pinch runner. "And do you know what happened?" Spencer muttered. "He got himself picked off—*picked off* before the next pitch!"

Another aspect of the game which plucks at the strings of American sanity is the traditional Japanese politeness. It is often said of American pitchers that they would knock down their own mothers. ("She's a helluva hitter," Early Wynn said once, when so accused.) In Japan, if a pitcher hits a batter, or even comes close, he steps toward the batter, doffs his cap, bows and says "*Sumimasen.*" He is sorry. He owes an infinite debt.

As a result, Japanese hitters have always felt free to dig in at the plate. When American pitchers saw this they proceeded to plunk them in the ribs with baseballs. This accounts, in part at least, for the success of a pitcher like Stanka. "He's put the fear of God in them," Spencer says with relish.

In his five years in Japan, Stanka has built a reputation as a bit of a roughneck. Once he went into the stands after a Japanese fan who, for seven innings, called him "white monkey." In English. "It finally got to me," Stanka said.

This is in contrast to a man like Palys who, after a couple of months, began to miss the English language. Suddenly one day he heard the voice of an American serviceman shouting at him. "Gwan home, ya bum ya."

"It sounded," Palys said wistfully, "kind of nice."

Baseball, in Japan as in the U.S., is a vehicle for rapid upward social mobility. An average major-leaguer earns three million yen a year, or about $8,000. A schoolteacher will earn only a quarter as much. Tomizawa, chief umpire of his crew, earns about $7,000. Other umpires make as little as $3,000, but this is considered a good salary.

But because American players get higher pay, and because of an almost inbred distrust of foreigners, there is an undercurrent of animosity toward Americans in Japanese baseball. Some Americans carefully douse these flickering flames with kerosene. There are players who think they can make their English understood if they shout loudly enough. Others insist the natives aren't trying because they don't understand grossly mispronounced Japanese. Men like Stanka refuse to learn Japanese at all, and send their children to schools in which only English is spoken.

Still others, however, make adjustments and are happier for them. Windhorn went to school this winter to study Japanese. His wife, Doris, a pretty girl from Danville, Va., is delighted by the bustle of Japan. "Any Tuesday night in Osaka," she says, "is like Christmas Eve at home." Their five-year-old boy already speaks Japanese well enough to make friends.

American players can live extremely well in Japan, particularly if they do not insist, as does Jim Marshall, upon eating American corn flakes, which may be cheap in Battle Creek but are very expensive in Tokyo. The Windhorns, for example, pay only $50 a month for their maid, who does everything, including cooking and translating.

"This is the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Windhorn says. "For the first time in my life I'm able to save money. I just hope it lasts. Some Americans come over here and they want to make all they can and go home. They don't care whose feelings they hurt. I'd rather make friends."

While Windhorn is grateful for his opportunity, other Americans see this as simply a way to make a quick buck. Such attitudes increase Japanese resentment, and there is now a move to bar Americans from Japanese baseball altogether. It is led by the Giants who, although it has cost them their domination of the game, have refused to sign an American player.

"We have nothing against the Americans," says their stern, gold-toothed general manager, Tetsuji Kawakami, impassively. "It is very easy to make a strong team if you get them. But Americans make no progress for Japan. Our dream of the future is that some day we will have a world-championship series between the U.S. and Japan."

If this dream becomes reality, the World Series, for the first time, will not be a misnomer. In the meantime there are things to be learned from the Japanese. As a starter we could adopt their word for winning hit. They call it *sayonara.* □

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He autographs. "I've waited twenty years for this."

SAMMY DAVIS: DON'T CALL HIM JUNIOR ANYMORE

BROADWAY'S 'GOLDEN BOY' HAS MATURED—SAYS HE'S AN ACTOR NOW.

By Trevor Armbrister

Inside dressing room "A" at New York's Majestic Theater, he sits and waits for the curtain. He has dabbed makeup powder on his cheeks, smoothed his hair with grease and placed a narrow strip of bandage over his right eye. He has donned khaki pants, white sneakers and a bright orange jersey which conceals the microphone taped to his chest. Now he turns to face a mirror framed by 30 lights—a scrawny, one-eyed, broken-nosed Negro with a jutting jaw. "Five minutes," echoes the call from the stage director's desk. "Five minutes, please."

He has been in the dressing room for more than an hour. He left his brownstone town house on East 93rd Street just before seven o'clock and drove downtown in his gray Rolls-Royce with his chauffeur riding in the back.

At the theater a waiter brought steaming pots of soul-food to the dressing room—pigs' knuckles and neckbones and tails and feet and rice and black-eyed peas. For a moment he seemed embarrassed, but he recovered quickly. "Baby," he grinned, "I just eat this stuff on the nights that I'm colored. Wait till you see what

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK DANDRIDGE

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I eat on the nights that I'm Jewish."

He finished his dinner and slumped down on a couch. The television set blared noisily. A babble of voices mounted in the hallway outside, but he slept until 8:15. Then his valet, a balding, sad-eyed, quietly efficient man named Murphy Bennett, nudged him and said it was time to dress.

Three years ago, when Richard Burton played in *Camelot* at the Majestic, this dressing room belonged to him and he called it his pub. Now the *décor* is different. Pasted on the walls are the 218 cables and telegrams that flowed in on opening night—from Bobby Kennedy, Peter Lawford, Nathan Leopold, Jack Benny and California Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. Interspersed among them are photographs of Queen Elizabeth, John F. Kennedy, Audrey Hepburn and a weeping Mrs. Medgar Evers. "You can kill a man," the caption reads, "but you can't kill an idea."

". . . to your places." The stage manager's call nips at his reverie. Out front the curtain is rising, and through a dressing-room speaker he can hear the staccato gymnasium sounds that take the place of an overture. Now the sounds become a rhythm, an acoustical tattoo, as fighters spar, skip rope and pummel leather punching bags. A young production aide is standing at the doorway. "Are you ready?" he asks. "Baby," says Sammy Davis, bounding out of the dressing room, "I was born ready."

In the original version of Clifford Odets's play, *Golden Boy*, the protagonist was an Italian youth torn between a promising career as a violinist and the more immediate rewards of the prize ring. As a straight dramatic role, the part—played first by Luther Adler on Broadway in 1937, then by William Holden in the movie version two years later and finally by John Garfield in a 1952 stage revival—was demanding enough. But now, in the context of a musical, the part is tougher than ever.

AMBITION BURNS INSIDE HIM LIKE A FUSE.

As Joe Wellington, a bitter, ambitious youth struggling to escape his Harlem ghetto and findsuccessthrough violence in the distant, diamond-studded world downtown, Sammy Davis is taxed as never before. He must remain on stage for 105 of the production's 125 minutes; he must dance four numbers and sing 10 songs. He must also act. He must make the audience understand—if not sympathize with—the frustrations of a basically unsympathetic character. And he must establish the integrity of his love for a white woman to such a degree that the audience is not repulsed by their affair.

Golden Boy is a potpourri of brilliance and imperfection. But there are few imperfections in Davis's performance. He *dominates* that stage, and now the smart money people are saying the show will have a long, successful run.

Sammy Davis had yearned to win acclaim as a legitimate actor. He staked his reputation on succeeding in this show. He sacrificed an estimated $800,000 in earnings to accept the part, and he poured all his energies and talents into five grueling months of tryouts and rehearsals. "It's been a long, uphill climb," he says. "Don't let anyone ever tell you different."

On the surface, the most surprising thing is that he even bothered to make that climb. For at 38 this versatile performer—Milton Berle once called him "the greatest entertainer in the world"—had seemingly conquered every conceivable challenge in his field.

As a dancer, mimic and comedian he had drawn standing-room-only crowds consistently throughout the world. He had been the only American entertainer ever invited to play two consecutive command performances by the Queen of England. As a singer he had made 32 albums; in 1963 alone his records sold more than one million copies. As a television star he was the first Negro to break the color barrier in a dramatic show. As a movie actor he had appeared in 10 films. And then he had been on Broadway before—as the star of a 1956 musical called *Mr. Wonderful*, which ran for more than a year.

Since 1957 Davis had received—and rejected—more than a dozen offers to return to Broadway. His close friend, Frank Sinatra, cautioned him against another stage appearance; so did his managers. They pointed out he could earn $1.5 million a year simply by staying where he was. The weight of logic seemed to be on their side. Why, then, did he gamble on *Golden Boy*?

"After *Mr. Wonderful*," he says, "I was pretty leery about the theater. I said the only thing I'd come back for was something I believed in greatly. Well, baby, this is it. It shocks, not just to be shocking, but only to be honest." Then, too, he had been living on the road nine months a year for more years than he could remember. A Broadway appearance would allow him to spend more time at home with his wife, May Britt, and their two children, Mark and Tracey.

Yet probably the single most compelling factor behind his decision to accept the part was a compulsive desire to prove that he could excel as an actor. Few people accepted him as one, and the rejection stung. "Sammy doesn't want people to think of him as The Nightclub Entertainer anymore," explains his valet, Murphy Bennett. "He wants people to look at him and say, 'There goes Sammy Davis, The Actor.'"

The image Davis projects today is not quite so clear-cut. In public he sometimes appears overly aggressive, irritatingly sure of himself. Yet in private he often seems lonely, plagued by self-doubts and easily hurt. His personality is, in fact, a study in contradictions.

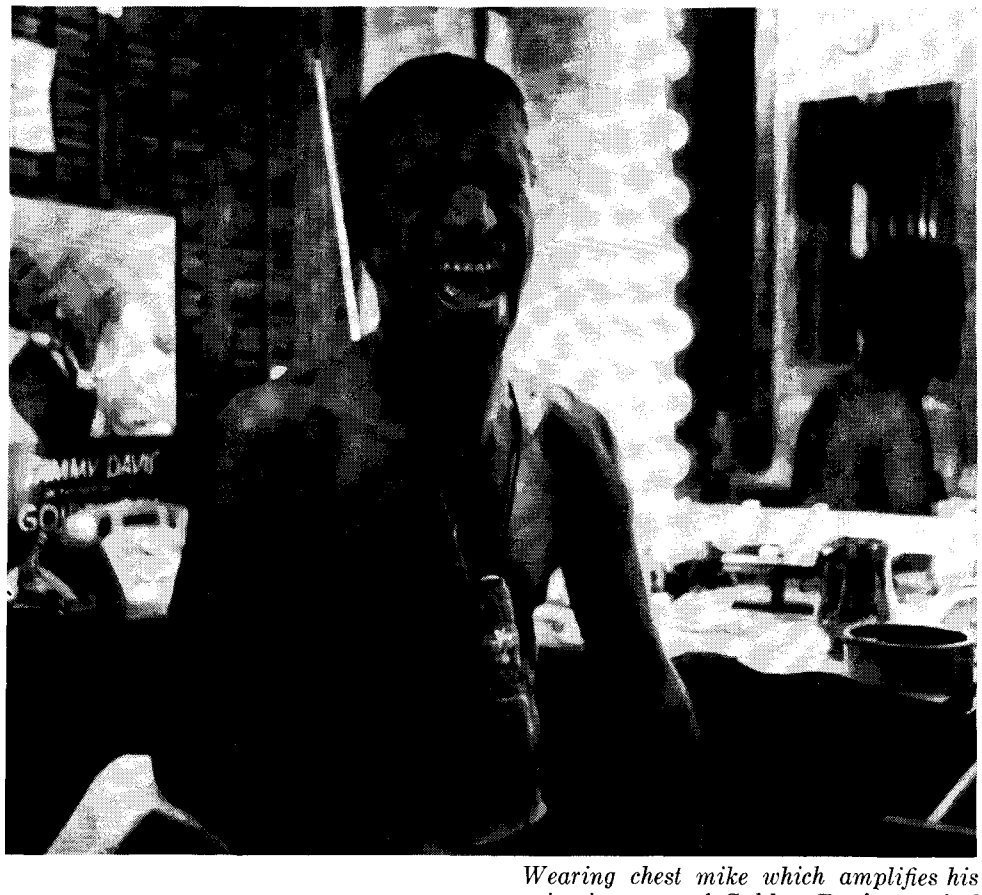
He reads voraciously, speaks articulately on subjects ranging from poetry to the trouble in Vietnam. He believes in flying saucers with a fierce intensity ("I've seen 'em, baby"), and he fancies himself an amateur James Bond. ("In London, I had the same chamois-cloth gun holster under my arm. I learned to drink like Bond, and I even started taking cold showers. Only I couldn't stand the cold water.")

He has dropped the Jr. from his name and insists today on being treated with the respect due an entertainer who has Made it Big. He loves making money, and he spends it wildly on records (6,000 albums) and clothes (600 pairs of shoes, 200 suits) and gadgets ("They ain't gonna put out a gimmick in the world that I ain't gonna have; they're too much fun") and cars (a Rolls-Royce, a Corvette Sting Ray, a Lincoln Continental, a Buick station wagon, a Ford Mustang and a custom-made Cadillac with a built-in bar and two telephones). He also gives time and money unflinchingly to charity.

Hillard Elkins is a man who knows something about the Davis drive. Elkins has been an actor and an actor's manager, and now he is *Golden Boy*'s producer. He is only 35, but he has risen to the top very quickly.

"Ten years ago," Elkins begins, "Sammy's goal was simply to make more money than any other Negro entertainer. He did that. Now his goal is to be the best in anything he does. He knew he'd reached the zenith in nightclubs. Where could he go to grow? Nowhere. So he accepted a challenge that most performers will not accept." Adds *Golden Boy* director Arthur Penn: "The man is almost presumptuous. He has a vision of excellence that by virtue of his education and background he simply has no right to have. But he has it nonetheless."

Davis's education and background did leave something to be desired. Born at 140th Street and 8th Avenue in



Wearing chest mike which amplifies his voice in some of Golden Boy*'s musical numbers, Davis relaxes in dressing room.*

Luther Adler, Broadway's first Golden Boy, *shares a moment of affection with Sammy's leading lady, Paula Wayne.*

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Harlem, he spent his first birthday in a crib backstage at the old Hippodrome. His father, mother and adopted uncle, Will Mastin, were vaudeville troupers.

At four he made his movie debut in a Warner Brothers comedy called *Rufus Jones for President*. At five he learned to sing professionally, but while his talent may have delighted audiences, it angered the authorities, who yanked him offstage for violating child-labor laws. Determined to keep the act together, Mastin stuck a fat cigar between his teeth and introduced him as a 45-year-old dancing midget. He never spent a day in school.

In 1943, at the age of 17, he joined the Army. Eventually transferred into Special Services, Davis wrote, directed and produced camp shows and sharpened his talents as a singer, dancer and mimic. Upon his discharge he rejoined his father and uncle in the Will Mastin Trio and began to play a succession of one-night gigs in third-rate theaters.

In 1951 Jack Benny helped them get a booking at Ciro's in Hollywood. The manager offered $500 a week; they wanted $550. Finally their agent promised to pay the first week's difference from his own pocket. They signed the contract and, within two weeks, shared top billing. Their income tripled.

"After the war," Davis once told an *Esquire* reporter, "I'd been hungry and mad. You couldn't work certain hotels because of the Negro bit. Certain headliners refused to go on with us because we stole the show. I was *so* hungry. I was trying to do everything. I could do 50 impersonations. Play the drums. Play the trumpet. Play the bass fiddle. Play the piano. Dance. Sing. Tell jokes. Well, then we made it. After that night in Ciro's, every day for the next three years I had a new chick. Wine, women and song. It's the old story of the guy who doesn't have it and then he gets it. He fluffs friends. He does a hundred things wrong. He knows he's doing wrong, see, but he can't stop.

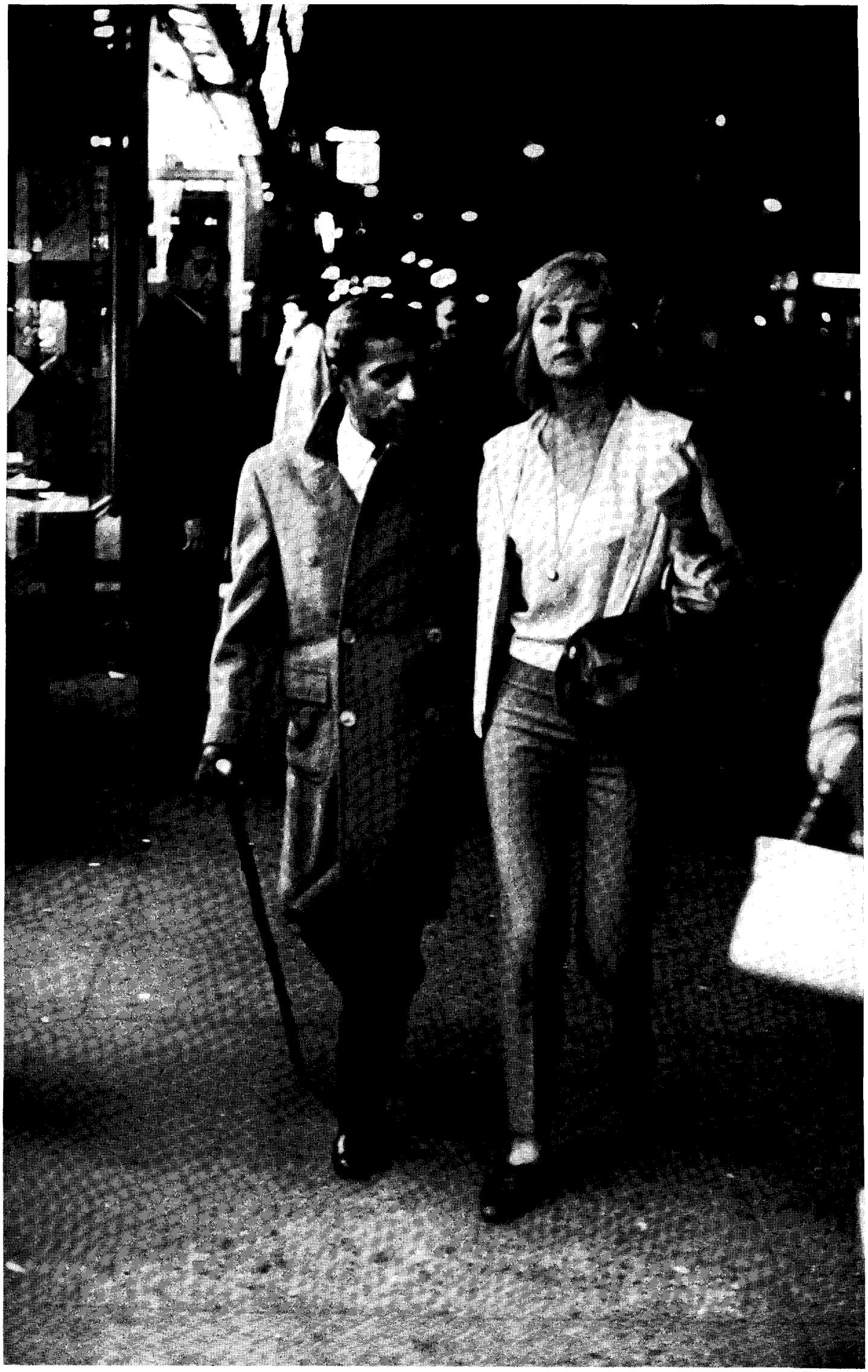
"I bought 12 suits at a time, $175 a whack. I bought tailor-made shirts, cars—fast ones. I bought gold cigarette cases for everybody. All my life I wanted to buy something in a store and not ask how much. I had credit everywhere. Between 1951 and 1954 I must have blown $150,000."

Such extravagance failed to harm Davis's growing popularity. He made guest appearances on *The Steve Allen Show* and the Colgate *Comedy Hour*. He made a pilot television film for ABC called *Three's Company*, which remained on the shelf for lack of a sponsor. And—with the trio—he played the nightclub circuit: New York, Chicago, Hollywood, Miami, Las Vegas.

Davis worked relentlessly on developing other talents. He became enamored of photography and submitted a batch of pictures to a national magazine. He used the name David Samuels. Only after the pictures were accepted did he reveal who David Samuels was. "I had to find out if I was any good," he says.

"Then he decided to learn how to play the vibes," comedian Karl Barrie remembers. "He didn't just take it on one level. He mastered it. So many performers will take a thing halfway and stop when they get applause. Sammy has to satisfy himself."

Yet Davis was desperately unhappy. His hopes were accelerating faster than his ability to realize them. He felt



Davis and his wife, May Britt, draw stares from Broadway passersby. Their marriage in 1960 brought them a daily flood of hate mail. "But I loved the man then, and I still love him," says May. "Besides, people are getting used to us now."

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imprisoned by the color of his skin. He sensed, correctly, that no amount of financial success would ever enable him to overcome that. "I was tempted, man, to go abroad, to get outta here." Then he rejected that idea. "It was swinging all right in London and Paris," he says, "but none of the Negro artists there were actually creating anything. I suddenly realized that I never saw a single happy expatriate."

Davis has always had a unique, almost masochistic talent for adding handicaps to the ones he acquired at birth. In November, 1954, he suffered one that almost ended his career—an auto accident that resulted in the loss of his left eye. "I spent three, four days in total darkness," he recalls. "I began thinking about my faults. That's when I began to change."

Soon after leaving the hospital he added another handicap. "I was trying to find a religion that would say something to me and talk about *my* needs," he says. "I met a rabbi at a benefit in Las Vegas and got interested in Judaism. It gave me something I'd been missing—peace of mind. So I converted. For a long time I was reluctant to go into a synagogue. I was afraid people would think I was trying to pull something. I may joke about it, but it's not something I take lightly."

The loss of an eye and his religious conversion seemed only to enhance his stage appeal. His income soared. Soon he found new ways to spend it. He bought an interest in a Hollywood nightclub called the Moulin Rouge. He became a partner in a restaurant operation. He gambled heavily and aroused the interest of the Internal Revenue Service, which claimed that he and his father owed the Government $56,000. "I'm not one of the great businessmen of all times," he says. "At least I wasn't then. I had no setup for it. My business manager, Jim Waters, and my lawyers started to take over a few years ago, and I'm afraid they succeeded in straightening me out."

In 1960 Davis added a third significant handicap—one that few of his friends thought he could ever overcome. For years his romantic affiliations had spiced the gossip columns. He dated Kim Novak (Their relationship reportedly came to a crashing halt only when Columbia Pictures president Harry Cohn asked Davis, "You're blind in one eye. Would you like to try for two?"). He married Negro dancer Loray White (They separated three months later and eventually were divorced). He became engaged briefly in 1959 to a blond Canadian named Joan Stuart. Then he met Swedish actress May Britt.

"'I invited her to a barbecue," Davis recalls, "and she brought a date. And she didn't sit at my table—she sat at another table. And she didn't sit facing me—she sat with her back to me. And I figured I'd fight it to the bitter end."

His hair dressed, he waits for the curtain.

On November 13, 1960, in the living room of Davis's Hollywood home, Rabbi William M. Kramer pronounced the couple man and wife.

"We used to get 15 to 25 hate letters every day," Davis recalls. "You just don't believe people can be that low." Until last year the couple retained bodyguards for their protection.

"Sammy explained the way it could be, before we married," May says, "and everything happened just the way he said it would. But I loved the man then, and I still love him. Besides, people are getting used to us now. You get to the point where you almost relax and then, wham, it hits you. But so far the kids have not been affected. At three and four, they lead a pretty sheltered life. And Sammy is a marvelous husband. Much more than I expected. I would have settled for less."

As a Negro married to a white woman, Davis is asked endless questions about interracial marriages. They bore him and sometimes make him angry. "All I can say is that my marriage works," he snaps.

Curiously, Davis had won acceptance as an entertainer prior to 1960 in almost every corner of the globe—except in Harlem. There he was criticized unjustly for being "anti-Negro."

"Sammy's career just threw him into another element," explains George Rhodes, his musical conductor. "But those cats uptown—they figured he was trying to be something he wasn't, that he didn't want to be around his own people. They didn't realize you have to be downtown to get your head above the water."

The situation changed when Davis began getting involved in the struggle for equal rights. "Seven years ago," he says, "I couldn't have cared less. But now I care. In the past few years I've read about Negro history until the good eye gets sore. I've done benefits. The march on Washington. The reason I want to fight now is my two kids. I want to be able to look at them and say, 'It's going to be better.'"

As he became increasingly committed to "the cause," Davis sought entertainment vehicles which could further it. The opportunity materialized in an unexpected quarter.

"It was around October, 1961," recalls producer Hillard Elkins. "I was in London, and I heard Sammy was appearing at the Prince of Wales Theater. So I caught the midnight show. He started doing this number. He was wearing blue jeans and an old T-shirt, and all of a sudden I said to myself, 'That's Golden Boy.'

"We got together the next day and I said, 'Sammy, I've got the greatest idea of the century. You've gotta do *Golden Boy*. It's the story of a young Negro breaking out of the ghetto, and—well, it's *your* show.' He couldn't promise anything, but he said he'd think it over. And then around Christmas he called and said, 'Swing, baby.'"

Elkins swung. He purchased the rights to *Golden Boy* and persuaded Odets to try to rewrite his drama as a musical. In March, 1963, he signed Davis to a contract—and established a Broadway precedent. He agreed to pay Davis 10 percent of the weekly box-office gross, 15 percent of the production's profits and a fat expense account. The total is approximately $10,000 per week—the highest figure ever earned by a star on Broadway.

Rehearsals began at New York's Ethel Barrymore Theater last May 18. "We're going to Philadelphia to break in the show, Boston to have some fun and Detroit for the race riots," Elkins joked. But from the beginning, almost nothing happened according to plan.

Odets had submitted two drafts before his death in August, 1963. Both missed their mark. A series of "play doctors" then tackled the problem with no conspicuous success. No one seemed able to raise the story above the level of mediocrity.

Golden Boy opened at Philadelphia's Shubert Theater on June 26. Reviews were mixed. Critics were kind to Davis, but found the script unconvincing. Five weeks later the show moved on to Boston. The book had been revised and tightened. "But I felt we were still in a lot of trouble," Elkins recalls.

Critics agreed: *Golden Boy* was deep in crisis. Less than eight weeks remained before its scheduled Broadway opening. Director Peter Coe had been fired. Producer Elkins had exhausted his supply of rewrite men. Davis was disconsolate. Everything he had wanted so badly to achieve seemed to be eluding his grasp.

"Sammy's biggest difficulty," says playwright William Gibson, who had been called in to rescue the script, "was the lack of material. He was trying to establish the whole entertainment value of the show in the songs. He knew there was nothing else *except* the songs. And he was overacting."

On August 25, *Golden Boy* opened at Detroit's Fisher Theater. Critics panned it once again. For nearly two weeks, ever since Gibson had finished rewriting the script, the cast had played one show at night and rehearsed a totally different show during the day. Davis poured himself into the effort, dredging up emotions and experiences from his own past to help Gibson understand the meaning of Negro frustration. Now he was physically and emotionally exhausted. One final effort remained. "We called it 'Operation Transfer,'" producer Elkins says. "We closed the old show on a Saturday night, rehearsed around the clock and opened up a brand-new show on Monday night." Adds Davis, "It was the hardest thing I've ever gone through in my life."

Audience response to the new effort was hearteningly encouraging. "For the first time in months we felt that we were on the right track," Elkins remembers. Yet much remained to be done.

Davis gives daughter Tracey, 3, a hug before he leaves for theater. Broadway role lets him see more of his children.

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In mid-September the show moved on to New York. Elkins postponed its opening date three weeks. The cast was exhausted; Davis begged for a day off. He didn't get it. The show was still in serious trouble, and everyone knew it. Music and lyrics still sounded strangely out of place. Whole scenes seemed disjointed. Characters lacked motivation. In Philadelphia and Boston, Davis played the part of a Negro musician who turned to the prize ring. In Detroit he dropped the musician's identity and became a premed student. The character still strained credulity.

Then Gibson had an idea. Why not make him simply a bitter young Negro, a boy whose tremendous ambitions lead eventually to his self-destruction? Revisions continued. On Friday—four days before the opening curtain—Davis learned that other changes would be added over the weekend. "That Friday night was the only time he was ever obstreperous about acting," Penn recalls. "He couldn't absorb what I was saying. He had worked himself to the end of his resources, and he couldn't do more."

The next day Davis disappeared. Five minutes before the curtain rose on a preview performance, May Davis called Elkins and said she didn't know where her husband was. Elkins canceled the matinee. He put on the show that night with able understudy Lamont Washington in the title role. Seventy percent of the audience walked out in disappointment. Desperately Elkins tried to locate his star.

At four o'clock on Sunday morning Davis called the producer. "Welcome home, Penrod," Elkins said, trying to appear blasé. "If you want to open Tuesday, we'd better rehearse today."

"I'll be there," Davis said. He was.

"I never ran away from anything before in my life," Davis says. "But if I hadn't run on Saturday, there would have been nothing, absolutely nothing. That Saturday didn't come out of fear, or thinking, 'Oh, God, what are the critics going to say?' I'd been promised a day off and I never got it. I know my voice. Three doctors all said the same thing, 'Rest, or you'll never be able to sing on opening night.'"

The weather on opening night was dismal. A bone-chilling drizzle fell on the city, adding to the mood of general pessimism. The curtain rose early, just after seven o'clock, and it was obvious almost immediately that something was wrong. Davis's voice was harsh and gravelly; he was spitting out his lines instead of letting them flow from inner conviction. His first song was disappointing. An uneasy feeling swept over the audience.

Suddenly, toward the middle of Act 1, he recovered. The songs flowed smoother and he was understating emotions—doing at last what Penn and Gibson had told him so many times to do. He maneuvered through the difficult kissing scene with Paula Wayne without a mishap. He handled the tricky father-son confrontation in the second act with feeling and skill. Then the show was over. Waves of applause brought him back on stage three times. Yet as he walked to the dressing room, he still seemed mired in a quicksand of self-doubt. "My voice was in rotten shape," he said.

He waited until the crowds had left his dressing room, slipped on a tuxedo and went, finally, to the opening-night party at a restaurant across town to await the reviews. Tension rose. Finally someone yelled that Walter Kerr's review (in the *Herald Tribune*) was in. "He hates it, huh?" Davis asked.

But Kerr didn't hate anything. "Mr. Davis," he wrote, "is not so much at the top of his form as he is on top of a brand-new situation, licking it hands down. . . . The performance is there and it is serious, expert, affecting." Someone else said Howard Taubman of *The Times* was giving the show a rave.

The atmosphere of tension dissolved into wild frivolity. "I didn't think we were gonna get the *Times* and the *Trib*." Davis beamed. "It's a hit. A great big hit. I feel ten feet tall."

Every night for the next several weeks his dressing room was crowded with celebrities. One evening, clad in a blue terry-cloth robe, Davis lounged on the floor, sipping from a golden mug containing bourbon and Coke.

"You won't believe this," he remarked, "but right now do you know that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are at Vegas at the Sands? Gambling? Drinking? They're not legit, though."

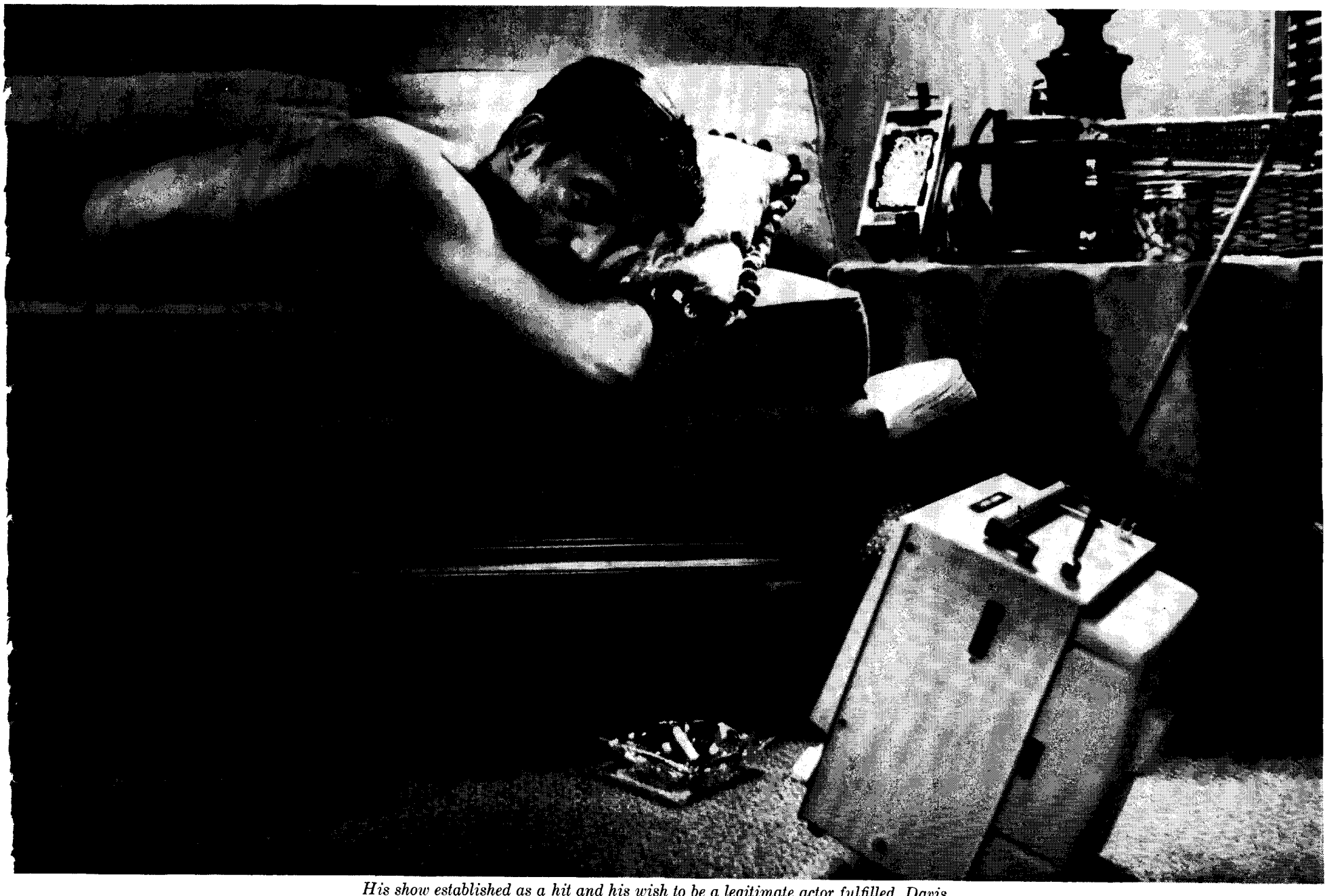
Someone in the room said, "Well, Sam, looks like you're pretty busy."

"Man," Davis replied. "They got me workin' like they think I'm colored or sumpin'. Damn."

He stayed in the dressing room for half an hour, and the knot of admirers slowly disentangled. He changed into a brown-checked suit, grabbed his coat, sprang down the steps and burst into a cluster of fans waiting by the stage-door entrance.

"Don't you ever get tired of signing autographs?" someone asked. "No, baby," Davis replied, scrawling his name with a spiderweb flourish. "I've waited twenty years for this and I ain't gonna give up now."

He finished and started walking down the corridor to the street, his black cane tapping a cadence on the asphalt. Chauffeur Herb Seeger was waiting with the Rolls-Royce. "Hey," someone shouted. "There goes Sammy Davis." Davis whirled and waved. "How ya doin', my man?" he asked. Then he stepped into the car and was gone. □



His show established as a hit and his wish to be a legitimate actor fulfilled, Davis can relax with television while waiting to go on for matinee. His dressing room is furnished in aqua color scheme. A private bar is behind louvered doors at right.

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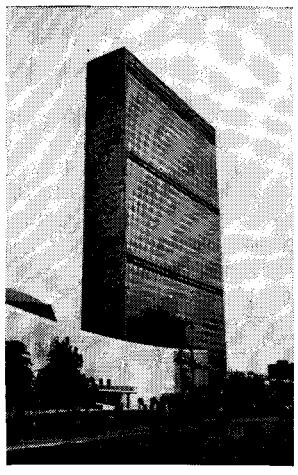
Editorial



What's wrong with the U.N.

Twenty years ago the United States joined in founding the United Nations in order "to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights . . . to promote social progress . . . to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security." The U.N. has indeed done many of these things—repelling aggression in Korea, cushioning the breakup of colonial empires, fighting such diseases as malaria and yaws. Today an overwhelming majority of Americans—almost 80 percent according to a Gallup poll—favor U.S. support of the U.N. as a major force for world peace.

In such a soothing atmosphere of benevolence, it is easy to be lulled into the pleasant assumption that the U.N. will somehow take care of things. In actual fact, the first part of the U.N.'s latest session provided little but bickering. In the debate on the Congo, both white and black delegates accused each other of racism. In a debate on Malaysia, Indonesia angrily announced it was quitting the U.N. outright. Every regional quarrel was rehashed—but nobody could vote on anything. Because of the dispute over whether Russia lost its voting rights by its refusal to pay assessments, the delegates decided on the bizarre "solution" of not holding any votes at all until some compromise could be reached. One irate delegate summed up the situation neatly: "A farce."

It is not unprecedented, of course, for a legislature to engage in farces. Often it makes good political sense to bend the rules for the sake of some valuable goal. But is the U.N. really achieving any goal at all? Is it, in fact, keeping the peace? In the most important war now going on, in Vietnam, the U.N. plays no serious role at all. In perhaps the second most tormented area, the Congo, the U.N. has virtually admitted defeat by pulling out after a vain four-year effort to achieve stability. And when a major conflict does occur—the Berlin Wall or the Cuban missile crisis—the great antagonists are likely not to rely on the U.N. but to ignore it.

The reason is quite simple: The U.N. does not reflect the realities of world power, and never has. For a brief period, it represented the victorious allies of World War II, but the Cold War soon broke up that alliance, and the U.N. Security Council was paralyzed by Soviet vetoes. The U.S. devised a solution by getting the Security Council's peace-keeping authority transferred to the veto-free General Assembly, which was supposed to become a kind of "Parliament of Man." But the pro-Western majorities that we once counted on have vanished because of the flood of new Afro-Asian members, who now dominate the Assembly.

Four of these African nations—Gabon, Mauritania, the Brazzaville Congo, and the Central African Republic—have a combined population smaller than that of Georgia; 17 of the smaller African nations have a combined population of less than 40 million. Thus if the U.N. is indeed a "Parliament of Man," each tribesman in Senegal or Chad has 65 times as much representation in that parliament as does each American.

The U.S. Supreme Court has recently banned such inequities in the U.S. and ordered the states to give every voter roughly equal representation. Among great nations, however, a system that permits similar inequities is simply ignored or bypassed—as we ignore the U.N. whenever we disagree with its noisy resolutions. In the long run, such a conflict serves neither our own interests nor the interests of the world organization we are pledged to uphold.

Instead of supporting the U.N. in generalities, we believe President Johnson would do well to appoint a special task force to plan some reforms.

A few ideas for further discussion:

1. Total membership. We believe the U.N. ignores the realities of power by barring Communist China and Germany, as well as the divided nations of Korea and Vietnam.

2. Weighted voting. Sir Winston Churchill was one of the first to argue that the U.N. must distinguish between great powers and small ones. It should be possible to devise a realistic formula for weighting votes to take account of population, economic power and cultural influence.

3. A standby army. In any crisis, the Secretary-General is forced to scrounge around to see who will provide troops—and who will pay for them. He should be able to call on specially designated contingents from a variety of responsible nations.

4. A judiciary. The World Court at the Hague should be substantially increased in size and authority, so that it can deal efficiently with such primarily legal problems as boundary disputes, and so that it can provide meaningful guidelines in more nebulous areas of political conflict.

A presidential study group would naturally consider and evaluate many such suggestions, but reform of the U.N. cannot be long delayed. If we simply go on "supporting" the U.N. without enabling it to function realistically, it will die as surely as the League of Nations died—because it will become irrelevant to the problems we face.

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